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# ROMANCES

OF

# SIR GUY OF WARWICK,

AND

# REMBRUN HIS SON.

# The Romance of

# Guy of Warwick.

# THE ROMANCES

OF

# SIR GUY OF WARWICK,

AND

# REMBRUN HIS SON.

NOW FIRST EDITED FROM THE AUCHINLECK MS.

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# INTRODUCTION.

Of all the early works of fiction, Sir Guy of Warwick is one of the most ancient and popular: Mr Ellis considers it as no less certainly one of the dullest and most tedious. Our ancestors, doubtless, thought otherwise, and M. De la Rue held a very opposite opinion. I fully concur with Mr Ellis.

But, heavy and protracted though it be, in a philological point of view, and as illustrative of ancient manners, this Romance possesses considerable interest. For this reason, the Council of the Abbotsford Club has agreed to sanction its publication.

The text of the ensuing pages is that contained in the Auchinleck MS., No. 23. It consists of thirty-nine folios, and is imperfect at the commencement and towards the middle, owing to the barbarous mutilation which this valuable volume has suffered. The continuation of the Romance forms No. 24 of the same MS., and occupies twenty folios. It is complete, is

in twelve line stanzas, and in a larger hand-writing. In this continuation, designated by Mr Ellis "The Romance of Guy and Colbrand," that talented and amiable gentleman "saw, or thought he saw, a degree of spirit and animation, which formed a striking contrast with the usual monotony of the minstrel compositions." The two Romances are here printed as they follow in the MS., without break or division.

As supplementary to the gest of Sir Guy, the story of his son Rembrun immediately succeeds. It is No. 29 of the MS., is contained in nine folios, and wants the end. A fac-simile of the MS., and of its illumination, which has fortunately escaped the ruthless clutch of the spoliator, has been executed, with commendable fidelity, by Mr Leith.

Alas! for Sir Guy. "In fact and truth, famous as his name is, the man himself never existed." So says Ritson, who gravely instituted an inquiry into his history.* To a similar conclusion came Mr Pegge, who devoted several pages of the *Bibliotheca Topographica Britannica*† to a "Memoir on the Story of Guy of Warwick," wherein he painfully disproves the being of such an individual, "not going so far as to deny that there might be some warrior of that name of romance in the Saxon times, but certainly that there was no such Earl!" This memoir is illustrated with an engraving of the remains of the statue (said to be of our

* Ancient Metrical Romancees, I. xciii. † No. XVII.

hero) in the chapel at Guyscliff, then (1783) a carpenter's shop in the vicinity of Warwick.

Notwithstanding that Ritson is pleased to observe that Dugdale "must have been conscious that the story of Guy was altogether fabulous when he introduced it into his *History of Warwickshire*," I insert the fiction here. After preluding upon the ancient nobility of that county, Sir William continues,*—"But I will forbear to enlarge myself further on this subject, and descend to our reputed Earles of the Saxon race; whereof the first that my Author mentions is *Rohand*. This man, being a famous Warriour, and inricht with great possessions, lived in the days of K. *Alfred* and K. *Edw.* the elder, and left issue one onely daughter, named *Felicia*, that married unto *Guy*, son of *Siward*, Baron of Wallingford, who, in her right, became Earle of Warwick; the memory of which *Guy*, for his great valour, hath ever since been, and yet is, so famous, that the vulgar are of opinion he was a man of more than ordinary stature; and the Welch, taking notice of his brave exploits, will needs have him to be descended from Brittish parentage: but of his particular adventures, least what I say should be suspected for fabulous, I will onely instance that Combate betwixt him and the Danish Champion *Colebrand*, whom some (to magnifie our noble *Guy* the more) report to have been a Giant. The storie whereof, however it may be thought fictitious by some, forasmuch as there be those who make a question whether there was

* Edition by Thomas, 1730, pp. 374–5.

ever really such a man; or, if so, whether all be not a dream which is reported of him, in regard that the Monks have sounded out his praises so hyperbolically: yet those that are more considerate will neither doubt the one nor the other, inasmuch as it has been so usual with our ancient Historians, for the encouragement of after ages unto bold attempts, to set forth the exploits of worthy men with the highest *encomiums* imaginable: and, therefore, should we for that cause be so conceited as to explode it, all History of those times might as well be vilified. And, having said thus much to encounter with the prejudicate fancies of some, and the wayward opinions of others, I come to the story, which, from certain authors of good credit, is in substance as followeth:

"In the third year of K. Athelstan, (which hapned *in An.* 926,) the Danes having invaded England, cruelly wasted the Countreys where they marcht, so that there was scarce a Town, or Castle, that they had not burnt, or destroyed, almost as far as Winchester: and, hearing that the K. with his Nobles, then was in that Citie consulting about some timely means to prevent the utter losse of all, they sent messengers to him, proposing that either he would forthwith resign his Crown to the Danish Generals, *viz. Aulafe* and *Govelaph*, or submit to hold this Realm of them, doing homage and fealty, and paying tribute according to their appointment: or lastly, that the whole dispute for the Kingdom should be determined in a single Combat by two Champions for both sides; this being added by *Aulafe*, that,

if in that Duel K. *Athelstan's* Champion had the victory, he would presently depart the land with his Army, but otherwise, without any more ado, it should wholly belong to the Danes.

"Of which proposals K. *Athelstan* accepted the last, and, calling together his Nobles, offered that Province, (viz. Hantshire,) for a reward to him that should conquer the Danish Champion, called *Colbrand:* and to the end that God would direct him in the choice of one to undertake this Combate, he enjoyned a Fast for 3 dayes, in which, with earnest prayers and abundant tears, he besought his favour. But in this choice the English were exceedingly astonisht, forasmuch as one *Heraud*, a most valiant and hardy Knt. of this Nation, was then beyond Sea, seeking after *Reynburn*, the son of his Lord and master Earle *Guy*, that had been stolen away by Merchants of a forreign Countrey in his infancy; as also that Earle *Rohand*, the most valiant of a thousand, was dead; and that the same *Guy*, a man of extraordinary courage and skill in martial feats, shortly after his marriage with the Lady *Felicia* before mentioned, being gone into the *Holy land* on Pilgrimage, was not yet returned; but it so fell out, that God, being moved with the sorrowfull tears and intercessions of the English, sent a good Angel to comfort the King as he lay upon his bed, the very night of the *Nativity* of *S. John Bapt.*, directing that he should arise early on the morrow, taking two Bishops with him, and get up to the Northgate of that Citie, staying there till the hour of *Prime*, and then should he see divers poor people and pilgrims enter

thereat, amongst which there would be a personable man in a Pilgrim's habit, barefooted with his head uncovered, and upon it a Chaplet of white Roses; and that he should intreat him, for the love of *Jesus Christ*, the devotion of his Pilgrimage, and the preservation of all England, to undertake the Combat, for he should conquer the mighty *Colbrond*, and deliver his Realm from the Danish servitude. Whereupon K. *Athelstan* with fervent zeal hasted betimes in the morning to Masse, and sent for the Archb. of *Canterbury*, with the Bishop of *Chichester*, to whom he related his Vision, taking them along to the Gate assigned.

" About this time it hapned that the famous *Guy* before specified, returning from his Pilgrimage in forreign parts, landed at Portsmouth, and being there advertised of Sr. *Heraud's* absence, with the occasion thereof; as also of Earle *Rohand's* death, together with the great distresse that the K. and his Nobles were then in, hasted towards Winchester immediately; and comming at night unto an Hospital, but little distant from the Northgate of that Citie (in which place afterwards the Hospital in honour of the *Holy Crosse* was founded) where he rested himself, on the next morning he went with other poor people to the City gate. To which place the K. being come, for the purpose before specified, and espying one neatly clad in a white short-sliev'd Gown reaching to the mid-leg, with a Garland of Roses upon his head, and a large staff in his hand, but looking wan, and much macerated by reason of his tra-

vailing bare-foot, and his beard grown to a very great length, he concluded that the same was the man described to him by the Angel, and being full of joy, told those that were with him as much.

" The *Palmer* (for so was he at that time called) taking notice of the K. and Bishops, put off his Chaplet, and reverently saluting them, entred the Gate: whereupon the K. hasted down, and laying hold of his coat, tendred him entertainment, with desire to hear some news: but the *Palmer*, returning humble thanks, answered, that the hour to take up his lodging was not yet come, for that he intended first to visit the Churches of that Citie, and there offer up his prayers unto God, but afterwards seek some food for to refresh himself withall; which being done, he purposed to depart thence, and perform such penance as he was to do for his sins. Whereunto the K. replied, The reason why we have here stayed, hath been onely to wait upon your coming; for it is the will of God, that you must encounter with that wicked *Colbrond* the Saracen, for the safeguard of us and all the English nation, and freedom thereof from the yoak of slavery: for *Olaus* K. of *Denmark*, and *Golavus* of Norway, have besieged us here almost a twelve moneth; and now have we concluded a truce, upon condition that we must finde a man to undergo the Combate with *Colebrond* their Champion, and in case our Champion shall overcome him, they are forthwith to quit the Land without doing injury to any, and not disturb this Realm any more; therefore we do desire

you, for the love of Christ our Saviour, and for the pardon of your own sins, that you will heartily undertake this Duel against that cursed Pagan, for the cause of God's Church and Christian Religion. To whom the *Palmer* answered, Oh my Lord the King, you may easily see that I am not in any condition to take upon me this fight, being feeble and weakned with dayly travail: alas, where are your stout and hardy Souldiers, who had wont to be in great esteem with you?

"Ah, quoth the K., some of them are dead, some of them are gone to the *Holy land*, but not yet returned: I had one valiant Knight, which was Earle of Warwick, called *Guy*, and he had a couragious servant, named Sr. *Heraud de Ardene*, would to God I had him here, for then should this Duel be soon undertaken, and the War finisht; and, as he spake these words, tears fell from his eyes. Whereat the *Palmer*, being very sorrowfull, besought him to forbear further grieving, assuring him, that, for the love of *Christ Jesus*, and the blessed Virgin, as also for the honour of God's holy Church, and for the Soul of *Guy* and *Heraud* his companion, he would in the fear of God undergo that Combat. Then did they bring him into the Citie, and to the Church with ringing of Bells, and *Te Deum* was begun with cheerfull voices; and entertained him with meat and drink, as also with bathing, putting apparel upon him, and for the space of 3 weeks cheared him up with the best refreshments.

"After which, when the day appointed for that Duel was

come, the *Palmer* rose early and heard three Masses; the first of the *Holy Ghost*, the second of the blessed *Trinity*, and the third of the *Holy Crosse*, Which being ended, he forthwith armed himself with the King's best harness, and girt the sword of *Constantine* the great about him; and taking *S. Maurice* his Lance in his hand got upon the K.'s best Courser, being accounted of all that then beheld him, the most proper and well appointed Knight that ever they saw. From thence rode he through the midst of the Citie towards the place assigned for the Combate, which was in a valley, called Chiltecumbe, where he waited for *Colbrond;* who, shortly after, came so weightily harnessed, that his Horse could scarce carry him, and before him a Cart loaded with Danish axes, great Clubs with knobs of Iron, squared barrs of Steel, Lances, and Iron hooks to pull his Adversary to him: and so soon as he saw the *Palmer* make towards him, calling loudly, he bad him get off his Horse, and cast himself down with submission: but the *Palmer*, arming himself with the sign of the Crosse, and commending himself to God, put spurs to his Horse to meet the Gyant, and in the first encounter pierced his shield so far, that his own Lance broke into shivers; which so enraged the Gyant, that he bore up fiercely towards the *Palmer*, and smote his horse with such strength, that he cut off his head. The *Palmer* therefore being dismounted, nimbly and with great courage directed his blow at the Gyant's helmet; but by reason of his height, could reach no further than his shoulder. Then *Colbrond* smote at

the *Palmer* with a square bar of steel; but he, seeing his danger, interposed his shield, which bore off the blow, and on a suddain did so vigorously lay at the corner of the Gyant's target, that his Club bossed with Iron fell to the ground; which, whilst he stretched out his arm to take up, the *Palmer* with his sword cut off his hand: whereupon the Danes grew much dismayed; and on the other side was there as great rejoycing by K. *Athelstan* and the English; and yet notwithstanding did *Colbrond* hold out the Combate till the evening of that day, that by loosing so much bloud he fainted, so that *Guy* with all his strength fetching a blow, cut off his head.

"The victory therefore thus happily obtained, occasioned the Danes with great confusion to hasten away, and the valiant *Guy* to give thanks unto God, repairing forthwith to the Cathedral, where he was honourably received with solemne Procession by the Clergy and others, and offered his weapon to God and the Patron of that Church before the high Altar, which my Author saith, even to his time, was kept in the Vestry there, and called by the name of *Colbrond's* Ax: but, this being done, reassumed his Pilgrim's habit. Whereupon the K. became most importunat with him to discover his name; but he utterly refused so to do, except to himself, and that upon his oath not to reveal it: unto which condition the K. assenting, they walkt out alone in a by path to a certain Crosse at some distance from the Citie; and as soon as they came thither, humbly bowing himself to the K., and saying that he was *Guy* Earle of War-

wick, the K. embraced him in his arms, kissed him, and promised him large rewards if he would live in his Court: but he, with much thankfulnesse, refusing to receive any, besought the K. that he would not disclose what he had said, in regard his resolution was to continue in that Pilgrim's state; and so they there parted with tears.

"From whence the Earle bent his course towards Warwick, and coming thither not known of any, for three dayes together took Almes at the hands of his own Lady, as one of those xiij poor people unto which she dayly gave relief her self, for the safety of him and her, and the health of both their souls. And having rendred thanks to her, he repaired to an heremite that resided amongst the shady woods hard by, desiring by conference with him to receive some spiritual comfort, where he abode with that holy man till his death, and upon his departure out of this World, which hapned within a short time, succeeded him in that Cell, and continued the same course of life for the space of two years after; but then discerning death to approach, he sent to his Lady their wedding Ring by a trusty servant, wishing her to take care of his burial: adding also, that when she came, she should find him lying dead in the Chapel, before the Altar; and, moreover, that within xv dayes after she her self should depart this life. Whereupon she came accordingly, and brought with her the Bishop of the Dioces, as also many of the Clergy and other people, and finding his body there, did honourably interre it in that Heremitage, and was herself after-

wards buried by him, leaving her paternal inheritance to *Reynburn* her onely son. Which departure of our famous *Guy* hapned in the year of our Lord *D.CCCC.XXIX.*, and of his own age the seventieth.

"To whom succeeded the noble *Reynburn*, Earle of Warwick through his mother's right; who haveing been stolen away in his childhood, and carried into Russia, where he gave great testimony of his singular valour in sundry warlike feats, whilst he continued in those forreign parts, upon his return into Engl. wedded the beautifull Lady *Leonetta*, daughter to K. *Athelstan*; but afterwards dying beyond the Seas, was buried in a certain Island near unto Venice, and left for his successor *Wegeat*, alias *Weyth the humed*, a person of great courage, and much honoured for his skill in martial affairs."

The authorship of this Romance has been attributed to various individuals, but without any positive certainty. The greater number seem to agree with Bale in assigning it to Walter of Exeter. Ritson, however, is not so easily satisfied, and it were perhaps most prudent to assert that the author is altogether unknown. The story is apparently of Saxon origin, wrought into its existing shape by the more practised cunning of some French or Anglo-Norman minstrel. Referring generally to Ritson, Warton, and Ellis, the following observations of the late erudite M. De la Rue, in his *Essais Historiques*

*sur les Bardes, &c.* (tome iii. p. 249,) seem sufficiently apposite :—

" Ou attribue à Walter d'Exeter le Roman de *Guy de Warwick et de Felice fille du comte de Bukingham.* Cet auteur, suivant Warton, et Carew, dans son histoire du Cornuailles, était un moine franciscain du convent de Carocus dans le même pays, et qui vivait dans le XIII^e^ siècle.* Cependant Bale dit simplement que Walter d'Exeter écrivit la vie de Guy, (*vitam Guidonis*, †) et long-temps avant lui Girard le Gallois l'avait insérée dans son histoire latine des West-Saxons ;‡ enfin Hearne a fait aussi imprimer en latin un extrait de la vie de ce champion.§ Mais est ce en français ou en anglais ? Est ce en prose ou en vers que ce moine a écrit le Roman de Guy de Warwick ? C'est ce que Warton ne dit pas, et ce qu'il nous est impossible de savoir, d'autant plus que le Trouvère qui a mis ce Roman en vers, ne se fait pas connaître dans son ouvrage. Au reste, que ce soit Walter d'Exeter ou tout autre écrivain, toujours est-il vrai que l'auteur était anglo-normand, son langage le prouve, plusieurs de ses expressions sont même prises dans la langue anglaise de son temps.

" Ce Roman est très intéressant : le plan et la marche ti-

* Warton, Vol. I. p. 91.—Carew's Surv. Cornw. p. 59.

† Bale, X. 78.

‡ Hist. Reg. West-Saxon. Cap. XI.

§ Appendix ad Annales Dunstapl. No. XI.

ennent beaucoup du genre épique ; la lecture attache par des incidents toujours bien amenés et toujours piquants ; Guy de Warwick est pieux comme Enée ; ses compagnons preux et loyaux ; leur morale pure et vraiment chevaleresque ; il y a du merveilleux dans les détails, la divinité même intervient dans le dénouement. Aussi le poète Chaucer fait l'éloge de l'ouvrage en l'appelant un *Roman de prix*. Il en existe un exemplaire dans la bibliothéque Harleïenne, No. 3775, mais il est incomplet ; celui de la bibliothéque du Roi, MSS. de Colbert, No. 4289, est sans lacune, et comprend 11,424 vers ; mais il faut observer qu'il renferme aussi les exploits de Hérault d'Ardennes, instituteur de Reynburn, fils de Guy de Warwick, et que dans quelques manuscrits on en a fait un Roman particulier.

" M. Ellis a publié un version du Roman de Guy, en vers anglais, écrite dans le XIV^e siècle ;* il en existe une version en prose française, imprimée à Paris en 1525.

" Pour donner une idée de la poésie du Trouvère, voici le portrait qu'il nous fait de Guy encore jeune :

" Guy de Warwick fut apelé,
En la Court ert mout honuré.
De chevalers et de sergans,
Ambur de petits et de grans ;
N'ont si petit en sa maisun
Ki de luy n'ont riche doun,

* Specimens, etc. Vol. II. p. 1.

Ne n'ont valet en la regné
Ki tant fût amé et prisié;
Pur co ke il est bons et prus
Et de bonté surmontoyt tus;
A mervoyl l'ont tus egardé,
Tant ert beaus et aligné;
Mout se pensa Dame Nature
D'en faire bele creature;
Tutes bontés en lui estoyent.
Et tus de lui grant bien disoyent,
De Burdure et d'eskyrmyr,
De chevals poyndre et retenir,
Guy de Warwik un mestre avoit
Herault d'Ardenne apelé estoit,"
Etc.

The earliest and most curious MSS. of this Romance are the portions here printed from the Auchinleck MS., in the Library of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh. A perfect one is preserved in that of Caius College, Cambridge, (A. 8,) and another in the public library there, (More, 690.)

The printed editions of the "Geste" of Guy are numerous, and abridgments, both in prose and in verse, have been circulated in chap publications with marvellous profusion. A play by "J. B.," (erroneously attributed to Ben Jonson,) entitled "The Tragical History of Guy Earl of Warwick," was published in 4to, London, 1661.

Of the early printed editions, the following are the principal:

"Cy commence Guy de Waruich, chevalier d'Angleterre, qui

en son temps fit plusieurs prouesses et conquestes en Angleterre, en Allemaigne, Ytalie et Dannemarche, et aussi sur les infidelles ennemys de la chrestieneté." Paris, Fr. Regnault, 7 Mars 1525, small fol. Lit. Goth.

Four leaves of preliminary matter, and ninety numbered leaves. A copy sold at the Roxburghe sale for L.33, 12s. There is an earlier undated edition. An abridgment is in the Mélanges tirés d'une grande bibliothèque, X. 63.

The next is Copland's edition of the Romance of Sir Guy, which is thus described by Dibdin:

"The text begins thus on the recto of A ij, (A j having probably been a blank leaf:)

> "Sithen the tyme that God was borne
> And Christendom was set and sworne
> Many adventures haue befall
> The which that men know not all."

"At the end, 'Finis. Laus Deo omnipotenti: Here endeth the booke of the moste victoryous prynce, Guy of Warwick. Imprynted at London, in Lothbury ouer agaynst Saynt Margarit's church, by Wylliam Copland.' It contains A to Z inclusively, in fours, in the first set of signatures, and A a to L L in the second set; also in fours, except L L, which contains five leaves, making in the whole 141 leaves, not reckoning A j. The perfect copy of this exceedingly rare volume, which Mr

Beloe mentions as having been in the Roxburghe collection, is now in the library of Mr Heber. It was obtained at the extraordinary sum of L.43, 1s. Mr Heber informs me that this copy had successively belonged to West, Pearson, Steevens, and the Duke of Roxburghe; and at some previous time had been in the possession of Steevens's great-grandfather, (John Steevens,) in whose handwriting (it seems) there is a glossary prefixed. The copy in the Garrick collection is imperfect at the beginning."

At the sale of a part of Mr Heber's library in 1834, this copy was sold for L.25,—a price not so astounding as the former, but still very handsome, considering the *then* depressed state of the bibliomania.

The History of Guy, Earle of Warwick. London, Printed by John Cawood. No date;—4to, in verse.

The famous History of Guy, Earl of Warwick, in Verse, by Samuel Rowlands. London, 1667, 4to. A copy of this at the White Knight's sale brought L.7, 17s. 6d.; and one of the other Editions, London, 1703, 4to, at that of the Duke of Roxburghe, was sold for L.5, 15s. 6d.

In the Catalogue of the Harleian MSS., No. 5243, is stated to be "an oblong paper book of 134 leaves, (besides six of introductory matters, written in two columns, containing a Poem in 26 cantos, on the History of Guy. It has the following title:

"The corrected historie of Sir Gwy Earle of Warwick, surnamed the Heremite; begun by Don Lidgate, Monck of St Edmundes Berye; but now dilligentlie exquired from all Antiquitie, by John Lane, 1621." Under this title is the figure of a skeleton robed, rising out of a coffin, drawn in Indian ink. On the coffin this motto,

"Virtus post cineres vivere sola facit." On the back of the title is a Sonnet to the Author, thus superscribed, 'Johannes Melton, Londonensis Cives (sic) amico suo Viatico in Poesis Laudem. S. D. P.'

"On the next leaf is a small Chapel in Indian ink also, with Guy in Armour, standing in a niche, and, on the floor, this Couplet:

> "Bove all the Knightes that ever were or shall,
> Sir Guy of Warwick bears the Coronall."

"Then follows an address to his reader, by John Lane. At the end, the Poem is signed, 'John Lane:' under which signature is the copy of a Licence to print it, thus expressed,

"The Licence."

"This Poem, containing a corrected historie of Guy Earle of Warwick, in 87 leaves of large quarto, written by Mr John Lane, hath licence to be printed, Jul. 13°, 1617.

"John Taverner,

"As in the original."

"The present seems to be the Author's corrected copy. It is composed throughout in Stanzas of seven lines each, and is certainly a most elaborate performance.

"The original by Lydgate, entitled, 'Acta Guidonis Warwicensis,' is in the Bodleian Library. Laud. D. 31. f. 64.

"There is a large figure of a Pilgrim at page 97, prefixed to the 20th Canto, at p. 116, as also a Hermit, in the 24th Canto."

Two fragments of a French Metrical Romance of Sir Guy, discovered on a half sheet of parchment, which had been used as a fly-leaf to a life of St Thomas à Becket, printed early in the sixteenth century, and preserved in the Bodleian Library, are contained in the British Bibliographer, Vol. III. p. 268.

The following manuscript histories of Sir Guy, which formerly existed in the Royal Libraries of Burgundy, are noticed in the very interesting work of M. Barrois, entitled, "Bibliothéque Protypographique, ou Libraires du Fils du Roi Jean, Charles V. Jean de Berri, Philippe de Bourgogne et les siens." Paris, 1830, 4to.

At Bruges, about 1467, was "Ung livre de papier couvert de cuir jaune, escript en prose, à longue luigne, et au dehors, le Livre du noble Chevalier Guy de Warelvic; guemenchant, Pourceque tous les coraiges des nobles; et le second feuillet, Cy comence le livre du noble Chevalier, et le dernier, Cause avoit esté."

At Bruxelles, in 1487. " Ung autre grant volume en papier, couvert de cuir jaune, à deux cloans et cincq bouts de léton, historié et intitulé: **Le livre du noble Chevalier Guy de Warwic**; comenchant ou second feuillet, **Dame moult s'entre-amoyent**, et finissant ou derrenier, **Le 27me jour de May l'an mil** CCCCLVI."

By the politeness of Sir Thomas Phillipps, Bart. of Middlehill, co. Worcester, I am favoured with the very singular fragments of a metrical version of this Romance, printed at his private press from a MS. found in the cover of an old book. As the impression is excessively restricted, and is contained on a single isolated sheet, I have deemed it advisable to preserve the whole here *verbatim*.

## GUY OF WARWICK,

### A FRAGMENT.

. . . . bathe
. . . . rathe
. . . . knyht
. . . . in fiht
. . . . als did I . . .
. . . . bald Sir Gy

. . . I moht me na langer defend
Wiht my lemman gan I wend
I went awai ay good paas
Right to nyht they goun me chas
Til I com at a water brad
My hors swam over I was glad
Wen thay com ther they durst noht pas
Swa dep that ilk water was
Wot than torned thay ogayn
My lemman and I went forth aleyn
I wend that nicht sicerlyk
Rest me in thys wod thyk
Wat for fastyng wat for wakyng
I fel her doun in slumeryng
My lemman sat by for me
And my horse bounden by an tre
Fifteen *koyches* com in a stounde
Al slap and gaf thay me thys wounde
I *mun dye* thay of wol I wate
Swa ic ham in snel state
Of myself ne hys me noht
On my lemman es al my thoht
The theves led hyr fra me
Thurn thaym mun she honyst be
Mon haf I tallde the
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Of the Cite some . . ride
Thay rad ay ful gret pas
To thay com thay thayr land was
Many fel Sarzynn thay sagyen
Wiht swirdes in thayr hands dragyen
Al about in the feldes
*They stand* wiht spers and shelds
Al thay rad wiht sterne fasce
G. of Warwike for tu chace

Thay . . avanced hym for to sla
If they moht hym or ta
About hym fast gan they ride
To assayle hym on ilka sid
Sum hys hors be the bridel tok
Thay for their hevedes of he shoke
Sum the hand sum the harme
Thay ne . . . noht for outer harme
. . . . Heraud to Sir G.
And hys felaus stouttely
Heraud smate ay Sarazyn
Hym helped noht Apolyn
Swilk ay *dong* he hym lent
To . . . ground sone he went
. . . . . hys felus alle
Many Sarzyn . . . thay falle
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . the knyth . . o gayn . .
. . . . was the Duke's schwester .
" *Wiste we thou hys felaugh war
" We suld bynd the fast into *Sar*
" Bothe suld be thar jugment
" To hange and *draw* on *favonente*
" Ye did ay wik deed that day
" Wen the Osile led away
" Defend te nou on any sted
" *If thou can then haf es hed*"

* The five previous lines are cut from the MS., but the two fragments above quoted have been impressed on the opposite side, and have been decyphered by means of a glass.

Thym smate swa on hys sheld
That he never myht after *spelld*
G. thurug out the bodi hym stang
That afterward he lifed noht lang
He smat ay nother al to wounder
That hys bert cleve ysonder
Swa he met the *arid* and te *ferd*
That bathe thay fel ded to the herd
He tok Sir Terry that was ner slayn
And led him to the thorn agayn
¶ Of G. will I now lef my tale
And of hys felaugh spek I sale
That south him al o bout
Of hym afved gret dout
In the wod als tay s . . . . . Gy
Of a womman they herd a cri
That mad gret soru and wepyng
Thay wend it had ben the ivel thyng
Heraud looked under ay hagh
Ay fair mayden he ther sagh
Sary sighand under ay thorn
Heraud hir asked quar she was born
Wot she wald hym noht say
He tok her and went ham be the way
Wen com at hys ostele
In a chamber he laid that damysel
Wot na dryng wald she nane
Swa mykel soru ad she tane
G. cums to the thorn thar he was are
. . . . . *reht are*
. . . . . .
Of nothyng that . . . . .
Then said G. . . . . .
Wat hys *tat* noys thou *men*
. . ay fair mayden and gentil
Heraud hir broht out of perils
For she was doleful and . .
Heraud *gert* . . . . .

G. said *that* . . . .
That she . . . . .
He for hys *faith* that was thar
Into the halle before Sir G.
Als sone alsso . . . .
Than began hyr soru to ne . .
She fell on hym and said "allas
"Thy hert wil paler *sud* to was
"W—— was to quyt and nede
"Allas for dole quyne war I ded
"Wat if ded* wil me tan
"For soru myself than sal y slan
"Walyway gentil Terry
"That for my luf thou sal di"
She kyst hys mouth and hys face
And fel in swonyngh in that place
G. took hyr up als swihte
And bad so suld be glad and blythe
And said that ay leche hym bithe
That he hym wel hel myhte
Son after wen he was halle
Then began to slak hyr balle
Wen hys he hale of his woundes
He wendes to play wiht hauk and hundes
Then said G. to that knyth
"I wal that to me thy trouht plyht
"That thou sal luf me and I the
"An . . . ed brether that we be"
Sone than answered Sir Terry . .
And he Sir G. "Grammerci
"Thof I west to be slayn
"I sal never ald te ogayn
"For thou havest broht me *obale*
"And mad my woundes hale
"Ful wikked halden mund I be
" . . als my hert I lufed te

* For "Deth."

" . . . . . .
" *Al* that *in* land be thar
" That tay sul be at hym be live
" Agaynes te for te stryfe
" Hys men al day mun be *gadredand*
" And *hours* for soht mun be *skaderand*
" Wha sal ding the cite doun
" *Has* to na fors to defend te toun
" And to hafes ay knyth here
" In al the werld ne es hys pere
" G. that hys of Warwike
" *For* soht he wille *the* noht beswike
" And hys felau Heraud
" Ay stalworht knyth and bald
" In thaym thu may the afye
" Thof thay wist for to dey
" To the Soudan then them send
" I waht blethely they wil wend
" Sythen he wil haf thy land
" Wiht werch of hys and
" Byd him to . . ay knyth
" That for hym . . . fiht
" And tak thu . . to the
" The wilk *tho* . . *duhty* be
" *Du* hym swa . . and
" That to *wilk* . .
" Has in . . ."
Than he . . . .
. . na mare . .
" *And hys* . . .
" *Other cum* . .
" Of thy land . .
" Than wil he thys war swage"
Than answered Sir Hernys
" Methynk thu says gud avys
" *Ger* sone unto me calle
" Myne Barouns hider alle
" If any wil te message gave
" I hald him a baroun brave

" . . . . . .
" . . . . . .
" . . . . . .
" . . . . . .
" Wiht hys *knyth* . . .
" And . . hys Sarzynne
" Wiht fors my knyth wene
" I wil grant hym blethely
" Of al my landes the *senthury*
" If my knyth orcum hys tare
" Out of my land that he far
" And wer na mar me ogayn
" Thus I thynk for to sayne
" Wasa thys message wil do
" And cum ogayn me unto
" Wether sa it be knyth or knave
" My luf sal he ever hafve"
Wen the emperor had this tald
Ther was non o thaym sa bald
That answered hym ay word untile
Wot as a stan than stud tay stile
Up stert Christer wiht the quit berde
To spek wiht hym he noht ferd
In ay riche bleant was he clad
Lang berd to the brest he had
" Sir Emperour understond to me
" For soht I sal telle the
" Ivel chaunce be hym beforn
" Be hem ever sa wel born
" That thys counsail the as red
" Fors *hevel* wald be at to sped
" For hyf thou any men thider send
" Thou noht als wel als hym wiht *thy hend*
" Thinkes the noht of Sir Gyfforn
" That was sa nobel ay baroun
" To the Sodan he went *tyn wand*
" Com he never gahen in thys land
" Thar was hys dohti bodi slan
" Nathyng bot hys heued com ogayn

" And ever sithen . . . durst nan
" Wend in message to the Soudan
" Wiht to wel Sir Hernys
" I ne say it for na cowardis
" For bodi non als mikel fors
" . . . was in my cors
" I wal . . held . . .
" For to wiht . . . .
" If out of them alle
" That stud ther in the halle"
. . . under . .
On thys wand . . .
Forth he wend . .
. . . . and said . .
That he said " Turne the dor noht
" I ne wald for thys cite
" On thys Heraud send te
" I ne sayd this words but to prove
" Wa to me had mast luf
" Nou I wat by thy corage
" That thu wald du thys message"
G. answered wiht gret ire
" I ne sal noht lef sertis Sire
" That I ne wil thider on ay pays
" *The way* to hym as ordeyn ways"
He ged out of the palays
Hym luved al the . . .
They sayd ged at . . pashion
He wiht . . . .
And he him swa . . .
Then he cam ogayn unto the palays
Nou hys G. to hys . . .
Hys . . . . .
Al thay wald *wiht* hym *afarne*
" Nay" G. said " I sal you warne"
Then said Heraud " Wiht the wil I
" Be thou thar deed than will I di"
" Nay" said G. "here sul . . lend
" For wiht me sal te noht wend"

Hys armes he haskes . . .
Men brougt hym . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
That to ne *hep ostie* dwel not lang
Wen G. wist it was Terry
That dohty knyth and *tat* hardy
He gret als swiht for pite
To *wenge* Terry gud **wle* had he
He tok the sheld als he bad
And te swerd that Terry had
Hys hors fet wald he noht spare
To he cam thar the robbour ware
He ged unto thayr loge on ane
"Wy haf the traitours yone knyth slane
"That lyes yonder under ay thorn
"Sham sal the haf thar forn"
An ras upwerd wel haf done
G. smat hys heved of als sone
And thother and the thryd
The ferde nakel sam betid
Swa leyde he thay into strife
Thay tar ne lest he *bet an* en lyefe
He fled fast for he was rad
Thuru the body ay wound he had
"Fair maden" said Sir Gy
"I sal te led to Sire Terry"

* Wile.

For that word she was sa bliht
That she fel in swonyngs wiht
G. raysed up that mayden der
And set hyr on ay gud destrer
Wan thay com at te thorn
Then was the bodi away born
For dul and car that mayd fel doun
Wot wel hir comforted Sire Gyoun
Of theyr hors fet he sagh the *trace*
. . . . . .
*Wiht* . . Danys . . his neef
Many ay Sarazen gut he lef
. . hys *mouht* stode *to* have
Swa hys enemys he drave
Hys hauberk brak with dentes baride
That men moht se hys naked hide
Al that Heraud moht take
He felled thym wiht his strak
Alswo did Sir Gyoun
He faht tar als a lyoun
The King of Chartre they tok then
Wiht hym ma then sexty men
G. *gert* make gret gynnes
For to sla the Sarazyns
Thas gynnes was castand
Grete pises of Iren wel strycand
It was na men that tay come ate
That all tu dust thay hym smate
Thay kest doun many gret stan
Wham sa thay tok he was slan
Ay thousand tar they did toke
Thuru the stanes that doun shoke
The nyht cums and passes the day
Many a Sarzyn was tar fay
That aker lengthes fyften
Na man moht passe I wene
That hym behoved on dede men
Outher on feet or on heud

*Dyrabel* ay Sarzyn hiht
Was newely dubbed to knyht
He hys cuen to the Soudan
Ay strak thuru the bodi he haftan
" Sir Soudan I red we fle
" Or eles dede mun we be
" Our Godes that we onour ay
" Than helpes us ille thys day
" To hur herbergh wend we now
" At tys tym we do na . .
" . . . . . .
" . . . . . .
" *Pale* haf ye quyt me in stour
" On you I sal me wreke
" Al your bakes I sal to breke"
He begynes to dynge thaym fast
Til ay gude stafe myht last
He gaf thaym swilk strak
That tayr bakkes al to brak
" Wy suffed ye my men be wounde
" I *hat* thou were then ay hounde"
Sum he brynd al on loogh
And sum he cest in ay sloogh
Than sent he many ay messenger
After Sarzyns baht far and ner
He bad that na kyng suld be
Fra thehen unto the lyvend se
That tay after thaym ne went
To du thayr lauerd comandement
G. says to hys meygne
God loved than miht he be
Thuru the help of God . .
Wel than haf . . .
Our henmys . . .
To our . . . wend .
Our felaw . . . .
Wer we . . .
A on hys . . .

Wiht alle . . .
And . . . .
Thuru . . . .
He has . . .
Al hys wille . .
Wen thys *saugh* . .
That . . . .
Than he smytes . .
For he mayd . .
He thynked . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . and telle
. . . d felle
. . . of thy *moigne*
. . . ys that cite
. . . thys day
. . . way
. . . knythes gud
. . . tay war wed
. . . *end* of Ardern
. . . hy fern
. . . hes of Almayn
. . . rayn
. . . enham
. . . elsham
. . . der drogh
. . . noogh
. . . ern up raas
. . . s paas
. . . his companye
. . . ardy
. . . neralle
. . . we do
. . . us to

. . . pany
. . . *einy*
. . . thusand
. . . went pryend
. . . wardes
. . . als cowardes
. . . gret dyntes
. . . par of flyntes
. . . fast
. . . werste atte last
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Wot he fled under ay *licte*
. . the dub was far fra .
He . . weed a bid traytour
And defend te of the *feleur*
Tet to us did in Lumbardy
The Duk com him untille
To fiht wiht hym he had gude wille
Swa thay thurled thair hauberk gud
Out of thayr sides ran the blood
Atte last Heraud smat Otoun
A quarter of hys sheld fel doun
Into the sulder ful sare
Alf ay fote tha swerd spare
Of thretty knights he had help sone
Elles had his life son ben done
Thay faht wiht Heraud everilk ane
Wiht gud wil thay wald him slane
But al the woundes that he had
Yet for thaym was he not rad
Natheles he was in gret dout
Thay had hym clossed ale about

Thay mad ful red that har was wiht
Wiht swerdes that grymelli couht biht
Wot he defendes hym hardily
Many a haved he made blody
Thar was ay Lumbar riht ner
Heraud he smat wiht hardi cher
And Heraud fendes wiht gret payn
Fo to smite hym ogeyn
Als he hit hym wiht a strak
His swerd in the hilt he brak
"Laurd" said he "wat sal I do nou
"Defend me I ne wat hou
"Lever me war to di in feld
"Than hy me suld to Lumbards yeld"
Ay Lumbard hym sesed be the brest
"Traytour" he said "I sal be thy Prest"
He hym smat swa wiht his *non*
. . . . . .
"I seek *Terri* of Germoys"
"War to" said Sir Gy
"Sir I sal tel the *witerly*
"Terri was wiht the Duk Louwi
"He hym luved and had . .
"He gaf hym armes wiht great onur
"Terri *was* . . gret *Valour*
"The Duk had a dohter *Seli*
"That was given to the Duk of *Pavi*
"Fra the Duk Otoun Terri her *reved*
"That *her in* . . tynte hys heved
"The Duk of Loryn gret chivaler
"Had gadred out of Lumbardi
"Wiht hym the Duk Otoun
"Toward Germoys thay *hir al boun*
"Thay moht destray the Duk *aurun*
"But yf he may *fynd* Sir Terri
"At help his *fader* for to wer
"For he ne may nan *armes* bar"
G. said "Knyth shal her . . welle
"Of Sir Terri I sal te telle

" Sir Terri *praied* G. als hys frend
" That he wald wiht hym wend
" Cam into hys . . *thed*
" To help hys fader at hys ned
" For hyf my fader be . . slan
" Or hys landes be fra hym gan
" For the luf thou wil noht
" Than *hys to noht* . . .
" G. . . hym soun and . .
" Help me never mer . . .
" That ilk day . . .
" For any perel that may be
" . . . *baht* sheld *prosper*
" *Give to Almigty* . . .
" After . . . . .
" Five hundreth . . .
" Al to fiht *than* . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Before concluding this hasty notice, I may remark, that Suward is throughout, in Mr Ellis's specimens, erroneously termed *Segard.* In his selections from the Auchinleck MS., I have invariably found that Mr Ellis has been supplied by a very careless or very ignorant transcriber.

For the illustrative title-page to the volume I am indebted to the ever-active courtesy of my friend, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe, Esq. whose exquisite graphic abilities are their own panegyric.

W. B. D. D. T.

Edinburgh, 25, Great King Street,
*The Eve of St Nicholas, Bp.* 1840.

# The Romance of Sir Guy of Warwick.

# Here ginneth Sir Gij.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

His lord he serued treweliche
In al thing manschipeliche
Ther was non erl in Inglond
That to geines him durst stond
Bot gif he wold be with him at on
He wald do nimen him anon
And with strengthe him nim wolde
Thei he to Scotlond suwe him scholde
His lordis honour he held worthschipliche
And defended it wele and hardiliche
Ther was [no] kni[ȝ]t in Inglonde
That with wretthe durst him aftonde
Thei a man bar an hundred pounde
Opon him of gold y-grounde
The nas man in al this londe
That durst him do schame no schonde
That bireft him worth of a flo
So gode pais ther was tho

Thilke steward hadde a sone
Trewe and wise atte frome
Al folk he dede him loue
For that no man schuld him schoue
And riche giftes giuen he wold
For that he schuld be fre y-hold
Therl Rohand he serued tho
As he schuld his kinde lord do
Therl him loued swithe dere
Ouer al other that there were
Of his coupe serue he him dede
He was preysed to him in euerich stede
Therl michel him worthschipede
And for his fader loue to him clepede
Gij of Warwicke his name was
In court non better beloued ther nas
So he was among gret lordinges
Litel and michel in al thinges
Gentil he was and of michel might
Ouer all other feirest bi sight
Al thai wonderd strongliche
For his feirhed was so miche
So mani godenes in him were
Al him preysed ther y-fere
Of bordis and turnament Ȝ wis
Knightes to hauen and holden of pris

Gij a forster fader hadde
That him lerd and him radde
Of wodes and riuer and other game
Herhaud of Ardern was his name
He was hende and wele y-taught
Gij to lern forgat he naught
Michel he couthe of hauk and hounde
Of estriche faucouns of gret mounde
It was opon a Pentecost day y-teld
Therl a gret fest held
At Warwike in that cite
That than was y-won to be
Thider cam men of miche might
Erls and barouns bothe aplight
Leuedis and maidens of gret mounde
That in the lond wer y-founde
Eueriche maiden ches hir loue
Of knightes that wer thider y-come
And euerich knight his leman
Of that gentil maiden wiman
When thai were fro chirche y-come
Ther alight mani a noble gome
Therl to the mete was sett
Gij stode forn him in that flett
That was the steward sone
Therl to serue it was his wone

To him he cleped Gij
And him hete and comandi
That he in to chaumber went
And grete wele that maiden gent
And that he schuld that ich day
Serue wele that feir may
  Gij him anſwerd freliche
Sir Ichil wel bletheliche
In a kirtel of ſilk he gan him ſchrede
Into chaumber wel ſone he zede
The kirtel bicom him ſwithe wel
To amenden theron was neuer a del
The maidens biheld him feir an wel
For that he was ſo gentil
Gij on his knes ſone him ſett
And on hir fader half he hir grett
And ſeyd he was thider ſent
To ſerue hir to hir talent
Felice anſwerd than to Gij
Bieus amis molt gramerci
And ſeththe ſche aſked him in the plas
Whennes he cam and what he was
Wi fader he ſeyd hat Suward
That is thi fader ſteward
That with him me hath y-held
And forth y-brought God him foryeld

Artow ſche ſeyd Suward ſone
That of al godenes hath the wone
Gij ſtode ſtille and ſeyd nought
With that was the water forth brought
Thai ſett hem to mete anon
Erl baroun ſweyn and grom
  Gij was biſy that ich day
To ſerue wele that feir may
That day Gij dede his might
To ſerue thritti maidens bright
Al anamourd on him thai were
And loued Gij for his feir chere
Therof no gaf he right nought
Al another it was his thought
On Felice that was ſo bright
Gij hir loued with al his might
So michel ſche was in his thought
That neye he was to deth y-brought
He gan to wepe and ſore ſiche
And biment him wel reweliche
And grete wonder he hadde ȝ wis
That Felice ſo feir a creatour is
Ac he no dar his loue kethe
No ſen hir wel vnnethe
He is in ſo gret thought
His conſeyl wil he ſchewe nought

Into the maidens chaumber he is y-go
At Felice he tok his leue tho
And in his way he goth aplight
Unto his chamber he went ful right
And wepe and made grete wo
For he loued that maiden so
His men ared him on hy
Whi that he was so sori
He hem answerd sone anon
That swiche iuel is comen him on
That he weneth his liif forgon
Bote no tit him neuer non
In the Court biment was Gij
Mani man for him was sori
For he was won to serue hem wel
And gif hem mani aniwel
Now is Gij in gret tempest
Sorwe he maketh with the mest
Of Felice that feir may
For hir loue he sorweth ay
And grete wonder he hath Y wis
That him so hard bifallen is
He acursed the time that hir say
Felice with hir eyghen gray
Hir gray eyghen hir nebbis schene
For hir mi luf is miche I wene

To hir Ichil tellen al mi thought
Whi that Icham in sorwe brought
Tide me gode other qued
Y nil it hele for no nede
Right to hir that Y ne go
And schewe hir of mi miche wo
Ac now to hir schewen Y nille
Allas wreche hou may I duelle
For mi lordes douhter sche is
And Ich his nori forsothe Y wis
Therefore Ich aught him trewethe bere
And neuer more him to dere
Gif Ich hir loued and it wist he
And he might ouer take me
He wald anon mine heued of smite
Other heye hong for that wite
Other hewe me with swerdes kene
Gif Ich hadde don him that tene
Allas wreche what may Y do
Y loue thing Y no may com to
Now is Gij in sorwe y-brought
Of his liif nis him nought
He went and trent his bed opon
So man that is wo bigon
He no may sitt no stonde
No vnnethe drawen his onde

Reſt no take ſlepeinge
Mete ete no drinke dringe
No may him no man conforti
Bot euer his ſong is wo and wi
In ſo gret thought was he tho
And ſo gret ſorwe toke him to
Leuer him wer walk and wende
And dye in trewe loue bende
  Thus [he] lay in grete turment
Til that the feſt was al to went
Swiche an iuel is on him faſt
That he no may it of him caſt
He no wil no man his care ſchewe
His ſorwes ben euer aliche newe
That he no may his loue haue
Grete ſtrengthe him doth withdrawe
Therfore he ſeyd Ichil hir ſchewe
My peyne is euer aliche newe
Of al mi ſorwe nis hir nought
Ich wold Ich were to deth y-brought
Bitide me iuel other gode
Ichil it held in mi mode
And gif ſche wil ſche may me ſpille
Ac for al that leten I nille
  Now is Gij to court y-go
A man that is ful of wo

200

And on his knes he him dede
Bifor Felice in that stede
And to hir he spac wel euen
With a wel queynt steuen
And seyd Felice the feir merci
For Godes loue and our Leuedi
That Ȝ the no ünde mi dedliche fo
For Godes loue herken me to
No longer hele Ȝ nille
Al that sothe tellen Ȝ wille
Thou art the thing that Ȝ most yerne
Fro the no may mine hert terne
Opon al other Ȝ loue the
Ȝ no may it lete ded to be
Under heuen no thing nis
Noither gode no qued Ȝ wis
That Ȝ for the don Ȝ nolde
To lete that liif don Ȝ wolde
Thou art mi liif mi ded Ȝ wis
Withouten the haue Ȝ no blis
Ȝ loue the and tow nought me
Ȝ dye for the loue of the
Bot thou haue merci on me
For sorwe Ichil meselfe le
For wistestow the heuinisse
The sorwe and the sorinisse

That me is on night and day
Bi trewe loue liggen Ich it may
And tow it might with eyghen se
Thou wolt haue merci on me
  Felice the feir answerd tho
Artow this Gij so mot thou go
The steward sone Suward
Ich wene thou art a fole musard
When thou of loue me hast bisaught
Al to fole hardy thou art y-taught
Wele thou holdest me for a fole
Thou art y-taught to a lither scole
And Icham thi lordes douhter bi name
Than dostow him wel michel schame
When thou of loue bisechist me
That Ȝ schold thi leman be
No fond Ȝ neuer man me so missede
No me so of loue bede
Noyther knight no baroun
Bot thou that art a garsoun
And art mi man and man schalt be
Ȝuel were mi fairhed sett on the
And Ȝ swiche a grome toke
And so mani grete lordinges forsoke
Erls doukes of the best
In this world and the richest

We haue desired aplight
That neuer of me hadde sight
That wer gret deshonour to me
Al to loth mi lif me schuld be
Al to fole hardi thou were
When thou me of loue bisoughtest here
Bi mi trewthe Y schal the swere
Schal Y mi fader the tiding bere
Thou wortheſt to hewen uther fordo
Bi the be warned other mo
Other with wilde hors to drawe
For thi foly and that wer lawe
And other schul be warned bi thi dede
And her lordinges the more drede
Go hethen sche seyd and up arise
And cum nammore in mi propris
Wel sorwefuliche went Gij
Into his chaumber al dreri
Gij in to his chaumber gan to gon
And schett him therin anon
Therin he made sorwe anough
And his clothes al to drough
Under heuen nas that it ne might haue rewthe
Of his sorwenes and of his trewthe
Of loue he biment strongliche
For whom that he loued so miche

Loue he ſeyd ſlake now mi ſore
That is dedeliche as Ÿ ſeyd ore
Loue of this zongling
Maketh me iuel fonding
Loue bring me of this wodeniſſe
And bring me in to ſum liſſe
For to reſte me athrowe
That Ÿ might me ſeluen knowe
Sore me meneth for me ſmert
Miche care is in mine hert
Michel Ich am y-caſt of might
Al to fer with vnright
Loue me doth to grounde falle
That Ÿ ne may ſtond ſtef withalle
Loue doth min clothes done
And after me clepeth wreche ſone
Hou ſchal Ÿ liue hou ſchal Ÿ fare
Hou long ſchal Ÿ liuen in care
Leueſt thing me were to dye
And Ich wiſt bi wiche weye
Deth he ſeyd wher artow ſo long
Thou makeſt me Ÿ may nought ſtond
Thou makeſt me out of the way to gon
Whi ne comeſtow to feche me anon
Worthi Ich were ded to be
Ÿ loue thing that loueth nought me

Herkeneth now hou seith the wise
Y schal you schewe bi this aſise
For a fole he schal him held
That taketh more than he may weld
To a fenestre than Gij is go
Biheld the castel the tour also
Tour he seyd feir artow bisett
In the is that maiden bischett
That liueth ther in ioie and blis
And Ichir loue for sothe Y wis
Tour when wer thou ouer-throwe
And with the winde al to blowe
That Y might hir with eyghen se
That Y loue more than me
He ginneth to wepe and sore siche
His care him neweth eueriliche
Adoun he fel and swonne bigan
More sorwe made neuer man
And cursed the time that he was bore
For now he hath his witt forlore
Loue he seyd acursed thou be
To michel might it is in the
That Y ne may the fro me were
Loue merci thatow me no dere
Leuer me were for to dye
Than long to liuen here in eyghe

Allas Felice that ich stounde
Thi loue me hath so y-bounde
And that Y serued the that day
Acursed be that time seyen Y may
No bid Ichaue non other mede
Bot slake mi sorwe Ichaue nede
Y loue the and tow nought me
Euen dole may it nought be
For of mi sorwe no hastow nought
Allas to grounde Icham y-brought
Thou hast the gode and Y the quede
Y brenne so spark on glede
Seththe thou me lokedest first to
Thou me woundest with a slo
Schal Y dye for that sight
Merci Felice that swete wight
Mine hert is ful of venim spilt
Of blis no worth it neuer filt
Swiche liif ladde Gij sikerliche
Al that seuennight holeliche
His fader was for him sori
Sabin his moder biment Gij
Therl for him sori was
Ther liked non in that plas
Litel and michel al and some
Biment Gij att[e] frome

Therl dede the leches of sende
Of Gyes iuel to wite that ende
The leches ben to him y-go
Gij thai ünde blaike and blo
Hij asked him where his iuel stode
He seyd for hete he brend nere wode
So hot Ich am and breninge
Mi sorwe is euer cominge
That al mi limes it hath to tight
Swiche liif Y lede day and night
After the hete me cometh a chele
That me greueth with vnskele
That Y were cold as ise
So vnkinde iuel it is
That al mine limes it wil to te
And seththe me cometh swonninges thre
For anguis swonne it me doth
Tviis or thriis Y say for soth
Swiche liif Y lede night and day
Non other wise Y no can you say
Than seyd that on a feuer it is
Ya quod Gij a lither Y wis
The leches gon and lete Gij one
That maketh wel michel mone
God quod Gij what schal Y do
Hou long schal Y liuen in wo

That Y no might ded be
When Y no may hir with eyghen se
That hath al mine hert and thought
And Y no misgilt hir neuer nought
Bot on that Ichir loue wel
And euer more loue schel
Gif Ich it hir schewe sche wil telle
Hir fader and he me wil quelle
Thei he it wist siker aplight
More than me le don he no might
Gif he me slough it were schonde
Schuld Y than for deth wonde
To hir for sothe Ichil go
And schewe hir of mi michel wo
Under heuen is so strong thing
So is loue and wowing
Now he seyd what for than
Thei Ich hir loue blame me no man
To warant Ichil drawe atte frome
That loue doth me thider come
And that loue doth me go to the
That Y no may with-hold me
With this Gij arisen is
And to the gate goth Y wis
God quod Gij Y do foliliche
Y le meseluen sikerliche

Wine owhen Y go now secheinde
God he seyd be mine helpinde
Adoun he fel a-swounie
And when he gan to dawie
To the court he seyd Ichil go
Be it for wele or for wo
To the court Ichil what so bitide
Thei gret strengthe me do abide
Now is Gij to court y-comen
As man that is with sorwe y-nome[n]
And into an erber he is y-go
Felice findeth therin tho
At hir fet he him leyd
Al wepeand to hir he seyd
Felice now Ich am comen to the
And gif thou wilt thou might m[e] le
For now Icham within thi loke
And thine heft Ichaue to broke
For Ich wold thatow seye
The sorwe that Y for the dreye
The strong pine and the wo
Y dreye for the euer mo
Wine hert schal bileue with the
Wiltow niltow it schal so be
That mi bodi ferli may
Bot that wille it lasteth ay

Ther while Y liue loue Y the wille
And bot gif Y do Ichil me spille
For me no schal it to deled be
Ther while that liif it lasteth in me
The to loue no mightow me forbede
In wo and sorwe thou dost me fede
Whan it worth thi fader y-teld
Thatow hast mine hert in weld
And he wite that Y loue the
Ichot for sothe he wil me sle
And that schal turn me al to blis
When Y schal dye for sothe Y wis
Henne forward ne reche Y me
Of mi liif whare it be
No of mi deth neuer the mo
No reche Y neuer where Y go
He ferd as he wer mat
Adoun he fel aswoune with that
Felice stode and loked him to
And biheld his strong wo
To a mayde sche seyd tho
Take him vp in thine armes to
And lay him soft on the grounde
And sche dede so in that stounde
That mayden yede to him wepeinde
And Gij wel sore biminde

460

Bi God of heuen ſche ſeyd
And Ich wer as feir a mayd
And as riche kinges douhter were
As ani in this warld here
And he of mi loue vnder nome were
As he is of thine in ſtrong manere
And he wald me ſo o loue yerne
Ye thenke Y no might it him nought werne
Felice the feir anſwerd tho
Damiſel ſche ſeyd whi ſeiſtow ſo
Thou art to blame alſo Y ſe
No thing ther mid no paiſtow me
Oft thou haſt y-herd in ſpeche
That we no ſchal no man biſeche
Ac men ſchul biſeche wimen
In the feireſt maner that thai can
And fond to ſpeden gif thai may
Bothe bi nightes and bi day
Of his ſwouning he vpros tho
The maiden him tok in armes to
Felice ſeyd to Gij thou doſt folie
Thatow wilt for mi loue dye
Schal Y do mi fader of ſende
I ſchal him telle word and ende
That tow doſt me litel worthſchipe
When thou me deſireſt to ſchenſchipe

In his court he schal deme the
And al to lime to queme me
  Gij answerd anon therto
God geue that it wer y-do
That of mi deth thou haddest wite
Of mi liif is me bot lite
Redi Ich am it to vnder-fong
Be it with right be it with wrong
  Felice hadde of him gret rewthe
Gij quod [sche] thou louest me in trewthe
Al to michel thou art afoild
Now thi blod it is acoild
Ac o thing Ȝ grant the
More no mightow asky me
Ther nis leuedi no maiden non
In this cuntre so wide so man may gon
And tow louedest hir astow dost me
That sche no wold grant hir loue to the
  Gij seyd to Felice now lete this be
Now me thenke thou scornnest me
Nis me nought iuel anough y-dight
When thou wilt of me no wight
Now a fole Ichil be
And mi witt chaunge for the
Gij seyd Felice now vnderstond
For now nil Ȝ nothing wond

And thei Ȝ say the al mi wille
No hold it for non vnskille
No grome louen Ȝ no may
Fort he be knight forsoth to say
Feir and beld to tellen by
S[t]rong in armes and hardi
And when thou hast armes vnderfong
And Ichaue it vnderstonde
Than schaltow haue the loue of me
Gif thow be swiche as Ȝ telle the
When Gij herd that tiding
For ioie his hert gan to spring
At hir he tok leue anon
Into the castel he gan to gon
Al so swithe as he it might do
Into the court he gan to go
Of euerich day him thought ten
Fort he seye his lemen
And when he feld him hole an fere
He went to court with glad chere
Michel joie with him thai made
And alle thai wer blithe and glade
To therl than went Gij
And gret that knight hardi
And seyd ür thine armes Ich ar
Gif Ich am ther to y-war

Ich am redi hem to fong
And the to ſerue withouten wrong
Therl anſwerd and ſeyd tho
Bletheliche Gij ſeththe thou wilt ſo
  Therl dede anon aparaile
Syes dobing withouten feyle
Wel richelich he dubbed Gij
And with him felawes tventi
That al barouns ſones were
For Syes loue he dubbed hem there
That with therl Rohand hadde ben long
In his ſeruiſe armes to vnderfong
  It was at the holy Trinite
Therl dubbed Sir Gij the fre
And with him tventi god gomis
Knightes and riche baroun ſonis
Of cloth of Tars and riche cendel
Was he dobbeing euerich adel
The pauis al of fow and griis
The mantels weren of michel priis
With riche armour and gode ſtedes
The beſt that wer in lond at nedis
Alder beſt was Gij y-dight
Thei he wer an emperour ſone aplight
So richeliche dubbed was he
Nas no ſwiche in this cuntre

With riche stedes wele erninde
Palfreys coursours wele bereinde
No was ther noither sweyn no knaue
That ought failed that he schuld haue
  Now is Sir Gij dobbed to knight
Feir he was and michel of might
To Felice went Sir Gij
And gret her wel curteyllic
And seyd Ichaue don astow seydest me to
For the Ichaue suffred miche wo
Arme for the Ichaue vnderfong
The to se me thought long
Thou art me bothe leue and dere
Ich am y-comen thi wille to here
Gij seyd Felice heye the nought
Yete hastow no thing of armes y-wrought
Now artow the better neuer a del
Than thou wer ere Y say the wel
Bot on thatow newe dobing
And art cleped knight withouten leüng
Bot it be thurch thi might
Thou no might chalang loue thurch right
  When Gij herd Felice so speke
He tok his leue and gan out reke
At hir leue he tok anon
And to his fader he gan to gon

And seyd fader vnderstond me
Icham newe dobbed as ze may se
Ouer the se Ichil now fare
To win priis and los thare
His fader him answerd sone
Sone God leue the wele to done
And als michel as the nede be
Sone schaltow haue with the
  Suward cleped Herhaud to him
And seyd Herhaud frende min
With Gij mi sone schaltow wende
In gode stede mot ze lende
Thou schalt kepe mi sone Gij
For he is mi sone and tow mi norri
Loke Herhaud that tow him kepe
And thine felawes that ben zepe
Bothe Torold and Sir Urri
On zou Y trust sikerli
And with Herhaud schul ze go
To kepe mi sone from care and wo
And hii answerd sone anon
Hastiliche sir wil we with him gon
Thai weren bothe strong knightes
Bold and hardi in ich fightes
Gij tok with him what he wold
Bothe of siluer and of gold

To the se thai ben now y-come
And seyled ouer atte frome
Thai comen in to Normondye
Knightschippe thai sechen on heye
In Ron Gij taketh his herberwe
With the richest man of the borwe
Mete and drink thai hadde anough
Nas ther non that it withdrough
Sir Gij his ost cleped him to
And him bigan to frein tho
And asked him wher the turnament schuld be
So mani scheldes than seye he
His ost seyd sir wite ye nought
Of this turnament that is bithought
No seyd Gij bi mine wite
Y no herd therof neuer yete
His ost him answerd snelle
Of that turnament Y schal you telle
It schal be for a maiden of priis
Themperours douhter sche is
A turnament he hath don grede
A swithe michel and vnrede
Ther nis no knight in Speyne
Al to the se of Breteyne
That ought y-told with be
Ther men schal his might se

Ye that best doth that day
Ther he schal winne that play
Of euerich londe thider com knightes
That strong ben and bold in fightes
For who that is gode and snelle
As Ichaue herd other men telle
Who that ther be of mest might
Grete worthschipe he winneth aplight
For the maiden Y spac of er
Is themperours douhter Reyner
Ye schal bring to the turment that day
Wele is him that it winne may
A gerfauk that is milke white
To him nis nowhare his liche
And a stede of gret bounte
Ye no schuld be gouen for a cuntre
And tvai grehoundes that white ben
Swiche no hath men nowhar y-sen
And who so winneth the turnament al
Bi aither half the priis have schal
The gerfauk and the gode stede
Bothe he schal haue to mede
And the tvay grehoundes that gode beth
Ye schal haue that ther best deth
And the maiden that is so fre
Bot he haue a fairer in his cuntre

668

When Sir Gij herd that tiding
Glad he was withouten leſing
Sir Gij ſeyd to his fere
In gode time come we here
To morwe ſo ſone ſo it is day
We wil wenden in our way
Sir [Gij] his oſt a palfrey gaf tho
For the tiding he teld him to
Anon amorwe wel erliche
Thai don hem in her wai ſikerliche
Of rideing wil thai neuer ſtent
To thai com to the turnament
And when thai wer thider y-come
Thei ſeye ther mani doughti gome
Bi feldes and bi riuers ridinde
Mani a knight thai ſeye cominde
And when thai were thider y-come
To the turnament thai went al and ſome
Out of the rengge thai gun hem dight
The barouns that were of miche might
Than ared anon Sir Gij
To the barouns that oned him bi
What is he that ich knight
That out of the renge hath him dight
With tho armes bright and ſchene
Hii anſwerd anon Y wene

Jt is a knight of miche priis
Douhti he is bi Seyn Deniis
Out of the rengge he hath him dight
Gif he might finden ani knight
That with him wald iusti
Therto he maketh him redi
Ogaines Sir Gij ther come Gayer
To iuste with him he drough him ner
He rode to him as a gode knight
He semed a man of miche might
Gaier smot Sir Gij bifore
And thurch the scheld him hath i-bore
The launce brak that was wele wrought
The hauberk was gode and failed nought
Gij afterward Gaier smot
To grounde he feld him fot hot
The stede toke bi the reyn
And lepe up with gret meyn
Now ginneth the turnamint
Jch smit on other wel gode dint
Thai smiten togider for soth Y plight
Eueriche to nim other dede his might
Wel mani knightes Gij wan that day
Of the maistri he wan that play
So mani helmes he to drof
That mani man wonderd therof

720

Sat he neuer so wel no so fast
That he no feld him sone on hast
The douke Otus of Pauie
To Gij he hadde envie
With him he wald iusti
Jt turned him to vilani
The douke come prikiand on his stede
That certeyne was and gode at nede
And Sir Gij on another also
Gode knightes thai weren bo
Gij thurch the scholder him smot
And feld him to grounde fot hot
The douke Reyner seye that cas
Of Sessoine wel modi he was
He come als swithe as he might driue
Gij to smite he heyed bliue
And seyd to him in iuel stounde
Gif thou the douke Otous wounde
To wrother hele iuste thou with him
He is mi germain cosyn
Jcham the douke Reyner that to the speke
Jcham y-comen him to awreke
Turn the and iuste with me
Bletheliche quod Gij bi mi leute
Gij him turned and gan to smite
He nold spare him bot lite

He smot the douke on the scheld
That it fleye in the feld
And bar the douke Reyner saunfeil
Ouer and one his hors tayl
The stede bi the reyn he hath y-nome
Ogain to the douke he is y-come
Here is thine hors Y giue it te
When Ichaue nede aquite it me
And wele he zalt him his while
As gode knight withouten gile
I schal you tel feir and wel
How he it zald him eueri del
When the douk Otous y-seye this
To-gaines Gij he come Y wis
Sir knight he seyd Y prey the
Tel me thi name and whenne tow be
Sir Gij answerd wel freliche
Y schal the tel ful bletheliche
Gij of Warwike men clepeth me
Ich was y-born in that cuntre
The douk Lowayn cum with this
A gode spere in his hond Y wis
To Gij he smot with gret hete
And Gij ogain to him smite
Togider so hard gun thai driue
That her speres gan al to riue

Thai ſmiten togider hard and wel
With her ſwerdes of grounden ſtiel
Thurch ſcheld and hauberk alſo
Strong fight was bitven hem to
With that come Herhaud priking
The douk he met coming
And of his hors him hath y-feld
Right long ſtreght in the feld
With that come the douke Gandiner
And mett with Sir Torold ther
Sir Torold ſmot him on the ſcheld
That he feld him in the feld
He ſemed knight gode and hardi
With that come prikeing Sir Urri
Than gan the fight to ben aferd
Of ſwiche ne haue ye nought y-herd
No Ich it nought telle no might
For long dueling Ȝ you plight
No no clerk vnder ſonne
That the ſothe you telle conne
Bot al the folk of that cuntre
Seyd that Gij the beſt might be
And that other day y-ſame
Sir Gij wan that Ich game
And therfore on euerich a-ſide
On him was leyd al the pride

798

So opon the thridde day
The knightes tok her leue and went oway
With this com the douk prikeing
A gode knight and wele doing
Lordinges he seyd herkeneth to me
Ichil you telle hou it schal be
And who so ther ogain sey ought
Of bateyl no tharf him feyl nought
Thai seyden al couinliche
The dome was gouen sikerliche
The gerfauk and the gode stede
The grehoundes schul haue to mede
Gij of Warwike the noble knight
For best nov doand in this fight
Thus the knightes ben departed Ȝ wis
Sir Gij to in y-comen is
And dede him vnarmi
Of turnament he was weri
With that come a seriant prikeinde
Gentil he was and wele spekeinde
To Sir Gyes in he is y-come
And him he gret atte frome
Thou art y-chesen chef and priis
Of al this cuntre for sothe Ȝ wis
For thou hast y-won this turnament
Ȝ make the here this present

Fram the maiden Blancheflour
That is mi lordes douhter themperour
The gerfauk and the ſtede alſo
And the tway grehoundes therto
And zete hir loue with than
Bot thou haue a fairer leman
Sche that is the tour withinne
To day thou might hir loue winne
  Wel curteyſliche anſwerd Sir Gij
Sir he ſeyd gramerci
Ich vnderfong this preſent
And thonke hir that it hider ſent
Hir druerie Ich vnderfong
Hir knight to [be] withouten wrong
Leue fere he ſeyd herken to me
What that Y ſchal telle the
This armes Ichil the giue
And make riche while thou liue
And al thine feren that be with the
Riche giftes ſchullen hauen of me
And do Ichil you grete honour
For that maidens loue Blaunchefloun
Gramerci Sir Gij ſeyd he
For armes come Y nought to the
Ac to the maiden Ichil wende
And tel hir bothe ord and ende

Blaunchefloun that swete thing
Ichil hir tel gode tiding
  The seriant goth and lete Gij thare
That liueth in joie and nought in care
Tvay swaines Gij clepeth him to
Anon he seyd to hem bo
This present ye schullen vnderfong
And wende therwith into Inglond
And present therwith bi mi word
Rohant mi kinde lord
And when thai herd what he hem hete
In her way thai dede hem skete
And went the[r]with in to Inglond
And therl Rohant ther thai fond
The gerfauk and the gode stede
The tvai grehoundes with hem zede
Therl thai made therwith present
That Sir Gij wan in turnament
And anon thai him teld
Gij was the best in the feld
And that he was best y-teld bi
Of al the knightes of Normandi
Therl therof wel glad he was
And thonked God of that gras
And Felice the feir dede also
When the tiding come hir to

876

And al his frendes eld and zing
Glad were of that tiding
  Now Gij wendeth into fer lond
Yore of auentours for to fond
Forth he went into Speyne
And after in to Almeyne
Ther nas noither turnament no burdis
That Gij therof no wan the priis
He was out al that yer
In mani londes fer and ner
And best is teld vnder sunne
And mest frendes hath y-wonne
Than seyd Herhaud to Sir Gij
His maister he was and knight hardi
Into Inglond we schul nov go
So wele so we may it do
For we han ouer al y-be
The priis y-wonne in euerich cuntre
Gij seyd maister Ÿ grant wel
At thi wil be it eueridel
Now we han ben her and tar
The pris y-wonne euerey war
To king Athelston thou schalt aqueynt the
Of Inglond that is so fre
And with the barouns also
So wele thou may it nov do

Gij seyd tomorwe when it is day
Wende we wil in our way
And when the day is y-come
In her way thai ben y-nome
Ouer se thai gan wende
In Inglond thai gun lende
Anon thai com to king Athelston
Wel fair he hem vnderfenge anon
With erls and barouns aqueynt him dede
That riche giftes him bede
Nov is Gij to Warwike fare
Therl Rohant he fint thare
He welcomed him and his fere
For he was him leue and dere
And kist him wel sweteliche
And of his present thonked him miche
To his leman he is y-come
And euen forth hirself sche hath him nome
Glad was his fader for him
Sabin his moder and al his kin
And al the folk of that cuntre
Blithe were thai might him se
To Felice than Sir Gij is go
Sweteliche he seyd hir to
Leman he seyd wele thou be
Ai liif Ichaue for loue of the

Ded Ich were gif thou nere
Mi bodi destrud and leyd on bere
When thou thi wille hadde seyd to me
Armes Y fenge for loue of [the]
And when Ich hadde armes take
Thou seyd thou noldest me forsake
Thou noldest thi loue wern to me
And nov Ich am her comen to the
Dere leman Y prey the
Thi wille thatow tel to me
Felice answerd swithe an heye
No rape the nought so Sir Gij
Zete nartow nought y-preysed so
That me ne mayünde other mo
Orped thou art and of grete might
Gode knight and ardi in üght
And gif Ich the hadde mi loue y-geue
To welden it while that Y liue
Sluthe the schuld ouercome
Namore wostow of armes loue
No comen in turnament no in üght
So amerous thou were anon right
Y schuld misdo so thenketh me
And miche agilt ogaines te
And Ich thi manschip schuld schone
Wit me euer more to wone

954

Gij quod Felice forhele Y nille
Ac al the ſothe Ichil the telle
Thou art me leueſt of other alle
For thi leman Ichil the calle
Ac mi loue no ſchaltow haue
For nothing thatow may craue
Er thou perles holden be
And beſt doand in this cuntre
That nowhar bi lond no w[a]ter
No be founde thi beter
And when thou art hold beſt doinde
In armes that ani man mai ſinde
That vnder heuen thi beter no be
Mi loue Ichil than graunti the
When Gij herd Felice ſpeke ſo
Wel depe he gan to ſike tho
Now Ichot thou ſcorneſt me
Swiche anſwer Ichaue of the
That Y ſchuld be the beſt y-teld
That be ſightand with ſpere and ſcheld
Swiche no might Y neuer werthe
To be the beſt on this erthe
Into other cuntres Ichil go
For thi loue to wirche me wo
For dout of deth nil Y nought ſle
Gif Y dye it is for the

980

Sir Gij of hir toke his leue
And kiſt hir with wepeand eye
Unto his in he goth ſnelle
Ther nil he no lenger duelle
To therl he wil gon
And tak his leue ſone anon
  Gij him com to court thore
And alight atte halle dore
And to therl he went tho
And ſchewed him wat he wald do
Sir erl quod Gij Ȝ bid the
Leue to wende gif thou me
Ouer the ſe Jchil now wende
God to gode hauen me ſende
Time it is that Jch ſond
To winne priis in vncouthe lond
Al the glader ye mow be
Gif we of armes preiſed be
And gif thou haſt folk of grete might
Jt is te gret worthſchip y-plight
For al the more men ſchal the dout
Within thi lond and eke without
Sir Gij quod therl tho
Faileth the out that Ȝ mai do
Gold other ſiluer other heye ſtede
To paſſe the ſe haſtow no nede

Sir Gij he seyd lete ben al this
Anough the worth that the nede is
And to pleyn vnder the linde
The hert to chacen and the hinde
Of al thinges thou schalt haue plente
Bileue at hom Sir Gij with me
We schul wende bothe y-fere
To play bi wode and bi riuer
Al bi times thou might wende
Yete no hastow ben her a moneth to thende
Wiche thank Sir quod Gij tho
For sothe so no may nought do
His leue he toke withouten more
Therl it of thought swithe sore
He goth him to his fader tho
That for his wending was ful wo
Gonfader quod he Ichille
For no thing leten Y nille
Gif me leue Icham al zare
Ouer the se for to fare
To winne priis and los also
So yong man schal in youthe do
Long to bileuen in this cun[t]re
Nis it nought worth for me
For yong man that is mighti
In his youthe schal fondi

1032

So that men may him in erthe preyse
And in eld liue in mirthe and ayse
Therwhiles Icham yong and light
Los Ichil winne bi mi might
  Leue sone he seyd leue that thought
Bi mi wil schaltow wende nought
Thou schalt bileue here with me
Al the blither we wille be
Leue sone his moder him sede
Thou do bi thi faders rede
Soiourne with ous to yer mo
Y rede the sone that it be so
Another yer thou might ouer fare
Bot thou bileue Y dye for care
For we ne haue sonis no mo
Gif we the schul now forgo
Glad no worth we neuer mo
For sorwe schul ous selue slo
Gij answerd with that speche
Fader God Y the biteche
And mi leue moder also
For hastiliche Ichil nou go
  Gij forth goth and thai bileue thare
That for him hadde miche care
To the se he is y-come
Gode winde he hath atte frome

Y-comen he is in to Normundye
Knightschip he schewed on hye
Thennes he went in to Speyne
Nis turnament non into Almeyne
That Gij no hath therat y-be
And michel y-preised so is he
Thennes to Lombardye he went
Ther ben the iustes and the turnament
Ther he dede him preyse miche
The Lombardes him loued inliche
He was large curteys and fre
Of miche might so was he
  Of an vnsele Y may you telle
And ye wil astounde duelle
As he cam fram a turnament
That was biside Bonevent
In the bodi wounded he was
That sore him greuand no wonder it nas
Than bithought him the douk of Toun
That vnwrast was and feloun
That he wald ben awreke that day
Of Gij of Warwike gif he may
For he him wounded in a turnament
As Ichaue herd telle verrament
Therfore Gij him was swithe loth
And wel depe he swore his oth

1084

That he of him awreke wald be
Er than he wende out of that cuntre
When the douke Otous y-seye that cas
That Gij so sore wounded was
Therl Lambard he cleped to him
A knight he was stout and grim
And ſiftene knightes in his compeynie
That were strong men and hardie
On a dern stede he dede hem hide
Ther as Gij schuld cum ride
Lordinges than seyd the douk of Toun
Understond to mi resoun
Wine men ye beth and to me swore
Omage ye schul me therfore
Wine hest ye schul fulfille
That Ich you bid with gode wille
We to wreken ye schul go
Of a treytour that is mi fo
That is y-come vp mi lond
Wer he thenketh to bring me an-hond
Gij of Warwike that wounded is
With a swerd thurch the bodi Y wis
On the halidom ye schul me sweri
In the forest of Pleyns that is so miri
And ther ye schul you al hide
Ther Gij of Warwike schal cum ride

1110

His bodi oliue ye schul me bring
And slen his feren eld and zing
Y schal him in mi prisoun do
Out no cometh he neuer mo
With sorwe [and wo] he schal ther ende
Thennes no schal he neuer wende
  Sir thai seyd we schul go
And al thine hest we schul do
Thai dede hem arme swithe wel
Bothe in iren and in stiel
Unto the pas thai wenten snelle
And ther thai houed swithe stille
As Gij schuld cum sone
No wist he nought of that tresone
No of that sorwe neuer the mo
That him was comand to
For al his felawes that gode were
Al he forles hem there
And his owhen liif he hadde forlore
No hadde Godes help ben bifore
Thurch the traitours that weren her fon
That kept hem there for to slon
  Now cometh Gij soft rideing
Opon a mulet ambling
His wounde him greueth swithe sore
And smert him euer the lenger the more
1136

In pais he wende for to wende
Ac the traitours Lombardes vnhende
The helmes thai seyen bright schine
The stedes nyen and togider whine
God quod Gij we ben y-nome
Al we be ded thurch tresone
Sir Gij of that mulet alight
And asked his stede his armes bright
And seyd to his felawes snelle
Dere we schul our deth selle
Our deth is now al bispeke
Bot we ous manliche awreke
Ich kepe him selue seththe it so is
And Ichil while Ȝ liue Ȝ wis
So dere so Ȝ may Ich wille
To the treytours mi liif selle
Sir seyd Herhaud tho
For Godes loue hennes thou go
For thine loue we schul her dye
And defende this pas y-seye
Leuer ous were heron be ded
Than thou wer ded in our ferred
Than answerd Gij anon right
As gode knight and ful of might
Gif ye dye Ichil also
Nil Ich neuer fram you go

1162

With that come a Lombard ride
A modi man and ful of pride
Gif quod he yeld the anon
Ye ben ded now euerichon
To the douke we han trewthe plight
To bring him thi bodi this night
With that ich word wel smert
Gif him smot vnto the hert
No spard he for no drede
That ded he feld him in the mede
Bi the trewthe Y schal mi leman yeld
To day no schaltow thi trewthe held
Another Lombard he smot anon
Thurch the bodi the swerd gan gon
No thou treytour no schalt me lede
To the douke that is ful of qued
To his presoun no worth Y forthe brought
Herhaud smot another and spared nought
Thurch the bodi his swerd glod
Ded he fel withouten abod
Than come Torald a gode knight
Swithe gode and hardi in fight
With a Lombard ther he mett
And so wele his strok he sett
That his heued fram the bodi flei
He yede him laweliche neye

1188

With that come Urri prikeinde
A better knight no might man finde
A Lombard he smot tho
That thurch his bodi the swerd gan go
So he smot him forsoth to say
That ded he feld him in the way
Seththe he seyd thurch no toun
Schal ye ous lede to no prisoun
Than might men se fight aginne
Heuedes cleue vnto the chinne
Euerich that day that Gij of toke
Sone anon his liif forsoke
Sum he smot opon the hode
At the girdel the swerd astode
And sum he smot thurch the side
That might he neuer go no ride
Was ther non that might astond
Oint that com of Gyes hond
So mighti strokes ther wer giuen
That strong schaftes alto driuen
No was ther non in that ferrede
That of his liif him might adrede
With that come ride therl Lambard
A sterne knight and a Lombard
Urri anon he slough thar
It othought Gij tho he was war

1214

With therl Lambard he wald iusti
And awreke the gode Urri
With swiche hete he smot him to
His armour no was him worth a slo
Thurch out his hert the launce he bar
Adoun he feld him ded right thar
With that him come forth Hugoun
That was the doukes neve Otoun
A knight he was of gret might
Swithe gode and hardi in ŭght
Torold he hath a-queld
Herhaud anon that biheld
When her Herhaud y-seye this
That he doun fel and ded he is
For his deth he was sori
Him to awreke he hath gret hy
Neuer yete so sori he no was
Toward Hugoun he made a ras
Als a lyoun he heyed him fast
That his prey wold haue on hast
Thurch the body he him smot
With gret strengthe God yt-ot
That biforn the Lombardes alle
Of his hors ded he gan falle
When Dan Ganter that y-seye
To Herhaud he stert wel an heye 1240

And with his ſwerd he ſmot him ſo
That his hauberk rent ato
Thurch his bodi that ſwerd ȝede
Al thai wende that he wer ded
When Gij ſeye Herhaud y-feld
To hewen his hauberk and his ſcheld
And of his hors feld he was
As ded man lay on the gras
He ſeye the blod that cam him fro
Wonder him thought and ſeyd tho
Thou lording to the Y ſigge
His deth thou ſchalt wel ſore abigge
So mot Ich euer word ſpeke
Yi maiſters deth Ichil awreke
And for a couward Ich held the
Thou ſlough him and lete me be
Bi him that made ſonne and mone
Thou ſchalt it wite ſwithe ſonne
That tow ſchalt it bizelp nought
That he is to deth y-brought
Gij with ſpors ſmot the ſtede
As a man that hadde nede
That ſire vnder the fet aros
Nas ther non that him agros
With al his might he ſmot him to
Wel euen he clef his ſcheld tho

Thurch his bodi the ſwerd he thriſte
Tho at arſt ſight him liſte
In the ſond he feld him doun
And bede him Criſtes maliſoun
For that he wald Herhaud ſlen
And lete him oliues ben
Now is Gij wel hard bifalle
Y-lorn he hath his felawes alle
So ſori he is he not what to do
He no hath no wight to bimen him to
Bot thre Lombard oliue ther nere
Opon Gij haſtiliche thai were
The tvay ben hole and ſounde
The thridde hadde thurch the bodi a wounde
Gij that on with his ſwerd raught
His heued of fleye with that draught
Than com prikeing Dan Gwillard
A duhti knight and no couward
Gij quod he yeld now the
It no may no nother be
On the erthe lithe thi ſcheld to dreued
Nought o pece is with other bileued
And thine helme is alto hewe
Thine hauberk to rent that was newe
And wounded thou art thou might wele ſe
Long might tow nought oliues be

1292

To day Ichil yeld the to the douk Otoun
And he the schal do in his prisoun
  Than seyd Gij Gwichard Y nille
To yeld me to the is nought mi wille
Therwhiles Ichaue mi swerd y-grounde
And mi bodi withouten wounde
Gwichard smot Gij with michel might
Opon the helme that schon so bright
That a quarter out fleye
The knight was bothe queynt and fleye
Opon his scholder that swerd glod
Of his hauberk it tok a pece brod
God saued Gij that he nas ded
No for that dint hadde no qued
  When Gij seye him so smite
He was wroth ye may wele wite
Gwichard he wald fond to smite
With his swerd that wold wele bite
To him he smot swithe smert
Thurch the bodi ful neythe the hert
That gode swerd thurchim thrang
Gwichard wald abide nought lang
He turned his stede and gan to fle
And Gij after him bi mi leute
Gode was the hors that Gwichard rod on
And so fast his stede gan gon

1318

That Gij might him nought atake
Therfore he gan sorwe make
Gwichard fleye in his way
Toward Paui so swithe he may
The douk Otous fram hunting com
And with him erls mani on
A knight he seye cum prikeing
His armes to rent his woundes bledeing
The douk Otous duelled athrowe
What he hadde Gwichard y-knowe
Wele he semed man aferd
That hard tiding hadde y-herd
With that is Gwichard to him come
The douke him ored atte frome
Gwichard who hath wretthed the
And where hastow in bateyle be
Where is Gij is he nome
Liues or deth do him come
Ichil you ügge sikerly
So michel so Y wot of Gij
At a ford we him mett
And strongliche we him bisett
Bot his bodi no nom we nought
Ac al to deth we ben y-brought
Bot Icham passed as ye may se
Yi nevou Hougoun whar is he

1344

Quod the douk Otous tel me rathe
Sir in the sond he lithe and that is scathe
And therl Lambard that gode knight
Ded he lithe in that fight
When douk Otous herd that
Sori he was and nothing glad
That he hath his folk forlore
For weful man he was therfore
Neighe his hert brast for mode
For sorwe and zede ner wode
When he wist his folk y-slawe
And thurch him brought oliue dawe
  Now hath Gij miche sorwe made
For his felawes he is vnglade
Allas quod Gij felawes dere
So wele doand knightes ze were
Al to iuel it fel to me
Felice tho Y was sent to serue the
For thi loue Felice the feir may
The flour of knightes is fleyn this day
Ac for thou art a wiman
Y no can nought blame the for than
For the last no worth Y nought
That wimen han to gronde y-brought
Ac alle other may bi me
Gif thai wil y-warned be

1370

Allas Herhaud mi dere frende
What thou were curteys and hende
Who schal me now help in fight
Neuer no was no better knight
In ich fight wele halp thou me
Ful iuel Ichaue y-zolden it the
For me thou hast thi liif forgon
Of the no tit me neuer help non
How mai Ich now fram the wende
That Þ no mai dye the hende
Acursed be the Lombardes ichon
That flowen the and lete me gon
And that thai hadde y-flawe me
And leten the oliue be
Wharto lete thai me alon
Thus Sir Gij biment his mone
  Allas allas Rohant mi lord
That Þ no hadde leued thi word
Than hadde Þ nought y-passed the se
Ich hadde bileued at hom with the
Thus yuel nere me nought bifalle
Þ no hadde nought lorn min felawes alle
Who so nil nought do bi his faders red
Oft-sithes it falleth him qued
For often Ichaue herd it say
And Þ me self it sigge may

Who that nil nought leue his fader
He schal leue his stekfader
What for his woundes that strong bledeth
What for his sorwe that he ledeth
Al for sorwe and for wo
Adoun he fel aswon tho
When he of swoning up-stod
His feren he biheld with drery mod
Than he lepe opon his stede
To an ermitage he wold ride
Ermite quod he com with me
This hors of priis giue Ȝ the
To bodis thou schalt in erthe graue
That in this forest ben y-slawe
Bletheliche sir than seyd he
Wende bifore Ȝ folwe the
The bodis him scheweth Sir Gij
Bothe Toraud and Sir Urry
Seththe he lepe opon his stede
Herhaud he wil with him lede
And so he dede sikerliche
And seththe he was heled softliche
Ac no for than Gij wend wele there
That Herhaud to deth y-wounded were
Now is Gij thennes y-fare
For his felawes he hath gret care

Herhaudes bodi with him he bar
For he nold it nought lete thar
He went him to an abbay
That was bisiden on the way
With the gode abbot ther he mett
And pitouseliche he him gret
Sir abbot he the haue and weld
That made man wer into eld
And for the loue of the Trinite
Ich the bidde par charite
That thou this bodi vnder-fo
And feir biry thou it do
Ful wele Ȝ schal zeld it the
And Ȝ mot haue hele and liues be
Who artow seyd the abbot telle it me
Bletheliche seyd Gij bi mi leute
A knight Icham of fer cuntre
At a pas asailed wer we
With strong theues and mani outlawe
That mine feren haue y-slawe
And Ich me-self am iuel y-wounde
Ȝ wene Ȝ liue no stounde
Ac gif Ȝ liue Ȝ zeld it the
The trauail that tow dost for me
Thabbot answerd tho
Al thi wille it schal be do

1448

Now goth Gij sore desmaid
His woundes him han iuel afreyd
To an ermite he is y-go
That he was ere aqueynted to
His woundes ther hele he dede
Withouten noise in that stede
Wiche he him dradde the douk of Toun
So ful he was of tresoun
Thabot of whom Ich er-of teld
On Herhaud he hadde gret rewthe to biheld
He dede beren his body
Into a chamber to vnarmy
A monk of the house biheld him
Bodi and heued and ich a lim
Thilke monk sorgien was
The vertu he knewe of mani a gras
The wounde he biheld stedefastliche
That in his bodi was so griseliche
Bi the wounde he seye Ȝ wis
That to the deth wounded he nis
And seye that he him hele might
And so he dede ful wele Ȝ plight
Bi the moneth ende at eue
Gij was al hole and toke his leue
From the gode ermite he went his way
Toward Poile also the way lay

To the king he is i-come
That him bede mani warisone
And miche tresour of siluer and gold
Ac Gij therof non haue no wold
At ich plas and turnament
Gij hadde the priis verrament
Was ther non in al that lond
That his dent might astond
Therfore men loued him swithe miche
And vnderfenge him bletheliche
Alle gode men he was leue and dere
And with hem alle pleye fere
Atte king he toke leue tho
Into Sessoyne he is y-go
Now he is comen to the douk Reyner
That him loued and held dere
He him vnderfeng with worthschipe
And dede him miche manschipe
So long in that cuntre bileued he is
That ouer alle other he is praised Y wis
Gij him bithought tho
That he hadde ther ynough y-do
Into Inglond he wald wende
For to speke with his frende
For it was ago fif yer
That he was last ther

1500

In lasse while than that was
Wight falle mani wonder cas
Thurch cuntres has he hadde y-went
Quens and cuntas him hath of sent
Ac non of hem he nold sikerliche
Bot Felice that he loued so miche
What for his might and his godenisse
For his nortour and his largesse
Ther nis knight that so miche preysed be
Unto Antiage that riche cite
Sij him spedde night and day
Into Inglond he toke the way
  Of Sij Ichil lete now
And more after Y schal tel you
Of Herhaud Ichil telle astounde
That wele is heled of his wounde
When he feld him hole and fere
Of thabot he tok his leue ther
His lord Sij he goth secheing
Night and day him for to finde
Toward Inglond he tok his way
Crist him saue so wele he may
At a pinacle bi the se
Sij seye a man of rewly ble
So in pilgrims wede
That was Herhaud so God me spede

1320

Gij him cleped wel ſwithe to him
And ſeyd wen comeſtow pilgrim
Sir he ſeyd Y com fram Lombardy
Of hard y-ſchaped for the maiſtrie
And lorn Ichaue mi kinde lord
Gode knight he was and bold
Bitraid ous hadde the douk of Toun
Haue he Criſtes maliſoun
In this wiſe Ichil go
And bid for mi lord euer mo
Pilgrim ſay me trewelich
What hete the man thou loued ſo miche
Gij of Warwike was his name
A knight he was withouten blame
With that he gan to ſike ſore
And wepe with his eyghen therfore
Ye him might no lenge at held
Gij him gan reweliche biheld
Gode man quod Gij for thi leute
What is thi name telle thou me
Herhaud of Ardern bi mi leute
Ich was y-born in that cuntre
Fif yer thus Ichaue y-go
To ſeche Gij Y loued ſo
When Gij herd Herhaud ſpeke
Him thought his hert wald to breke

1552

And in his armes he hath him take
And gret joie with him gan make
Him he kiſt wel mani ſithe
For ioie he wepe ſo was he blithe
Hayl Herhaud maiſter min
No knoweſtow nought norri thine
Certes quod Herhaud Sir nay
Ded he was for mani a day
He him anſwerd Icham Gij
Sir quod Herhaud merci
Sone ſo Herhaud vnderſtode
That it was Gij that was ſo gode
For ioie he fel aſwon anon
Gij him in his armes nome
Ther men might ſe ioie make
Aither knight for other ſake
Ther was non that it y-ſeye
That he no wepe with his eyghe
Adoun thai ſett hem bothe thare
And aither teld of otheres care
Sir Gij hath Herhaud y-teld
Hou he him ladde out of the feld
For to birry him at on abbay
That was biſiden on the way
And ſeththen hath Herhaud y-teld
Hou his woundes weren y-heled

And that mani lond he hadde ouergo
To seche his lord with sorwe and wo
On hors thai lopen anon with this
Unto a cite with ioie and blis
Than dede Gij Herhaud bathey
And with riche metes comforti
From thennes thai went to the douk Miloun
And to him thai ben ful welcome
Of her auentours thai teld him there
Hou tho was gode that wicke was ere
Ther thai maden her dueling
Long anough to her likeing
  At the douke thai token leue tho
For into Inglond thai wald go
The douke hem wald lenger duelle
Ac it nas no thing in her wille
Ther to bileue with him no more
And that bithought the douke wel sore
Toward Seynt Omer he is y-go
Herhaud the gode with him also
Toward the se thai token her way
So swithe her hors hem bere may
When thai ben to toun y-come
Her in thai han sone y-nome
To a windowe Sir Gij is go
Into the strete he loked tho

1604

A palmer he seye cominge
Wellailliche bi the strete walkinge
To him hath y-cleped Sir Gij
And curteylliche gan him ari
Weltow herberwe for it is night
For ferther go thou no might
The pilgrim anlwerd Gij
Swete sir gramerci
Gij doth him than bileue
Ferther he no may for it was eue
And seththe he badde he schuld him say
Sum soth tidinges of the way
Gif he herd neye other fer
Speken of bataile and of wer
Ichil the telle he seyd fot hot
Of al the wer that Ȝ wot
Therof is mani man aferd
Of stronger sorwe no haue ye herd
Gij seyd to him telle it me
For sothe Ȝ graunt than seyd he
  Of Almaine the riche Emperour
Reyner that weldeth that anour
The douke of Lowayn he hath bisett
His men slain and that is vnnett
For his nevou that he slough
With wer he doth him wo anough

1630

Almost a yer it is ago
A turnament ther was y-do
The douke Segyn was ther tho
That Alowayn bilongeth to
With his knightes of his lond
Thider come her might to fond
When the turnament com to thende
The douke Segyn thennes wald wende
With that come Sadok prikeing
The douke Segyn vnder-secheing
With the douke he hadde gret envie
For he was gode knight for the maistrie
Sadok was y-hoten that gome
Out of Mirabel he was y-come
Of turnamens he was praised tho
His hauberk was of y-do
In sengle armes he was y-dight
Y-preysed he was for a gode knight
To the douke he seyd wende tow the
Ones thou schalt justi with me
As knight that wele aloised is
Sone it worth sen Y wis
  Sadok seyd Segyn lete me be
With gode loue Y pray the
With the to justi haue Y no wille
For Y the loue and that is skille
1656

And to eken that thou art mi lordes nevou
His ſoſter ſone ſo artow
Unworthſchip it wer to me
Gif Y ſchuld iuſti with the
Ac go in and arme the ſnelle
And Y com anon Y nil nought duelle
Seyd Sadok to arwe artow
When ones juſti no darſtow now
Now Jchil the for a couward held
And for a knight vnwraſt in feld
Bot thou wilt with me juſti
Jchil the don a vilani
Hennes forward war the fro me
Thi dedliche fo Jchil now be
Now Sadok ſmot to Segyn
And nothing he no ſpared him
Sadok toforn hath him ſmete
Of his ſcheld a quarter with gret hete
That he him wounded thurch that arm
And he him wrethed for that harm
So ſtrong is that ſtrok y-giue
That his helme is al to driue
The douke him wreththed for that ſmite
And was ful wroth ye mow wele wite
And thurch the bodi he Sadok ſmot
That ded he fel doun fot hot

With that he is out of the place y-went
For ther was giuen a sorweful dent
With him he dede that bodi lede
Unto an abbay and biri it dede
The douke Segyn anon right
Into the cite of Arrascoun him hath y-dight
Ther in he holt him soiourninge
For dred of themperours cominge
And when themperour herd this cas
That his nevou y-slawe was
Ouer al his lond his hest he bede
To com to him for gret nede
And when thai al i-comen beth
The douke of Lowayn he sege deth
No wil he neuer thennes come
Er the douke be ded or nome
When the pilgrim hadde al y-teld
Sij him herkened and biheld
He stont and bithought him yerne
Whether he forth go other ogain terne
He seyd to Herhaud what rede
Sum gode conseyl gif thou me
Gif we forth in our wai go
Other to the douke him socour to do
That tow me redest don Ȝ wille
Thi conseyl forsake Ȝ nille

Than seyd Herhaud I wis
Y gif conseyl and gode it is
Hem to helpe men schul spede
That to help han gret nede
For los and priis thou might ther winne
And manschip to the and al thi kinne
Sir Herhaud quod Gij the gode
Thilke Lord that died on rode
The blisse and saue the
For gode conseyl giftow me
Gij him graithed and made him yare
Into Loreynie for to fare
And with him other ütti knight
In feld the best that might üght
Y-comen thai ben to Arascoun
To the douke thai ben welcom
In the cite thai han her in y-take
Mani wer blithe for her sake
Gij bi the morwe aros tho
Right to chirche he is y-go
Matins and masse he herd there
And seththe went hom with his fere
Bi the strete he seye miche folk erne
Hemself to were thai most lerne
Sir Gij to his ost sede
What is al this so God the rede

1731

Bele oft Y bidde say thou me
What may al this erning be
Sir Ichil the telle than seyd he
No word nil Ich lyze the
It is themperours steward
A gode knight and no coward
Anon to Speyne his better nis
And with him gret compeynie Y wis
An hundred knightes gode of ker
Yer better no may wepen ber
The cite thai han bisett
Gif ani knight be out y-mett
Ye no mai nought passe vn y-nome
Other y-slayn atte frome
  Than seyd Gij lordinges knight
Ogains hem we wil ous dight
Sone thai ben in the way y-don
The steward seth hem anon
Thiderward he him dight
Al so a knight of gret might
His armes than he ginneth right
Ogaines Gij he ritt aplight
Anon togider thai gun smite
Aither spard other bot lite
Gij the steward so hard smot
Of his stede he feld him fot hot

1760

Than he ſmot him with his ſwerd broun
A quarter of his helme adoun
Thurch grete ſtrengthe he him wan
And hom with him ladde him than
When the Almaines that y-ſeye
That ſtrong wer and of ſight ſleye
Her lord nomen in that ſight
Owai thai priked with al her might
Ther was thirled mani a ſcheld
Mani a knight lay in the feld
Gij is ogain went wel ſone
And al his feren midydone
The Lombardes thai leggen faſt opon
Nil thai ſpare neuer on
When the knightes of that cite
This dede alle y-ſeyghen he
To army he wel faſt hy goth
Gij wel gode ſocour hii doth
And ſeththen thai went forth aright
And Gij ſocourd ful wele aplight
Swiche ſtrokes men might ther ſe
Togider ſmiten tho knightes fre
Bothe with launce and with ſwerd
Thai giuen mani ſtrokes herd
Ther might men ſe ſtray the ſteden
So mani knight cri and greden

1785

That wer thurch the bodi wounde
And ded fellen on the grounde
  Michel him peyned Sir Gij
And Herhaud of Ardern sikerly
This Almayns thai han ouercome
Sum y-slawe and sum y-nome
Than Sir Gij anon right
Into the cite he him dight
Bothe he and his ferred
The prisouns with hem thai lede
Into the cite thai ben y-gon
And to her innes thai wenten ichon
Proude thai ben alle and some
That the Almains ben ouer come
When the douke y-herd this tidinge
For blis his hert bigan to springe
That Gij of Warwike was y-come
And hadde the steward y-nome
On his stede he lepe anon
To Gyes in he is y-gon
Gij he seyd thou art welcome
As of the warld the best gome
Toforn al other Ichaue desired the
God y-thanked mot he be
That tow art come with me to ben at nede
For now Ich worth the more loued and drede
1812

Al of mi dedelich fo
That al this lond hath brought in wo
Sire and lord now Ichil make the
Of mi court and of mi cite
Wine caſtels and mine londes therto eke
And hennes forward Y the biſeke
Thatow the worthſchipe vnderfo
And thine heſt therof thou do
Bi thi conſeyl Ichil nov don
For to greue mi dedli fon
Wel curteyſliche anſwerd Gij
And ſeyd Sir gramerci
Bi mi might Ichil help the
On ich ſtede where that y-be
The ſteward he zelt him than ſwithe
Of whom that he was glad and blithe
Thurch him he wende acorded be
Of themperour his lord ſo fre
Bitvene hem thai tolden tale
Of her gode frendes fale
Now ſent Gij his ſondes about
Zepe men withouten dout
To cuntres that he hath thurch went
Grete frendes he hath of ſent
Of barouns and of knightes beld
The beſt that might wepen weld

1638

Bi hundred and bi thoufinde
That al wil ben his helpinde
The caftels and the borwes that lorn were
The douke ogain wan hem there
Thurch Gyes help and his ferrede
That wele wer helpeand at nede
Bi him and bi his confeyl alfo
That thennes forward him trewethe wil do
When themperour y-herd this
That Gij to the douke y-comen is
And that he hath his men ouercome
Y-flawe and his fteward nome
Wroth and fori he is therfore
That he hath fo his men forlore
To his barouns than he fede
Lordinges what fchal me to rede
Neuer no worth Ich glad no blithe
Bot Ich be awreken fwithe
Of Segyn and Gij that is our fo
That mi folk hath brought in wo
Sir the douke Paui fede
Therof thark the haue no drede
Ar the thridde day worth to ende y-brought
That play worth wel dere abought
For of thine folk take we wille
That gode ben and fnelle

1864

The best doand at swiche nede
With scheld and spere armed on stede
Of Sessoine the douke Reyner
And the constable Gandiner
And Ich with hem wil be
And gret ferred lede with me
To Arascoun we schul fare
Gif we the douk finde thare
Bot we the treytours the yelde
We wil thatow in prisoun ous held
Themperour answerd Y wis
A gode conseyl so is this
Sir douk Reyner thou schalt go
And thou constable also
Al so schal the douke of Pauie
With his grete cheualrie
To Arascoun that gode cite
The douke and Gij bring to me
Who so to me bring hem to
Yi loue he schal haue for euer mo
Sir thai seyd we willen go
Al thine hest for to do
Now hij han her way y-nome
To Arascoun thai ben y-come
When thai of the cite wist hem thare
Ogaines hem thai dight hem zare

Hastiliche to armes thai ben y-go
Knightes and squiers with hem also
When thai wer al redi
And wele y-dight in her parti
The douke cleped Herhaud him to
And swetely seyd to him tho
Sir Herhaud thou schalt afong
Four hundred knightes wight and strong
Thou schalt gif the first asaut
Opon the Almaundes Sir Herhaud
And thou Sir Gij an hundred to the
Of mi londe that best be
And gif that Herhaud haue nede
Him to help thatow spede
And Ichil com withouten delay
With al the strengthe that Y may
Togider with hem we schul fight
And hem ouercom thurch Godes might
As Ichaue seyd loke ze don
And goth and asaileth hem anon
Herhaud ginneth hem to asaili
That fight he wil comenci
Of the douk Otous Herhaud is vndernome
In the alder first scheltrome
His fo he is euen forth his might
For he it hath deserued thurch right

1916

Herhaud him seyd Otous of Pauie
Understond tow of that felonie
That tow in Lombardi ous dedest
When thou mi lord betreydest
Wele we schul therof awreke be
Gif God wil er the sonne doun te
  Otous answerd thou lerst on me
And that Y schal sone kithe the
Gret scorn is here so Y go
Y warn the Icham thi fo
Togider thai smiten with gode wille
That bothe of her hors adoun felle
And after thai drough her swerdes newe
With gret envie togider thai hewe
The douk him wereth mightliche
Herhaud him asaileth strongliche
Thurch the feld he goth him driueinde
With that com his folk prikeinde
And her lord rescuweth there
Herhaud to nim angwisous thai were
Herhaud . . . . . .
With th . . . . . .
With . . . . . .
Herhaud . . . . . .
Than . . . . . .
Non . . . . . .

1942

Wiche . . . . . .
To the . . . . . .
Wo th . . . . . .
That d . . . . . .
The do . . . . . .
Ye seye . . . . . .
Ye seyd . . . . . .
Lording . . . . . .
No se ȝ . . . . . .
That do . . . . . .
That ha . . . . . .
Your f . . . . . .
Bot ye of . . . . . .
Wi loue . . . . . .
With that th . . . . . .
And to Herhaud . . . . . .
Ther is Her . . . . . .
When he ha . . . . . .
Ac recouer . . . . . .
For gret . . . . . .
Herhaud th . . . . . .
Ac he him . . . . . .
When Giȝ . . . . . .
And out of . . . . . .
His helme . . . . . .
And his scheld . . . . . .

1968

And his hors . . . . . .
In strong . . . . . .
With londe . . . . . .
To the douke . . . . . .
He rescuwe . . . . . .
The other thai . . . . . .
Ac when th . . . . . .
Aruend he . . . . . .
With londe . . . . . .
To the douk . . . . . .
Thou fals wr . . . . . .
Wel litel thou . . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Or Ichil telle themperour
Ye han y-don him gret deshonour
When ye for a fewe men
Schul so sone oway ßen
Thai turned hem anon right
And bigun a newe ßight
Al togider thai gun smite
Slemblant of loue thai kidde bot lite
Heteliche to him smot Syoun
His scheld nas nought worth a botoun
1994

No his twifold armes halp him nought
That in Loreyn weren y-wrought
Strokes hij togider delden Ÿ wis
On helmes and on bright ſcheldes
So hard thai ſtriken hem bitvene
That gode ſtones fallen ther ben
Aither ſemed a lyoun of mode
So hard thai ſmiten with ſwordes gode
With him ſmot the douk Segyn
No lenge might he withhelden him
Togider thai ſmiten hard and wel
With brondes wele wrought of ſtiel
With that come prikeinde Tirri
Of Gurmoiſe therl ſone Aubri
Wel ſternliche he ſmitt a knight
That ded he fel anon right
So ſone ſo douke Segyn ſeth this
Wel wroth he was with him Ÿ wis
Wrothlich he ſeyd to Gij
Here is gret ſcorn ſikerly
When that o lepi knight
Schal ous do ſo michel vnright
And than with his ſaut owai ſlen
Gij anſwerd turn we ogen
And hardiliche aſeyl we hem
Anon turn we ogen

2020

The Almauns thai go to asayl
With gret strengthe in batayl
Sorweful of hem was the meteinge
With brondes of stiel wele kerueinge
Anon the Almaundes gin flen
And the other turnen ogen
The douk Segyn ogain come
Right to his cite the way he nome
And Sij afterward with him is go
And eke his feren also
With hem thai habben her prisouns
Doukes erls and barouns
Wel glad and blithe than ben he
And al that weren in that cite
To her innes thai ben y-gon
Wel glad ben hij euerichon
  The douke goth into the tour
His prisouns he doth gret anour
Therl Reyner of Sessoine
And therl Gandiner of Coloyne
And with hem the stewerd
That gode knight was and wel y-herd
With him eten he hem dede
And more than himself hem worthschipede
The douke his sostor cleped him to
The fairest maiden thar might go

The prisouns thou nim to the
In thi chaumber with the to be
In thi chaumber kepes me
This gentil knightes hende and fre
And ouer alle other the douke Reyner
In hert he is me lef and dere
Sir sche seyd Ichil so
Hem to kepe mi might Ȝ do
  Ac the riche emperour fre
Of this comberment nist he
With a knight he pleyd atte ches
Of Hungri that he loued Ȝ wis
With that com Tirri prikeinge
In his fest his brond bereinge
His hauberk was al to tore
And his nasel avaled bifore
Thurch his bodi the blod ran
Tirri made no semblaunt of than
His strong scheld alto hewen was
Nought a fot hole of ther nas
Emperour he seyd vnderstond to me
Hard tidinges may Ȝ telle the
Of thine barouns that y-nome be
No schal thai neuer com to the
Sum be ded and brought to grounde
And sum be nomen and sum be wounde

Y-nomen is the douk Reyner
And the constable Gandiner
The douke of Pauie wounded is
With a swerd thurch the bodi Y wis
Of the deth he drat him sore
Hele no worth him neuer more
When themperour herd tho
What therl Tirri seyd him to
Wel sori he was and wroth therfore
That neyghe he hath his witt forlore
Y-sworn he hath a wel gret oth
Bi God Almighti al for-loth
That neuer blithe no worth he
Al what that cite y-nomen be
And that the traitours ben y-slawe
Other for brent other y-slawe
His heste he dede cri anon
His men to arm hem euerichon
His scheltromes anon he dight
And redi thai ben al to fight
The feldes thai ben sone ouergon
That were the tounes bisiden on
Al what hii comen to the cite
Saier than forth zede he
With fif hundred armed knightes
Hardi and wele doand in fightes

Tho that weren in the cite
On the Almaynes bihelden he
And seye the cuntres and al the feldes
With white hauberkes and with scheldes
The douke him com forth with that
Wele y-armed on stede he sat
Gij he seyd what schal we do
Gif we go and smite hem to
Or we gon our walles to were
That the Almayns ous nought dere
Than spac Sir Gij fot hot
Wele schaltow forsothe Ȝ wot
Nim we now an hundred knightes
And go asayl hem anon rightes
Bifor the cite Ȝ se stond here
Gaier themperour sone Reyner
And fif hundred knightes in her ferred
Wele y-armed on heye stede
Biforn her oft thai ben y-comen
Angwisous ous to nimen
And gif we habbeth grete nede
Ogain-ward we mai ous spede
Anon thai nomen an hundred knightes
Hardi and of most mightes
Thai wenten out of that cite
Wel modi men weren he

2124

With the Almauns thai wil iusti
Nil hii nought with hem acordi
Togider thai smiten hard and swithe
Of hors thai fellen mani a sithe
Sir Gij him smot to Gaier
And feld him doun of his destrer
And seththen he wan him in that sight
The other oway flowen anon right
Toward the ost thai flowen snelle
The hete was swithe strong withalle
Mani thai nomen and bounden fast
And ladde into the cite on hast
When thai of the ost y-seye this
That her folk ouercomen is
And that was in that sight y-nome
Gaier that was themperour sone
Than hastiliche the ost ichon
Opon Segyn thai smiten anon
Ther bigan a newe sight
Whar thurch died mani a knight
On aither side mani on dyed Ȝ wis
Ac the douke wers bifallen is
For miche of his folk he les
Al auntreousliche ther he comen wes
Thurch pride than ferd he
Fram his ost and fram his cite

2150

Wele hii deden no the les
He and Gij that mighti wes
And with hem Herhaud of Arderne
To hem thai ſmiten ſwithe yernne
  With that com prikeing Tirri
That gode knight was and hardi
To the douk Segyn he ſmot
And of his hors feld him fot hot
Ac the douk anon vp ſtert
As he that was agremed in hert
And out he drough his ſwerd of ſtiel
And defended him ſwithe wel
Whom that he raught ded he fel
Strong knight he was hardi and ſnel
Ther he defended him aſperliche
The Almaunis him aſayl haſtiliche
Y-loken he was hem amidwerd
To him thai launced bothe ſpere and ſwerd
In mani ſtede wounded is he
Wele he werthe him thei he ſailed be
  When Gij ſeye the douke of fot
For ſorwe no wiſt he no bot
Wel hardiliche he ſmot a knight
That ded he feld him anon right
His ſwerd of ſtiel he hath vp plight
And ſmot ſo another knight

2176

That asailed the douke Segin
That heued sone binam him
And seththe he sett him his stede opon
And fast hii asailed her fon
Thennes nil hii neuer gon
Er hii han slawe mani on
Sir douk seyd Syoun
Understond to mi resoun
To the cite ogain we wil go
Ful wele we may it now do
A thousand ther beth of armed knightes
That sone with ous wil holde ſightes
And we here lenger duelle
For foles we schullen ous telle
Into her cite thai ben y-gon
Togider thai asembled hem ichon
And at the alours thai defended hem
And abiden bataile of her fomen
When themperour y-herd this
That his sone y-nomen is
With loude steuen than hete he
His folk asayl that cite
With schot of bowe and alblast
With swerdes speres schete and cast
With laddren steye that couthe best
The cite to asail haue thai no rest

With stones and mangunels fast to cast
The fair walles alto dast
And hii within fended hem wele aplight
And hii withouten zeld hem gret üght
The Almayns that ilke day there
With gret sorwe y-slawe were
Strongliche thai asail the cite
Ac that day nothing no speden he
At euen thai withdrough hem ogan
Themperour was therfore a sori man
That he nought of that cite spede
No awreken him for no nede
The cite ich day what night
Thai asailed with gret might
Ac the douk Gij and Herhaud
Oft hem maketh mani asaut
And miche of his folk than slough hii
Wharfore he was in hert sori
Lordinges listeneth to me now
Of a tresoun Ichil telle you
It was opon a somers day
Themperour hadde eten soth to say
His huntes he of sent tho
And seyd he wald on hunting go
Into the forest erlike
That the douk Segyn nought no wite

No his knightes neuer the mo
That him herd a spie tho
That out of that oft dede him fast
To the douke Segyn he com on hast
The douke Segyn ared him snelle
What newe tidinges he couthe telle
Sir quod [he] herken to me
Gode tidinges Ȝ telle the
That themperour sikerliche
Wille huntte to morwe arliche
In his forest priueliche
With litel folk and nought with miche
With also litel als he may
Ȝ no gabbe nought for sothe to say
Than he had seyd thus to Segyn
Bi Seyn Richer leue frende mine
Seyd the douke and it so be
An hundred bessauns gif Ȝ the
The spie seyd sothe Ȝ sigge
Wi bodi therfore in ostage Ȝ legge
Than hath the douk y-cleped Gij
And Herhaud of Arderne sikerlii
Dan Belin and Dan Ganter
And the thridde Dan Holdimer
And Joceran that was of Speyne
Was non wiser into Almayne

2254

A gode conſeyl for to giue
Therfore he was michel to leue
Lordinges he ſeyd what rede ye
Seththe that ye be ſworn to me
What is ous beſt for to done
Of our king Reyner telle me ſone
Gij to him anſwerd ſnelle
The beſt rede Ichil the telle
Knightes we ſchul han a thouſinde
And bi the morwe gif we him finde
Ichil him bidde with hert fre
That he wil acord with the
And that he cum with the at ete
And gif he ſeyth ought with hete
That he it wil graunt for no thing
Hider we ſchul bring the king
And thou ſchalt here bileue now
Opon thi lord go no ſchaltow
Thi palays thou ſchalt graythi
And riche metes dight redi
The douk anſwerd anon right
So help me God ful of might
Alſo thou wilt thou ſchalt do
With that is Gij thennes y-go
In to the way he dede him anon
Ther themperour ſchuld forth gon

2280

Themperour bi the morwe aros
Into his forest he rideth and gos
A gret bore thai founden Y wis
And hii vncopled her houndis
Her hornes thai blewe loude and stille
Her houndes vrn with gode wille
Themperour biheld sone with than
Unto a diche that water in ran
Ye seyd y-treyst we ben here
Sir Tirri mi frende dere
No sestow you that yonder ride
Knightes thai ben of gret pride
On ich halue bisett we beth
Nis her nought bot the deth
Felawes thai be the douke Segyn
Whom that God gif iuel fin
Gij of Warwike ther Y sey
Y-armed on his stede an hey
Sir emperour quod Tirri anon
For the rode loue that God was on don
Ich the bidde hennes go now
For Godes loue no lenge bileue thou
And Ichil here bileuen ay
And gif Ich Gij mete may
With meschaunce Y schal him gret
And al his feren that Y mete

Ar Ich be ded or nomen be
Thou schalt passe al this cuntre
Themperour seyd for sothe y nille
Here Ichil with you duelle
Hastiliche thai armed hem anon
And lepe her gode stedes opon
With that come Gij prikeinde
And a smal twige in his hond bereinde
Of oliue in token of pais
To themperour he grad as curteys
And seyd God that alle thing may se
Sir emperour so loke the
Thiselue and al thi meyne
That in place with the be
The douke Segyn the sent bi me
That trewthe and loue he wil to the
And biddeth the als his lord dere
Theselue and alle thine fere
That with ye ben togider here
That ye come to him to the dinere
And his gode cite he wil the yelde
With al his castels he hath in welde
And gif he haue don ogain skille
He wille amende it to thi wille
When themperour herd him speke so
And so gret loue bede him to

2332

The king of Hungrie he cleped tho
And Sir Tirri he dede also
Lordinges he seyd what schal we do
Rede ye that we thider go

. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

Sir emperour what hastow do
Is the acord made bitven you to
Astow the douke Segyn y-kist
The strong traitour and vnwrest
And hath forgif al in lone
Sadok deth thi suster sone
That the wil dred say me on
The misdo thai willen ichon
When her wretthe and her gilt
So lightliche forgif thou wilt
Hennes forward wil the dred non
Schame anough thai wil the don
And gif thou haddest the douk anhong
In thi lond men wil the dred strong
And than afterward the treytour Gij
That neuer dede ous bot vilayni
Ac now thai worth with the priue
And better than alle we

2358

And topen al this gif Gij wer ded
We mighten haue the lesse dred
When Gij herd Otous speke so
Als a wilde bore he lepe him to
Otous quath Gij thou schalt daye
When thou of tresoun clepes ous baye
Bothe Segyn and eke me
Thou it schal abie bi mi leute
Him he smot with his fest
Amide the teth right al in ernest
Ac the barouns bitwene hem goth
And themperour swore his oth
Gif ani ther were so hardy
That dede other schame other vilanie
Bren men him scholde other to hewe
Other al to hewe at wordes fewe
Than doth thai crie thurch the cuntraye
That of tho wordes no man schuld saye
And gif ther doth withouten no
Hond other fot he schal forgo
Than seyd themperour on this maner
To the douke Segyn oforn hem ther
Sir douke Ichil loue the
Wiif thou schalt haue bi me
A feir sotter Ich haue in mi bour
Ichil the gif quath themperour

2354

Erneborwe hat that may
Anon he hir spoused that day
The bridale was holden with game y-plight
Neuer yet nas non fairer in sight
He loued hir and worthschiped swithe
To his cite he ladde hir sithe
He and Ernneborwe his leuedi
Ther hii wold soiornij
Anon after the tende day
Of her soiourn sothe to say
Gij is to the douke y-go
And at him asked leue tho
Sir douk he seyd gon Ich ille
In this cuntre bileue Y nille
In wer Ich haue serued the
Gif thou haue euer eft nede to me
After me thou sende sikerliche
And Ich com to the hastiliche
Sir quath the douk gramerci
Yete haue Y nought serued the Sir Gij
Here Ich bid the bileue with me
Half mine castels and half mi cite
The worthschip of Lowayn haluendel
Ich it the graunt Gij fair and wel
Gij toke his leue oway went he
The douke wepe sore and hadde pite

2410

Themperour that was so fre
With him Gij than ladde he
Castels him bede and cites
Gret worthschip and riche fes
Ac he therof nold aso
For nothing that he might do
To Almayn went ben he
To Espire that riche cite
  Themperour worthschiped Gij the fre
A while with him bileft he
To pleyn hem thai went bi riuer
That of wilde foule ful were
To her wille an hunting hij gos
To chace the hert and the ros
On a day as he cam fram hunting
A dromond he seye ariueing
Thiderward Sir Gij is y-gon
And gret the marchandes euerichon
Lordinges whennes com ye
That in this riuer ariued be
Bi your semblant Ȝe se Ȝe wille
That ye ledde gret richesse
Among hem alle ther spac on
That couthe speke for hem euerichon
Fram Costentine the noble y-comen we be
Lond of peys than seche we
2436

Marchandes we ben of that lond
And out y-driuen with michel wrong
Out of Coyne the riche Soudan
So prout he is and of so gret boban
That with .xv. hethen kinges
And thritti Emeraus withouten lesinges
In Costentyn the noble emperour Ernis
Thai han strongliche bisett Y wis
Castel no cite nis him non bileued
That altogider thai han to dreued
And for brant and strued Y wis
Into Costentyn slowen he is
Ther he werth him ogaines his son
That secheth on him for to slon
Thritti mile men may riden and gon
Ne schal men finde man non
And we ben aschaped vnnethe
That we no were to hewen to dethe
Y-comen we ben into this cuntre
Fowe and griis anough lade we
Gold and siluer and riche stones
That vertu bere mani for the nones
Gode clothes of sikelatoun and Alisaundrinis
Theloure of Matre and pu[r]per and biis
To your wille as ye may se
Swiche be the tidinges of that cuntre

2462

Gij anſwerd mi frende fre
For your tidinges bliſced ye be
God for his name ſeuene
He bring you to gode heuene
When the marchaundes hadde ſeyd as Ȝ ſay
Gij bitaught hem God and gode day
Unto his in he is y-go
And Herhaud he cleped anon him to
Herhaud mi frende wille we gon
At themperour take we leue anon
Into Coſtentynnoble Jchil go
To help themperour of his wo
That with the Soudan biſeged is he
So ſüggeth men of that cuntre
That lond deſtrud and men aqueld
And Criſtendom thai han michel afeld
Herhaud anſwerd Ȝ graunt it be
Miche worthſchipe it worth to the
At themperour thai toke leue to go
And he hem graunted vnnethe tho
Anough he bedeth hem caſtels and tours
Riche cites halles and bours
Sir Gij toke an hundred of his knightes
Strongeſt and beſt in ſüghtes
That he might in Almayne ſünde
Beſt y-preiſed and beſt doinde

2488

Now thai ben to schippe y-went
Gode winde God hath hem lent
To Coltentynnoble thai ben y-come
And in the cite her in y-nome
  Ac when themperour wist atte frome
That Gij of Warwike was y-come
Tvay erls he dede after him go
And loueliche he bad hem com him to
And Sir Gij him goth to themperour fre
Welcome Sir Gij than seyd he
Of thine help gret nede haue we
Michel Ich haue herd speke of the
Mine men ben aleyn in this tide
And mi lond destrud in ich aside
Al bot this ich selue cite
Destrud and brent hauen he
Fourti thousand thai slowe on a day
Of mine men as Ich you telle may
Mine men thai slowe mi sone also
Wharfore leue frende Y bede the to
Gif thou might me of hem wreke
And the felouns out of mi lond do reke
Mine feyr douhter thou schalt habbe
And half mi lond withouten gabbe
Than answerd anon Sir Gij
Sir he seyd gramercij

And Y the ligge bi mi leute
That treweliche Ichil serue the
Al the while that Ich with the be
Therof Sir thou might leue me
At themperour he toke leue anon
Unto his in he gan to gon
Noyse and cri he herd in that cite
He gan ory what it might be
He hem ored what it were
And what was al that noise there
So mani knightes he seye to armes go
So mani seriaunce steye to kernels tho
Sir quath a burieys bi Seyn Martin
It beth the lither Sarrazin
It is the Amiral Costdram
The nevou of the riche Soudan
So strong he is and of so gret might
In world Y wene no better knight
For ther nis man no knight non
That with wretthe dar loken him on
His armes alle a-venimed beth
That venim is strong so the deth
In this world is man that he take might
That he schuld dye anon right
That other day he dede ous sorwe anough
Of themperour sone that he slough

2540

That was so gode and stalworth knight
That opon hem had geuen mani ꝥight
In this cite so gode knight was non
That with wrethe durst loke him on
Comen he is with grete cheualrie
And with him the riche king of Turkye
With an hundred Turkes strong
Beth non better in non lond
  And when Sir Gij herd this
That his ost seyd to him þ wis
To his felawes he seyd anon
To armes he seyd euerichon
The Sarrazins we willen agast
For Godes loue smiteth on fast
Hastiliche y-armed hij beth
Opon her stedes as foule thai fleth
Forth thai went and on hem smite
With her swerdes that wil wel bite
Gij to the Amiral smot so
Scheld no hauberk nas him worth a slo
Thurch the body he gaf him wounde
And dede he feld him on the grounde
Sir Gij his gode swerd out drough
That heued fram the bodi he slough
To themperour he it hath y-sent
That wel glad was of that present

2566

Herhaud smot the king of Turkie
Was non feller into Surrie
Thurch the bodi he him smot
Ded he feld him doun fot hot
With that com Tebaud prikeinde
In Fraunce y-bore a knight wel kinde
With swiche strengthe he smot Helmadan
Al was nought worth he hadde opan
Thurch his bodi the launce glod
Ded he fel withouten abod
Ganter come prikeing anon right
Of Almayne a wel gode knight
Heteliche he smot Redmadan
Ye no haue herd speke of no swiche man
The bodi atwo he hath to deled
That he fel doun in the feld
With that come Sir Morgadour
That was steward with themperour
Knight he was gode and hardi
Ac traitour he was ful of envie
He smot vnto a Sarrazin
No halp him nought his Apolin
Now thai smitte togider comonliche
And fight thai agin ardiliche
Ther men might se Gij smite
And the Sarrazins heuedes of strike

And with him Herhaud also
Bothe thai strengthed hem wele to do
The Sarrazins thai strengthed hem for to ſle
To hewen and iuel to biſe
The Sarrazins hem zeld gret ſight
For strong thai ben and of gret might
With that come Eſclandar prikeinde
A Sarrazin and of foule kinde
The kinges ſone of Birrie
Strong he was for the maiſtrie
Dan Tebaud he felled tho
Thurch the bodi he dede the launce go
And ſeththe he ſlough a Freyns knight
In Bleyues he was born aright
Romiraunt com forth ſnelle
A Sarrazin a strong with elle
Y-ſlawe he hath Dan Guinman
A strong knight he was and an Aleman
With that come forth an amireld
A Sarrazin of wicked erd
Dan Ganter he hath y-ſlawe
And gode Gilmin his felawe
When Herhaud that of ſeye tho
In his hert him was ful wo
An amiral he ſmot ſo
Ded he feld him an haſt tho



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And mani another he hath aqueld
And adoun feld in the feld
Sone so Esclandar y-seye this
To awreke the amiral lef him is
To Herhaud he smot heteliche
And he him mett hardiliche
Heteliche thai smiten togider tho
That of her hors thai fellen bo
Seththen thai drough her brondes of stiel
And smiten togider hard and wel
To hewe hauberk and scheldes also
Gode bodis thai ben bothe to
Of her helmes the flours gan fle
So heteliche togider smiten he
Herhaud goth him driueand fast
His heued to smiten of on hast
Ac so gret socour him com ther
An hundred Turkes and her pouer
Herhaud thai gin alle asaile
And neye hadde slain him in that bataile
No hadde Gij that y-seye that was sorij
Hastiliche he com him to socourey
His gode brond than drough he
The heued of a Sarrazin he dede of fle
And another he dede also
The thridde to deth he dede do

2644

Herhaud he ſocourd in that nede
And dede him leye opon his ſtede
The Sarrazins onon gun thai mete
Mani on ther her liif thai lete
Mani on ther dyed in aither ſide
Ac the Sarrazins wers gan bitide
Sir Gij and alle his feren
The Griffouns that gode weren
Han ouercomen and aqueld
To hewen thai leyen in the feld
Toward her oft thai ben fleinge
And Gij hem after faſt folweinge
Ar hij the doun were ouer gon
Y-flawe hij ben and to hewen ichon
Elclandar is oway fleinde
Ouer the dounes faſt erninde
And alto broken his ſcheld is
His helme alto daſſched Y wis
Gij it of thought when he it ſeye
That he ſo lighteliche oway fleye
Elclandar ſeyd Gij wende ogain to me
And forſothe al ſiker thou be
Drede the of no nother than of me
Ones to iuſti Ich ori of the
Elclandar ſeyd artow Gij
Ich the defende ſikerly

2670

Bi Mahoun that Ich leue opon
Neuer no schal Ich oway gon
No neuer schal y blithe be
Til Ich that heued binim the
Bihoten Ich it haue a maiden of priis
The Soudans douhter that wel fair is
Her steden thai turned snelle
And togider thai smiten with gode wille
Esclandar first smot Gij
Thurch the scheld as knight hardi
Gij smot him anon right
Scheld no hauberk halp him no wight
He smot him thurch at that chaunce
Thurch the bodi with his launce
Esclandar fleye forth a wel gode pas
Sir Gij of toke him nought therfor wo him was
To his felawes he is y-go
Right to the cite he zede him tho
The Sarrazins were ouercome
Therfore thai were blithe all and some
Themperour of sent Gij him to
And miche honour he hath him do
Gij quath he thou art me dere
Thou schalt bileue with me here
Mi feir douhter that is of priis
Ichil the giue to spouse Y wis

2696

Thou schalt ben emperour after me
Thou art a knight of gret bounte
Al tho that ben to me serueinde
Ichil thai be to the boweinde
Gramerci seyd Sir Gij anon
A fair gift is this now on
The steward come forth bliue
Wore treytour nas non oliue
His name was hoten Worgadour
God gif him euel auentour
Toward Gij he bar gret ond
And seththe he died thurch his hond
Quath Worgadour Sir that wil wele be
For Gij is curteys gentil and fre
When he schal thi douhter spousy
Right is that we him onoury
Ac what so he seyd bifor Gij tho
Gif he may to deth he wille him do
Esclandar went oway fleinde
Toward her ost fast prikeinde
Thurch the bodi he bar a trounsoun
With bothe honden he held him to the arsoun
Bothe bifore and eke bihinde
The blod gan out fast winde
His helme in the on half honginde
And his visage al bledeinde

His scheld to held hadde he no might
He drad him to dye anon right
To the Soudans pauiloun he come
The Soudan him biknewe anon
Esclandar when comestow seyd he
In strong üght thou hast y-be
Were thou alon at the cite
Say me who hath thus wounded the
Sir quath he Ichil the telle
Of hard tidinges wel snelle
Y-lorn thou hast the Amiral Cos[t]dram
That leuest the was of ani man
And the king of Turkie thou hast forgon
Of hem no tit the neuer help non
And alle thi best men y-bore
Bifor the cite thou hast forlore
  Than answerd the riche Soudan
That hadde no gamen of than
Him is than sum socour y-come
Whar thurch mi Turkes be me binome
Sir quathe Esclandar Y wis
An onwrast gome y-comen ther is
Socour he hath gret and beld
In the warld nis swiche a scheld
Sij of Warwike his name it is
Sterner than eni lyoun Y wis

His strokes no may no man dreye
That he ne most dye on hye
With him he hath an hundred knightes
Of Almayne the best in lightes
Thurch the bodi thus me he smot
Dede Ich am wele Y wot
Than swore a gret oth the Soudan
Bi Mahoun that he leued opan
That neuer glad no worth he
What he haue y-nome that cite
For alayle he it wille do
Ar the thridde day be ago
Anon a spie it herd this
That to Gij it nold forhele Y wis
Sone he come to the cite
Al this to Gij than teld he
That the Soudan with his men elle
The cite wil aleyle snelle
Ac themperour wist therof nought
That so strong tiding ther were y-brought
Ac when he wist the sothe herof
Ernist him thought and no scof
Themperour made him blithe tho
That ouercomen weren his fo
And Gij to themperour is y-go
And swithe feyr he gret him tho

2774

Sir quath he be blithe and glad
Gode tidinges me hath ben seyd
Themperour of sent his foules tho
Oscuriis faucouns and iersaukes also
Gon he wil to the riuer
Him to solas and play ther
Seththe he of sent of his Gregeys
That gode weren and curteys
To the riuer thai ben y-gon
Wher foules were mani on
With that come forth Sir Morgadour
That steward was with themperour
And seyd to Gij mi frende dere
Y the loue in gode manere
Ac alle that he seyd Gij to bitraye
That was wele sen in his last daye
Non no may so wele tresoun do
So may he that his trust is to
Yete seyd to him Morgadour
Castels Ich haue and mani feir tour
Riche cites and ful strong
To thine wille thou hem afong
Michel Y desire thi loue to haue
Go we togider mith game and plawe
Into the chaumber go we baye
Among the maidens for to playe

2800

At tables to pleye and at ches
Wele we may don it Y wis
Bifor thi leman Clarice so fre
Themperours douhter bright of ble
And lete we themperour to wode go
To chace the hert and the ro
  Sir quath Gij wille we go
When thou it wilt it schal be do
Into the chaumber thai zede tho
Hond in hond y-fere bo
To the maiden thai come wel sket
That curteylliche hem hath y-gret
Sir Gij sche seyd welcome thou be
Ouerütt and pleye the here with me
He toke the maiden and her kiste
That of thought the steward vnwreste
He hir hadde loued mani a day
And wende haue spoused that feir may
The cheker thai ory and the meyne
Bifor the maiden than pleyen he
Y-sett thai han the ürst game
The steward it les bi Godes name
Seththe thai han another y-gonne
Anon it hath Gij y-wonne
And the thridde ful hastiliche
The steward was sori sikerliche

Al mody he ros up tho
Wroth and sori he was bo
Gij quath he bileue thou here
Thiself and Clarice thi pleye fere
Al what Ich come now son oge
Anon seyd Gij it schal so be
Out him went Morgadour
At his in he tok a chasour
To themperour he goth right
When themperour of him hadde üght
Ogaines him he is y-gon
And tidinges he ored him anon
Now forth Sir steward he sede
Comestow for gode or for qued
Whi comestow so prikiinge
Tel it me withouten leünge
Gif thou of Sarrazins hast herd ought
Tel it me forhele it nought
Sir quath he Ȝ schal the telle
Thi schame forhele Ȝ nille
An soudour thou hast with the
And wil that thou y-schent be
Thi douhter that so feir is
Forlay he hath forsothe Ȝ wis
Into his bour with strengthe he zede
And bi thi douhter his wille he dede

Gif thou ne me leueſt hom thou fare
Zete thou ſchalt him ünde thare
Ther thou might him ünde Ÿ wis
And thi douhter clippe and kiſſe
Therfore Ÿ com the to ſay
For thi ſchame forhele Ÿ no may
Gif thou him ünde in that ſtede
Into thi priſoun thou him lede
And in thi court thou deme him do
For treitour he is Ÿ telle the to
The more adouted thou ſchalt be
Of alle thi regne Ÿ telle the
Therfore ne wonde thou no thing
Nought for him no his helping
Afterward that he demed is
And thi court of that treytour deliuerd is
Into Almayne Ichil gon
To themperour Reyner anon
Socour fram him Ichil bringe
And deliuer thi lond withouten leſinge
Of alle thine dedeliche fon
That thine men haue ſleyn ichon
  Who is that themperour ſede
Gif of Warwike ſo God me rede
Thou do him nim and binde faſt
And in thi priſoun thou do him caſt

2878

Quath themperour lat now be
No speke nought so of him to me
Ogaines me misdo he nold
Nought for tventi somms of gold
No for to ben al to hewe
So gode a knight he is and trewe
And gif he is therin wele be it so
With hir his wille he may do
For mi douhter Ichim bihote habbe
Nil Ich nought of couenaunt gabbe
When the steward him hath bithought
That themperour nold here him nought
Hom to his in he is y-go
And alight of his palfrey tho
Anon into chaumber he zede
And to Gij of Warwike he sede
Gij thou art ful wele with me
Therfore Ich it kithen it the
To themperour y-teld it is
Bi the lord Seyn Denis
That with strengthe thou comen to his bour
And has forleyn his douhter with desonour
And gif he the may ouergo
He wil the bren other slo
And Ich hot the that thou hennes ile
That he nought of take the

2603

Bi God quath Gij that were wrong
That Y schold here mi deth afong
For thing that Ich haue gilt non
No neuer thought it to don
An arnemorwe when he out zede
Wiche he me o loue bede
Hou schuld Ich euer siker be
Of ani bihest men hotes me
For themperour me seyd tho
And trewelich me bihete therto
That he me wold gret worthschipe
And now he me wil le with schenschipe
For the speche of a losanger
And of a feloun pautener
Out of the chaumber he is y-go
Sori and dreri he was tho
To his in he zede swithe
And cleped his felawes bliue
Lordinges he seyd to armes snelle
Here wil we no longer duelle
To themperour y-wraid we beth
Alle he wil don ous to the deth
Bi the treuthe Y schal our Lord zeld
That heuen and erthe haueth in weld
Er than we be nomen and ded
So mani schal dye of her ferred

That it worth abought wel strong
That Ich am biwrayd wrong
To armes thai went with that ichon
Out of the cite thai ben y-gon
And went toward the hethen men
With them to holden and to ben
To help the hethen men ichon
With that com themperour anon
Fram the riuer he come rideinge
And with his folk fast prikeinge
Feir weder it was and miri also
The bright armes he seye tho
Themperour hem seye and knewe Gij
For he come hem swithe neye
At an herhaud than asked he
This armed folk what may this be
Sir quath he it is Gij
That in wretthe fram the wil parti
Unto the Soudan he wil fare
And wirche the sorwe and michel care
Thurch wraying that teld him is
Wele Y wot that sothe it nis
Wele it semeth that wroth is he
Al armed on his stede Ich him se
When themperour herd this
Alle droupeninde he was Y wis

2950

He gan to prike and that anon
As hauk that fleythe his hors gan gon
After Gij loude he gradde tho
Abide and speke me now to
For Godes loue lete now be
Whi wiltow sir go fro me
Gif Ich ought haue agilt to the
For Godes loue thou say it me
Be it in dede other in speche
That ani the han agilt Ȝ the biseche
To thi wille it schal amended be
And topon al other Ȝ loue the
Wele Ich wene that the Soudan Ȝ wis
To whom al precie atended is
After the hath sent Ich vnderstond so
He the schal habbe and Ȝ forgo
Gold and siluer he may giue the
And fette the with mani a riche cite
Therfore thou wilt with him be
And strongliche holden ogaines me
  Sir quath Sir Gij to themperour
No was Ich neuer thi traitour
And gif God wil Ȝ nil nought be
Therwhiles the lif is in me
Ye was y-teld biforn now right
Of on that is thi priue knight

That thou no hadest to don with me seruise
And that Ÿ the serue with feyntise
And that Ich was biwrayd to the
For thi nold Ich no longer here be
And that thou wost do me to hewe
And mine barouns that ben so trewe
For thi Ÿ thought that Ÿ go scholde
To hem that mi seruise zeld me wold
Ac for al Damas and that cuntre
Nold Ich haue holden ogaines te
  Themperour than him nome
Bitvene his armes and seyd anon
Nay Sir Gij he seyd bi Seyn Denis
It no was nought so Ÿ wis
Wi dere frende Gij ogain thou go
Lordinges barouns biddeth him so
For to thine wille it is alle
Alle that min is and ben schal
Ac biwrayed thou war to me
An therfore haue he maugre
Neuer eft worth non loued of me
That ought sigge bot gode of the
Themperour than to Gij seyd
Thi wille thou do bi that mayde
Sir Gij kist themperour tho
And to the cite thai ben y-go

3008

Tho wist wele Gij bi than
Bitreyd him hadde his foman
Ac no semblaunt therof he no made
No no thing to him seyde
  An armorwe erliche
Themperour aros sikerliche
Anon he seyd to Gij his speche
Herken to me Y the biseche
In this morning anon
We worth aseyled of our fon
Of Sarrazins that misbileued be
Alle for sothe Y telle it to the
The Soudan himselue wil ther be
A spie for sothe teld it me
That hij the cite wil asayli
And that hij thennes nil parti
Al fort he haue nome this cite
Or that it destrued be
Themperour seyd Sir Gij the fre
Als so thou wilt it schal be
The cite alle op the Y do
With Cristes blisceing therto
Gif hij ous seyl we schul ous were
The cite is strong thai mow it nought dere
Gij that constable cleped him to
That gode knight was and wise also

3034

Triſtor he hete with the berd blowe
Lord and douke of Almayne Ÿ trowe
Sir Triſtor he ſeyd liſten to me
Aſeyled we worth ſiker thou be
Therof thou moſt birede the
Gif we wille were this cite
Other we wille ogain hem te
At pathes that deſtrued be
And mete we hem ther on the doune
Acumbre hem and legge hem doune
Sir anon ſeyd the conſtable
This ich ſpeche ſchal be ſtable
Do than grede thurch the cite
That alle redy armed be
Alle that armes may welde
And who ſo that feyneth for couward be helde
Bi the morwe thai ben armed wel
Bi tale .xx. thouſend hauberkes of ſtiel
Out of the cite thai ben y-go
With gret noiſe and din alſo
Lordinges quath Gij herkeneth to me
Ye that here aſembled be
Of your kinde that is y-ſlawe
Of edwite and of miſſawe
That ous is don thenke we theron
And baldeliche aſeyl we our fon

For Sarrazins ous aseyle wille
Alle for sothe Y you telle
We wil hem mete with speren and scheld
At the narwe pathe bitven the held
Now bithenketh you wele to don
And awreke your lond of your fon
Of your londes and your cites
That destrud and wasted beth
You to awreke bithenketh you
And strongliche aseyleth hem now
Bot ye were you wele and bliue
And hij mow you of the feldes driue
Alle we ben ded other nome
And in thraldome euer more wone
Forthi mete we with hem sone
And strengthe ous alle wele to done
And Ich me self wil with you go
Y nil you feyle neuer mo
Wele speketh now Sir Gij
And alle thai ligeth gramerci
To the pas of the hulles thai ben y-come
And the Sarrazins han vndernome
And seye the cuntres and the feld
With bright brini and with scheld
  The Soudan cleped after Helman
That deined ſle for no man

He was coraious and gode knight
And michel adouted in euerich fight
Sir king quath he come to me
With .xx. thousende Turkes Ich hot the
The Cristen ye schul aseyle anon
Loke ye nim hem other slen ichon
Opon yon hulle thai ben lo
Gret harm thai han ous y-do
The king forth went with his men ichon
With strengthe the helde thai vndernome
With strengthe thai wene the slade ouergo
Ac gret combraunce hem com furst to
At the entring of the pas Gij gan to grede
Helpeth lordinges alle our ferrede
Bithenketh you to winnen wele
And hij ogaines you vndernim the hille
Yuel ous worth than bigo
Bot God ous on thenke that al may do
Thai ben binethen and we abone
Amidde the pas thai ben togider come
And asaileth hem smerteliche
And togider we go now commonliche
Throweth with stones and bowes scheteinge
Launces swerdes and dartes kerueinge
Smiteth with swerdes and speres y-grounde
Scheteth with piles and gif hem deth wounde

Yani Sarrazin ther y-slawe is
Ther doth Gij as the right wise
Into the narwe hij come hem to lett
Bi hundredes foure thai aseyl hem sket
Bi hundred and bi thousende
Thai ben the Sarrazins quellinde
Gij smot on this side and on that
Nas ther non that his dint sat
Ermine he smot on thurch the scheld
Almost he feld him in the feld
Than come Anther ouer thuert
A Sarrazin modi of hert
Ermine smot him on the helme an heyghe
That he cleue him to the teth
Al ded he made him on the grounde to lie
With that come the king of Nubie
Toward Herhaud he come prikeinde
And Gij him was ogain cominde
With grete strengthe Sir Gij him smot
That he feld him anon fot hot
When the douke of Tire that y-seth
His men dye on so reweliche deth
An hond he held a dart kerueinde
The Cristen therwith threteninde
He forth zede and smot a knight
That ded he feld him anon right

When Gij of Warwike that y-seye
Thiderward he drough him swithe neye
A gode dart on hond he bar
And to him he launced heteliche thar
Ther with he smot Ebban the king
That ded he fel withouten letting
The Sarrazines hij to heweth and quelleth
Bi the doun hij gredeth and yelleth
When the Soudan seye his folk dye
Bi ten bi twelue in the waye
He cleped to him the king of Nubye
That was ful of felonie
Sir king he seyd seest tow nought
Hou mine men ben to deth y-brought
Delcumüt and y-slawe hij beth
The bodis ded wele ye seth
This Cristen our men to deth doth
Ac bi Cariot Y swere min oth
And bi Apolyn the grete
Bi Teruagaunt and bi Mahoun the swete
Bot we of hem be wreken swithe
No worth Y neuer glad no blithe
Bot we hem aseyle biginne
And the hille with strengthe awinne
An hundred we ben ogain hem on
And al we schul hem nimen anon

3164

The helden thai nimeth about strongliche
And the Cristen aseyl stalworthliche
At the brode pathe and narwe also
The Gregeys wele werd hem tho
On the Cristen thai gun smite
The Sarrazins bothe miche and lite
And our men hem werd wel
With scharpe speres and grounden stiel
With ares and swerdes y-grounde
With gisarmes thai gif dethes wounde
The Soudan forthwith alderfarst
On the Cristen smot wel fast
On heye on helmes he hem smot
With his fauchon that wele bot
Togaines Gij he smot tho
And seyd war Jchil the slo
Gij he smot so ouer thuert
That he was sumdel y-hert
Ac Gij with strengthe to him smot
With his swerd that wele bot
Wel strong was that ich light
Ac the Soudan wered him with might
Wharto schuld Jch you telle more
The Sarrazins ouercomen wore
Wele hath Gij don that day
As gode knight and verray

At a pas he houed right
As a knight of gret might
A gisarme he bar kerueinde
He smot bifore and bihinde
The Sarrazins so he agast
Al that he smot to grounde he cast
His scheld he hadde forlore
To hewe it lay his fet bifore
So mani Sarrazin he slough that day
That ich on other ded lay
So mani to ded ther he dede
That the hepe lay to his girdel stede
Who so seye than Herhaud ŭght
Of a gode knight yelp he might
A damsar he bar on his hond
Al that he raught to grounde he wond
Sarrazins he slough more than serti
And Gij an hundred and fourti
Herhaud that day so sore swong
That thurch his mouth the fom it sprong
Alto hewe was his helme
The blod ran out als a welme
What schuld Y make tale muche
The Sarrazins thai slowen strongliche
Ac euer he was gode aplight
Gij of Warwike michel of might

Wore dede than ani other
His stroke was heui so a fother
Gij and his feren also
Als lyouns thai foughten tho
And the Gregeys forth with hem
Thai wered hem as douhti men
Weynes and cartes thai han y-nome
Wo than fiften thousende atte frome
Y-ioined hij han the gret piles
Ginnes thai made on selcouthe wise
Sum piles scharpe kerueinde
Al aboute so mani stondinde
That Ich ne can the noumbre telle
Noither in rime no in spelle
Thar nas man that ther neye come
That he ne was to corwen anon
So griseliche be the engins
For to ſle the Sarrazines
In ich half y-sett arawe
Scharpe soules doun of the hulle y-drawe
Thermid thai hewe the gret stonis
Bihewe quarre for the nonis
So gret so twenti men might drawe
To slen hem of the hethen lawe
Swiche a thousende for smiten thai be
That neuer after schullen y-the

3212

Wel iuel hem is bifallen thare
Ded thai ben with sorwe and care
  Wharto schuld Ich tale telle
The Soudan lepe on hors ful snelle
Gret onde he hadde to Gyoun
And to Herhaud his compaynoun
For hij han lawe so fel of his
He sat on an hors of pris
With gret hete he smot to Gij
Opon his helme sikerly
That he feld that o quarter
To Gij he seyd a bismer
Y sestow lord bi Apolin
That was a strok of a Sarrazin
Gij to the Soudan smot tho
His helme no was him worth a slo
Resares euen forth the breyn
Helme and lesse he carf with meyn
Than he seyd to him a bismer
Mahoun halp the litel ther
Bodi and soule no nought therof
No is nought worth a lekes clof
Hou so it go of mi wounde
Of Mahoun thou hast litel help y-founde
Er thou scorndest me
Of mi wounde thou madest thi gle

3268

Leche gode schal Ich haue
That mi wounde schal to hele drawe
Thou hast a croun schauen to the bon
Tomorwe thou might sing anon
Wele thou thoughtest to ben a prest
When thou of swiche a bischop order berst
Now biginneth that gret sight
Bi thre bi four adoun right
The Sarrazins ben ouercome
Oway fleinde thai ben some
The night cometh the day is go
The Sarrazins han ful michel wo
For so mani y-slawe ther be
So seyd the folk of that cuntre
That men might wade ouer the scho hem
In the blod that of hem kem
So miche folk ther was y-slawe tho
That siftene forlong men might go
That thei he kept him neuer so
He most nedes opon men go
Other on fot other on hond
Other opon arm coruen with brond
With that come an amiral prikeinge
Newe dubbed he was withouten lesing
To the Soudan he is y-come
Thurch the bodi he hath woundes some

Sir he seyd hennes we go
No sestow al our folk slo
Bi thousendes thou sest hem to deth ligge
Our godes ous hateth for sothe to sigge
Thou sest Mahoun ne Apolin
Be nought worth the brestel of a swin
Anon rightes withdrawe thou the
And to thi pauiloun thou sle
Alle the wounded thou do with the lede
Zete thai may the help an rede
Thi rereban thou do of sende
To awreke thou haue in mende
Anon thai hem withdrawe and ben ouercome
Sori thai ben alle and some
The Soudan dede biforn him bring
Alle his godes withouten lesing
Toward hem he is wel wroth
Do he wil hem harm and loth
A ze fals godes vnwreste
Sone zou tit a lither feste
Ogain ous ye ben of wicked mode
Schame ye don ous and no gode
Ye don ous alderwerst to spede
When that we han mest nede
Fy fy he seyd on Apolin
Thou schalt haue wel iuel sin

3320

And thou Teruagaunt also
Michel schame schal com zou to
And thou Mahoun her alder lord
Thou nart nought worth a tord
Therfore thou it schalt abigge
With stanes gret opon thi rigge
So he gan his godes to cloute
That the erthe dined aboute
Her armes and legges he to tight
And cleped hem wroches anon right
Godenes in zou nas neuer y-founde
No more might thar in an hounde
Bi the fet he hem out drough
And dede hem schame right anough
Gij dede clepe her cheueteyn
With gode will and hert feyn
Lordinges he seyd God y-thonked be
Feir grace so habbe we
That the Sarrazins ben ouercome
Wende we to the cite atte frome
And when thai ben comen ogen
To themperour welcom thai ben
And nameliche Gij the gode knight
Mest was worthschiped in that fight
When that y-seye Morgadour
That steward was with themperour

That Gij biwreyed vnwrattliche
That themperour loued so miche
He bigan for to asay
Hou he might Gij bitray
O felonie he hath him bithought
Of swiche no haue ye herd nought
He thought in his wille tho
That Gij o message schuld go
In swiche thought and swiche wille
An while he held him stille
Anon he went to themperour
And seyd Sir par amour
The Soudan hath his folk y-sent
Into al Peyni his sond is sent
Ther nis noither ying no eld
That armes may bere and wepen weld
Alle he is haueth of sent
The to bisege verrament
To him thou thi sond sende
Alle thi wille word and ende
Who he seyd durst thider wende
Sir Gij a knight hardi and hende
Of thine house and that y-plight
Gij of Warwike of gret might
Herhaud of Arderne that other best
On hem tweye ye mow you trest

2372

To the Soudan thou sende thine knightes bold
And say thou wilt with him a day hold
Of acord in swiche manere
Sir steward seyd themperere
Toward Gij thou berst iuel wille
Ye no schal nought go therof be stille
Ac mine barouns Ichil of sende
And wite who wille thider wende
  His barouns he hath of sent
Ouer alle his lond thai ben y-went
That thai schuld to themperour wende
To hem he seyd mi leue frende
Ich wold sende to the Soudan
Gif Ich wist euer bi wham
To him to sende Ich am in wille
With him to acord loude other stille
Gif ani of zou so hardi were
That to him the message bere
When themperour had seyd his resoun
Ther nas noither knight no baroun
That him a word answerd tho
Nas ther non the message durst do
A baroun of the benche aros
Sir Tristor his name was
  Sir emperour vnderstond me
For leyer no schal Ich holden be

For Ich it ſigge for gret loue
And thine worthſchipe to held aboue
Fif thouſende ſithe haue he maugre
That the conſeyl gaf to the
For he the loueth right nought
That in that wille the hath y-brought
That thou to him yelde ſcholdeſt
Bot thou thi ſonde ſende woldeſt
No thenkeſtow nought of that baroun
That was of ſo gret renoun
Hou thou ſendeſt him to
Ogain no come he neuer mo
He the ſent the heued withouten more
No durſt neuer eft non com thore
In the world is knight non
That the meſſage durſt don
For arwe no ſigge Ich it no wight
Gif in min armes were ſo gret might
Alſo Ich hadde and as yong were
As Ich was hennes an hundred yere
This ich meſſage don Ich wold
For drede of deth lete Ȝ nold
Ac Icham now a neld man
Alle mine mightes ben now gan
It is now gon mo than ſifti yer
That Ich on rigge hauberk ber

3424

Ich you sigge for sothe Y wis
To lese a good man gret harm it is
For gif he ani sendeth thider
His heued him schal comen hider
Now Ich haue mi wille y-sede
Now giue another better rede
When Tristor hadde y-seyd this
Withouten ani other abod Y wis
Ther nas nought on litel no miche
That durst speke sikerliche
Gij of Warwike vp arist
Sir emperour bi mi Lord Jhesus Crist
This message Ichil ato
And it thurch Godes help do
Seyd themperour that schaltow nought
Thider to go haue thou no thought
Ich it dede mine men to fond
To whom Ich might trust in mi lond
Than answerd Gij wel snelle
For sothe Sir leten Y nille
That Ich the message wil do
To dye er Ich thennes go
With that he went out of the halle
The Gregeys siked among hem alle
God what Gij is noble baroun
Jhesu that suffred passioun

3150

Saue him fram cumberment
And him ogain bring in fauement
Gij cam to his in in a stounde
His felawes droupeing he founde
Lordinges he seyd hou is it now
Almighti God Y biteche you
Sir quath Herhaud Ichil go
Bi thine wille with the also
Gij anſwerd ſo no ſchal it be
Icham y-go biddeth for me
He ored his armes haſtiliche
And men es him brought ſikerliche
Hoſen of iren he hath on drawe
Non better nar bi tho dawe
In a ſtrong hauberk he gan him ſchrede
Who ſo it wered the ded no thurt him drede
An helme he hath on him don
Better no wered neuer knight non
The ſerche of gold ther on was wrought
For half a cite no worth it bought
So mani ſtones therin were
That were of vertu ſwithe dere
Seththe he gert him with a brond
That was y-made in Eluene lond
His ſcheld about his nek he tok
On hors he lepe withouten ſtirop

3476

On hond he nam a ſpere kerueinde
Out of the cite he was rideinde
Alle that weren of that cite
For him wel ſori weren he
No wene thai neuer his gain cominge
Alle thai wene ther his endinge
  Now is Gij in the right way
Toward the Sarrazins Ȝ ſay
Wele y-armed on his ſtede
A launce he bar gode at nede
Smerteliche he dede him in the ways
Ouer the dounes and the valeys
To the Sarrazins y-comen he is
And her pauilouns he ſeth Ȝ wis
A real pauiloun he ther ſeye
With an eren of gold an heye
That was the Soudans pauiloun
Haue he Criſtes maliſoun
In to the pauiloun Gij him wond
And an haſt ther he fond
Alle atte mete that ther was
And nought michel noiſe ther nas
At the heye bord eten kinges ten
That alle were Gyes fomen
  Than ſeyd Gij the Engliſſe
Underſtond to mi ſpeche

3502

Thilke Lord that woneth an heye
That al thing walt ſer and neye
And in the rode lete him pini
Al Criſten men to ſaui
And in the ſe made the ſturioun
So gif you alle his maliſoun
And alle thilk that Ich here ſe
That miſbileued men be
And the at the firſt Sir Soudan
Criſtes wreche the come opan
Yuel fure breninde faſt the opon
And cleue thi breſt doun to thi ton
For Icham Gij ye mow wel ſe
Yuel mot ye alle y-the
Underſtond treitour mi reſoun
Haue thou Criſtes maliſoun
And alle thilke forth mitt te
That Ich her about the ſe
The heye God that is ful of might
Binim your limes and your light
Bi me the ſent word themperour Garioun
That might men hath in his bandoun
Thurch wham thou art y-brought to ſchond
And hoteth the wende out of his lond
For here has tow no right
Finde a Sarrazin other a knight

3528

And he schal another finde
That schal deray his right kinde
Y schal with the glotoun fight
And gif thine haue the more might
And ouercometh our champioun
Mi lord the schal giue ransoun
And als his lord serue wille
Euermore and that is skille
And gif it so bitide that our knight
Ouercome your in feld in fight
Haftiliche than Y rede the
Out of this lond that thou fle
Therof thou take a day
On mi lordes word Y the say
To thi pauiloun Ich am y-come
To do the bateyle atte frome
Onswere me withouten leling
What word Y schal mi lord bring
Quath the Soudan whennes artow
Into mi court comen art now
And misseyst me so schameliche
And thretest me so dedeliche
Sij answerd Ichil the telle
Mi name forhele Y nille
Sij of Warwike mi name is
In that cuntre Y was born Y wis

The Soudan anſwerd tho
Artow Gij ſo mot thou go
Thou ſlough mi nevou Coldram
His heued thou ſmot the bodi fram
Thou it ſchalt abigge bi Apolin
Today is comen ending thin
He hete anon that Gij wer nome
And y-caſt in his priſoun
Fort the cloth ben y-drawe
And than reweliche ben y-ſlawe
Gij drough out his ſwerd anon
And priked his ſtede wel gode won
Bi Seyn Denis he gan to ſwere
Gif ani man ſo hardi were
That him neyghed with ſchond
He ſchuld dye thurch his hond
  Bifor the Soudan com Gyoun
And him biheld als a lyoun
And ſeyd Soudan thou ſchalt abigge
Thine heued thou ſchal forgon Y ſigge
Opon the cheyer ther he ſat
Gij toke him bi the top with that
And that heued he dede of ſle
Opon the bord of appel tre
The heued he toke in his hond
And in his lappe he it wond

3580

Wel hastiliche he went him Y wis
Of the Sarrazins adrede he is
An hundred heuedes he dede of slen
Of thilke that him stode ogen
With him he forth that heued bar
Maugre alle that ther war
Thurch that oft he rode smartliche
His hors him bar hastiliche
Ther might men se the Sarrazin
Bi on and on wende to Apolin
Wel fast after him thai come
And alle thai wold han him nome
Gij to aseylen thai wer yep
Unarmed were the most hep
Gij drough him toward an hulle
The Sarrazins him driuen snelle
Bothe bi hundred and thousende
Him go the Sarrazins driueinde
On ich half thai smiten him to
And he ogain to hem also
Neuer no was an lepy knight
That so mani stond might
Bot God nim of him yeme
His liif it is michel awene
Listeneth now and sitteth stille
Of Herhaud Ich you telle wille

3606

That of ſwoning no may him duelle
For his lord Gij Y you telle
So michel ſorwe him was an
That telle no might he it no man
Euerich man is ſwithe wo
When he ſchal a gode frende forgo
So was Herhaud for his lord fre
No wende he him neuer more y-ſe
Than bigan his ſorweinge
His her tar his honden gan wring
Allas he ſeyd Sir Gij
Now Ich wot wele ſikerlye
That Y no ſchal the neuer y-ſe
Allas for ſorwe wo is me
For grete ſorwe that he hedde
He fel adoun on his bedde
Ther he is y-falle on ſlepe
As a man weri of wepe
A ſweuen him mett wel ferly
That he ſeye his lord Sir Gij
On his ſtede ſwithe cominge
And on his hond his ſwerd kerueinge
Aſeyled he was with wolues and bere
Unnethe he might him fram hem were
Alle thai hadde to broken his ſcheld
And his brini to rent manifeld

Unnethe he might him were
So thai gun on him to tere
With that is Herhaud awaked
And of his sweuen gret sorwe maked
And seyd anon to alle his compeynie
Felawes wil we ous armi
Sij to help we ought to spede
For to help he hath gret nede
Wele Ich wot bi mi sweuen
Now help ous God that is in heuen
Y-armed thai ben sone anon
And on hors thai lopen ichon
And wendeth forth with gode wille
Ouer the dounes and the dales snelle
With alle her might thai heye fast
For to socour Sij on hast
The Sarrazins thai gun thretni
And made gret sorwe for Sij
Thai seyd alle that ther were
Hem dred thai him seye neuere
Other ded he was other y-nome
For him thai were sori alle and some
Sone thai neyghed toward that ost
Of Sarrazins thai herd gret host
Of hem was wrin al the feld
On hors thai were with spere and scheld

3058

That euerichon thai thretten Gij
Him to len thai han gret envie
Amonges hem thai seye Gyoun
That him wered als a lyoun
On ich halk thai him aseyle
And he him werth withouten feyle
Bi the reynes thai ben him neye niminge
Ac he him werth with swerd kerueinge
Wani he smot of fot and fest
He hadde al nede la wite Crist
  Now thai bigin to prike swithe
To socour Gij thai han gret hye
Herhaud him smot a Sarrazin
That litel him halp his Apolin
Thai smiten togider and fast thrung
Thai corwen thurch liuer and thurch lunge
The Sarrazins thai teche an iuel play
Euerich on other y-slawe lay
Herhaud is ful wele bifalle
He socourthe Gij with felawes alle
Amonges hem was gret gladnesse
The most hepe wepen for blis
Thai kisten Gij alle for blis
And thonked God ful yern Y wis
  The Sarrazins wenten alle ogen
Sori and dreri alle thai ben

3684

Thai token her lordes bodi there
As sori wreches oway it bere
To Alcone thai ben therwith y-come
Y-schent thai ben alle and some
Gij and Herhaud and her meyne
Glad and blithe alle ben he
That heued thai han on a spere y-sett
Ther might men se that Gij was wel net
Bifore him bere that it hath y-do
Wani on pelt her finger ther to
Into the cite thai gun it bring
For ioie thai gun the belles ring
Sir Gij to themperour y-comen is
The heued he him zalt Y wis
Themperour gret thanke him can
And in that cite he doth make onan
A piler of gray marbel ston
That heued he sett anon ther on
In swiche wise deuised it was
That it was biwreyen in bras
Whar thurch that other might ben war
To come with ani oft more thar
  Than Gij hadde y-don so
Themperour cleped Gij him to
Welcome be thou to me Sir Gij
Hennes for dayes thritti

3710

Michel monschip Ichil the do
Mi feir douhter giue the to
To themperour onswerd Sir Gij
An hundred sithe Sir gramerci
Themperour aros amorwe tho
To sen the cuntre thai ben y-go
Alle that day thai riden hem so
Alle what euen thai rested hem tho
Thai seye toward a pleyn plas
That biliden a doun was
A lyoun thai seye cominde tho
Bot a smal pas no might he go
With yenende mouthe and weri he was
Gij that seye and seyd allas
Whi no haddestow help non
Ac that foly thai dradden ichon
For with a dragoun he hade y-fought
And ouercomen he was nere him thought
Gij anon asked his stede tho
His spere and his swerd also
In his hond a gode swerd he bar
That y-seye alle that ther war
When the dragoun seye com Gij
The lyoun he forlett and gon him sayly
With open mouthe ogaines him he come
Gij bar his spere ogaines him anon
3736

Into his throte he it threſt with ſtrengthe
In his bodi was alle his ſchaft lengthe
That ded to grounde he feld him tho
What ſchuld Y make tales mo
He ſmot of the heued and went oway
And come to themperour ſo ſone ſo he may
Gyoun with right gode wille
The lyoun after him folweth ſnelle
Biforn him he goth ſwithe ſket
And folwed him at his ſtede fet
His fet he licked ſo yede he neye
And lepe vp on his ſtede an heye
And ſeththe he lepe adoun anon
And made him gret joie opon
To themperour is comen Gij
That of him was glad ſikerli
Alle thai bihelden the lyoun
And hadde gret joie bot the feloun
Morgadour the ſteward
That euer was Gij ogeinward
A lither treſoun than thought he
That he wold the lyoun ſle
With that into the cite thai ben y-gon
Themperour went vnto his tour of ſton
And Gij is to his in y-go
The lyoun him folwed euer mo

Biforn his bed he goth to ligge
Fram him he nold for sothe to ligge
So long thai riden her jurneys
And thurch riden the cuntreys
That to Costentin thai ben y-come
Themperour hath Gij on speche y-nome
And seyd Gij make the redi
Tomorwe thou schalt mi douhter weddi
Wel sweteliche him answerd Sir Gij
Sir Emperour mow gramerci
Amorwe so sone so it was day
Gij him schred in fou and gray
With him his felawes also
To chirche thai gon euer to and to
With that thai ben to chirche y-come
Worthschiplich alle and some
And that maiden was also
Gret joie hadde al her kin tho
The erchebischop was comen also
Redi the spouseing for to do
Themperour seyd to Gij there
Mi douhter Ich giue the here
And thritti castels with hir also
With the worthschip that lith therto
And half mi lond Ich giue the
Bifor mi barouns that here be

3788

Thou schalt ben Emperour after me
Biforn hem alle Y graunt it the
Alle he seyd that thou bedest me
Ichil afong quath Gij with hert fre
The erchebischop come forth
With a ring that miche was worth
He tok it Gij and it gan afong
And Gij bithought him than wel strong
He bithought than in his wille
That Felice he schuld don vnskille
He thought him repent and withdrawe
Whither he might hir lete other haue
Leuer him thought to hau hir bodi on
Withouten siluer and gold and precious ston
Than alle other that were oliue
With alle the gode men might him giue
Gij sett him adoun anon
And seyd swiche iuel is comen him on
That he no may of the stede gon
Him thenketh his hert breketh ato
Gij fel aswoning in that plas
And aros vp sone after thas
Gij seyd an heye to themperour
Sir Y the pray par amour
That this fest deleyed be
Fort essones Y bidde the

3814

That Ich am apassed this hache
And that Ich in gode hele be
Quath themperour that reweth me
This sposayl schal delayed be
Thennes hij gon alle y-fere
Alle sone with droupeand chere
That maiden wepe and was sori
For Gij no might hir spouli
For neuer more hij no wende
With loue com him hende
No ioie ne may comen hir inne
For hij no wende him neuer winne
Sche wrong hir honden and wepe sore
Sorwe made neuer wiman more
Sche wrong hir ingres and tar hir here
And cursed the time that moder hir ber
And the time that hye bigeten was
Neuer woman wer nas
  Gij is to his in y-go
No wist no man of his wo
Bot him self bi night and day
Al a fourten night like he lay
That he no com his bed fram
No out atte dore he no cam
  Now wille we of Gij duelle
And of his lyoun Ichil you telle

Of his lyoun hou he fard
Ther while that Gij lay ſike ſo hard
Nold he noither ete no drink
Ac ſorwe he made and gret morning
Gij cleped Herhaud him to
And alle his conſeyl ſchewed him tho
Sir Herhaud he ſeyd conſeyl me
Of mi conſeyl Ich ori the
Gif Ȝ ſchal themperours douhter take
Or yete abide forth and hir forſake
Ich haue a leman in Inglond
To telle the nil Ȝ nought wond
Therls douhter Rohant Ȝ wis
Felice that feir maiden of pris
Other than hir loue Ȝ no may
Sir Herhaud for ſothe to ſay
Herhaud onſwerd Ichil you telle
The beſt conſeyl Ich haue in wille
Gif thou themperours douhter aſo
Riche thou beſt euer mo
After him thou beſt emperour
God hath the don gret anour
In the world ne worth man of ſo gret might
Ne of ſo gret pouer Ȝ plight
More riches the worth bi a thouſandel
Bothe of cites and of riche caſtel

Forestes ful of hertes beld
Than therl Rohant hath in weld
  Stille be thou quath Gij of that thought
Now Ich wot thou louest me nought
When thou conseyls me mi leman fro
Yi liif to lese nil Ich it do
Sir quath Herhaud Ichil be stille
When it is ogain thi wille
That thou hir loue dedest wist Y nought
And tho thou of conseyl me bisought
The best Ich wold giue the
That Ich hadde within me
When thou Felice loues so
Unright it were an thou hir forgo
  Gij aros after the fourtennight
Glad and blithe with hert light
He is to the court y-come
And ful welcome to alle and some
With him his lyoun to court getho
Thurch whom aros gret sorwe and wo
Themperour of Gij wel blithe he was
Into al the court no nother ther nas
Al bot Yorgadour sikerliche
He hated Gij wel inliche
For the maiden he hadde Gij in hete
Gij bileft in court atte mete

3892

Him to play and solanci
Tho at the court bileft Sir Gij
Ther whiles the king ate mete sat
The lyoun goth to play withouten the yat
In pais withouten vilanie
Herkeneth now lordinges gladli
When themperour hadde y-hete
Gode while Gij hath bi him sete
With him to play in compeynie
Solas he loued withouten vilanie
That ich while his lyoun
Yede out of the pauiloun
Al abouten he is y-go
For to resten him in a wro
Ogain the sonne he slepe in a stede
Gret while of the day and so he dede
When Gij wold his way he nam
Unto his in that he cam
The lyoun no folwed him nought
In an erber he slepe wel soft
Than was the steward goinde
In to an orchard alon cominde
Under a windowe he him seye
Wher the lyoun lay wel neye
For to resten him in a wro
Bi God quath the steward tho

3918

The lyoun lith here now slepeing
Seyd Morgadour in his thought thenking
A scharpe wepen ther forth he drough
And the lyoun ther with he slough
The lyoun afrayd vp stert
As he that was to deth y-hert
Ac a maiden that y-seye
And grad to the steward an heye
Sir steward that was iuel y-smite
In vnworthschip it worth the atwite
The lyoun him goth forth groning
His guttes after him draweing
To Syes in he is y-go
In a chaumber he fond him tho
At his fete he fel doun in that stede
To hauen of him socour at nede
His hondes he gan to licky
That was his loue sikerly
When Sij that lyoun wounded seth
For sorwe him thought his hert clef
O Lord he seyd God Almight
Who hath the so iuel y-dight
That mi lyoun hath y-slawe me
Y nold it wer don for this cite
No that ther to bilonge
So michel sorwe me hath afong

3944

In ſwiche wretthe and grame anough
His gode ſwerd with ſtrengthe he drough
Seththen on his ſtede he wond
His ſwerd y-drawe in his hond
To the court he com prikeing
Wele hij ſeyen bi his lokeing
That he is ſori and ſwithe wroth
Alle ogaines him thai goth
Lordinges quath Gij Ich you biſeche
Gif ani of you me can teche
Who ſlough mi lyoun to-day
Alle thai ſeyd ſir certes nay
With that into the halle he come
A maiden he mett ther anon
  Sir Gij [ſc]he ſeyd leue ſwete
Is thi lyoun ded or liues yete
For thurchout ſmite Ichim ſeye
Tho ſeyd Gij mi ſwete lef ney
Ich the bidde forhele it nought
Who hath mi lyoun y-brought
Sir ſche ſeyd Morgadour
That is ſteward with themperour
Thurch the bodi he him ſmot
His deth it worth wele Ȝ wot
When he herd that ich feloun
Hadde y-ſlawe his lyoun

Out of halle he gan driue
Fram chaumber to chaumber al so swithe
With naked swerd in his hond
Gif he him findeth he goth to schond
Into chaumber he com that stounde
And Morgadour sone he founde
With his nevou in conseyl fast
When thai seye Gij thai weren agast
Gij seyd thou me hast bitreyd
When thou to grounde mi lyoun leyd
No dede Ich the neuer bot gode
Thou fel treytour vnkinde blod
Morgadour answerd anon
Stalworth knight as he was on
Thi lerst amidward thi teth
And therfore haue thou maugreth
Whi berstow me on treysoun
That Ich haue fleyn thi lioun
Gij with his kniif smite he wold
Ac Gij him suffri nold
His swerd anon vp he hef
Morgadour doun right he clef
Fram the heued doun to the fot
Of that stroke no com him neuer bot
When his nevou y-seye that cas
That his eme so smiten was

3996

Him to awreke him thought long
And as he schuld his dart afong
His arme atvo smot Gij
And he him anon crid merci
Gij for rewthe is thennes y-gon
And cam to themperour anon
And seththe he seyd to themperour
Ich haue the serued with gret honour
Zolden thou hast me iuel mi while
When thi folk thurch tresoun and gile
Haue mi lyoun to deth y-brought
Mi while is iuel zalt he it hath abought
For sothe he me to the biwreyd
And now to grounde mi lyoun is leyd
Ded he lithe alto hewe
Thi steward at wordes fewe
Wele Ich haue zolden him his treysoun
And that he slough mi lyoun
Seththe thou no might waranti me
Whar to schuld Y serui the
On oncouthe man in thi lond
When thou no dost him bot schond
Harm me is and michel misdo
Therfor Ichil fram the go
And in other cuntres serue Y wile
Ther men wille yeld me mi while

4022

Merci Sir Gij seyd themperour tho
Gif ani of our hath the misdo
Swiche right do als tow wilt
And take the amendes after the gilt
For alle thai schul be thine men on
In thi nede serue the ichon
And at thi wille take her catel
Withdrawe thi mod Sir Y bidde the wel
Ich wil thatow tomorwen arly
Wi douhter at the chirche spously
Gij answerd therof speke nought
Hir to nim nam Ich nought bithought
For gif thou haddest me hir giue
And Ich hir toke ther whiles Y liue
Than wold thi men anon
That wonderful be mani on
The seggen with deshonour
Thou haddest made a pouer man emperour
And vnworth thai wold holden of me
And sum edwite ther wold be
That thi douhter desperplid were
Gif thou to me hadde giuen her here
Leuer Ich hadde litel with worthschipe
Than michel welden with schenschipe
Therfore Sir Emperour Y the telle
In non maner bileuen Y nille

4048

Whende Ichil in to mi cuntre
Mine frendes to visite and to se
Leue he toke with that speche
And seyd Godes sone Y the biteche
When themperour with holden him no may
He seth his wille is to wende oway
Wepen he gan with his eyghen two
Alle tho of the court dede also
His grete tresour he dede forth bring
And bede it Gij to his likeing
Ac therof liked him nought to take
Anough he hadde of Sarrazins blake
Al so a gode man dede themperour there
Ther after to alle Gyes fere
Riche tresour than gaf he
Gold and siluer gret plente
As miche as thai wold vnderfo
For themperour it comend so
Gret thai geue themperour
That he was man of gret honour
Gij dight him with riche dubbeing
Riche wede he dede for him bring
Of themperour he toke his leue
And he al wepend it him geue
And alle the knightes of the cite
Of euerichon leue nam he

4074

Ther might men se sorwe make
For Sir Gij wold fram hem rake
Wimen and children mani on
For him thai wepen euerichon
Ther whiles he was in her ferred
Of no wer no stode hem drede
Themperour cleped Herhaud him to
And aresound him twene hem two
Sir Herhaud thou schalt bileue with me
Wele Ich the sigge and siker thou be
That Ich in this yere wille giue the
The richest honour that in mi lond be
Sir quath Herhaud gramerci
Wele ye wite Icham with Sir Gij
Y no wil depart him fro
For non honour men may me do
  Sir Gij is to his in is y-go
And areliche amorwe he aros tho
Into Inglond he went God itot
Ac when themperour that sothe wot
That Gij the curteys is y-go
At his hert him was ful wo
So was Blaunchefloure the schene
For his loue sche tholed tene
Toward Inglond is Gij y-drawe
And with him Herhaud his gode felawe
4100

Swithe hastiliche thai gun ride
The weder was hot in somers tide
In May it was al so Ich wene
When floures sprede and springeth grene
Into a forest Sir Gij is go
Neye a cite nought fer ther fro
Than seyd Gij to his meyney
Wendeth swithe wel an heye
Wine in to nim in the cite
Ich wil a while here pleye me
For to here the foules singe
Ther in was tho his likeinge
His folk he doth fram him go
Alon bileft Sir Gij tho
Hadde he noither knaue no grome
Seriaunt no squier non
Selcouthe it was for to here
In priue stede stode Gij there
So michel he herd the foules sing
That him thought he was in gret longing
So mani thinges he of thought
That out of his right way him brought
So long forth he is rideing
In his way forth secheing
That o groning fram fer he herd
He of list and thider he ferd

4125

The mening seyd allas allas
That Ich was born for swiche trespas
Ac now is me iuel bifelle
Deth whi wiltow so long duelle
Thiderward Sir Gij him drough
And loked vnder an hawethorn bough
The bodi he seye of a knight
Therof he hadde wonder aplight
Feir and michel he him seth
Gij thenketh michel and nought no seyth
That hors he priketh and forth he goth
That bodi he bihalt inliche forsoth
His barbel first adoun he deth
Withouten colour his neb he seth
For the blod he hadde for lore
That of his bodi he hadde forth bore
Y-girt he was with a gode swerd
That was wele kerueand doun to the uerd
Wele he was y-armed gentilliche
Gij of him hadde reuthe miche
His name he asked sweteliche
Who him biseye so reweliche
What is thi name where wer thou bore
And who hath y-wounded the so sore
Ich the bidde thatow say me
And for sothe Y plight the

4152

For me schaltow harm haue non
Who hath the thus iuel bigon
He answerd that wille Y nought
In mine hert is swiche sorwe brought
That Y dar schewe the no speche
Lete me dye Y the biseche
So michel sigge Y the Sir knight
Gif thou wilt plight me anon right
Thi treuthe in hond mine
Siker thou be that al mi pine
And alle mine estris Ichil telle the
Elles no wostow it nought for me
His treuthe sone he him plight
His liif he teld him anon right
Now he seyd Sir knight fre
Wi name Y the telle and whennes Y be
Of Gormoise Icham cleped Tirri
Theld erls sone Aubri
With the douke of Loreyne Ichaue y-be
A feir douhter than hadde he
Ouer alle other we loueden ous
And for loue treuthe plighten thus
For non other sche nold me lete
No Y no loued non bot that swete
In Godes lawe for sothe Y wis
Swiche a treuthe bitwix ous is

Armes for hir loue Y nam
And now Y thought to han went ham
Vi priis Ichaue wide y-sought
Fram stede to other no wond Y nought
Than come fram hir to me a sond
That brought me miche sorwe an hond
That the douke Otous of Paui
Wald mi leman spousey
To wham Ich was treuthe plight
Disel was hir name ful right
That bi letters sche sent to me
And bi toknes that wer so fre
That gif Ich hir habbe wold
That to hir comen Y schold
To on day that was y-sett
Other sche worth fro me fett
To hir ward Y gan spede
With thritti knightes in mi ferred
Eucriche of ous his stede bistrode
And riden ous forth withouten abode
Wher the douke Otous was and his ferred
With an hundred knightes of gret pride
And wele to hundred of seriaunce
Of Lombardy and of Fraunce
For to spouse min owhen wiif
That Y loued more than mi liif

4204

When Y that wist Y sent hir to
So priueliche so Ich might it do
That hij schuld come to me
For gret loue so dede sche
To me sche come thurch queyntise
Doun of the castel in selcouthe wise
Bi on cable alle leyeliche
That folk it no founde sikerliche
Y sett hir on a mule amblinde
In the way we dede ous rideinde
Ac ther Ich dede gret childhod
That alto long Y ther abod
At our wending of that cite
The light day we mighten se
Ther we were y-knowen tho
At a brigge as we hadde go
That Ich for Disel was y-come
Hir fader it was teld atte frome
Thurch the cite the crie was gradde
The maiden was oway ladde
Ther might men se knightes on hors wende
And me thai of token at the brigge ende
Ther we stronglich mett with hem
Wani we slowen of her men
Alle thai slough mine feren
That swithe gode knightes weren

Ye thai com to nim snelle
Ac Y nold no longer duelle
Ich toke mi leman on mi stede
And ouer that water with hir Ich yede
Alle that day thai driuen me
Alle fort thai no might for night y-se
When Y was passed the riuer aright
In hert Y was glad and light
That water passi thai no durstin
Than owayward turn thai mostin
In this forest Y come rideinde
Bifor me mi leman ledeinde
Y no dred robours no thef non
Ac al siker Ich wende forth gon
What of wakeing and of fasting
And eke that other treueyling
Osleped swithe sore Ich was
And lay and slepe in this plas
Than com siftene outlawes strong
With her men and here me afong
Alle slepende thai wounded me
Anon right nomen he
Mi leman thai han hir ladde fro me
Now Sir take therof pite
Bi the treuthe thou hast me plight
Socour mi leman gif thou might

4256

And when that Ich dede be
Do me birij Ich bidde the
To that hulle thou wende anon
Thou hem ſindes ther ichon
And gif that thou ſo mighti be
Thatow may hem alle ſle
Winne thou might a maiden fre
In the warld may non feirer be
And yete Y may the more telle
Wi ſtede thai han that is ſo ſnelle
That with ſtrengthe in Peyneme Ich wan
Of Solagimis the ſone ſoudan
Therfore men han y-boden me
.xv. caſtels and touns and riche cite
And .xv. ſomers of ſiluer and of gold
Ac for an hundred giuen Ichil nold
Now thou haſt Sir alle y-herd
Hou Ich am bitreyd and amerd
Take mi ſcheld and mi hauberk of ſtiel
And mi ſwerd that biteth wel
And mine armes Ich am in dight
For Ich the ſe man of miche might
To quite thi treuthe thou haſt y-plight
Than ſtode ther Sir Gij up right
Wel depe in hert he hath y-ſigh
Grete pite he hath of that knight

He knewe Tirri for his frende
That lay ther in hard bende
Sir he seyd bi treuthe mine
That Ich haue plight in hond thine
Euen forth mi might Ichil help the
Yore might thou nought ori me
With that hath Gij his brond y-nome
And his hauberk atte frome
His scheld and his other wede
And to the hulle in gret periil he yede
A loge stonden ther he seye
And ther withouten a gode stede and heye
That was to a bough y-teyd
Gij theron his talent leyd
Sterneliche prikeing he come
His swerd he drough out anon
He alight and seyd at his cominge
Theues ye be ded withouten lesinge
Awarid worth ye ichon
Bothe your flesche and your bon
Whi slough ye that ich knight
Alle ye schul die anon right
And gif ani so hardi be
That hennes stir toward me
Ich wille you for sothe say
He bes the first that schal day

1308

An Almaunde he araught
His heued of at the first draught
Ar ani of hem hem were might
Alle he hem slough Ȝ you plight
Tho he hadde hem slaun ichon
He lepe opon his stede anon
Comen he is to that mayde
Wel swetelichе to hir he seyde
Na more sori thou no be
Ac arise vp and com with me
To thi leman Ȝ bringe the sket
Under the thorn ther thou him let
Opon a mule sche warth anon
To the hawethorn thai ben y-gon
Ac thai no haue the knight y-founde
Ȝ-ladde he was owai that stounde
Tho he fond him nought he was sori
For he wend wel sikerli
That lyouns him hadde to drawe
He loked adoun vnder the wode schawe
Gif he ought y-herd loude or heye
Of hors traces hy ther seye
That maiden he lete thare
And after swithe he is y-fare
So fast he rode that he com neye
Four knightes he ther seye

1334

Gij of toke sone that ferrede
And seye than kn[i]ght with hem lede
Gij that heye rode on his stede
Yernne he bad gif he might spede
To the knightes Sir Gij him sade
Lordinges thilke Lord that you made
And the night and the bright day
You do worthschipe so wele he may
Gif it be your wille speke with me
To mi speche vnderstond ye
Lordinges Ich haue mi treuthe y-plight
To him that ye lede th[i]lke knight
That biri Y schal his bodi
Mi treuthe Y him plight sikerly
Al for loue Ich you biseche
His bodi that ye me biteche
That o knight went to him ward
That was the douke Otous steward
That hadde y-passed the riuere
In a bot that he fond there
And seyd to Gij who artow
Als a fole comen artow now
Comestow now to alki right
To haue the bodi of our knight
For his fere we nim the snelle
To the douke Otous lede we the wille

4360

And ye schul bothe demed be
And heye hong on galwe tre
  Gij him seyd thou miseyst
And bi mine heued thou it abeyst
Opon the heued Gij him smot
Unto the girdel stede that swerd bot
Another he smot right anon
Spare nold [he] neuer on
Of his hors he has him feld
His heued he dede fleye in the feld
With that come the gode Hogoun
The doukes nevou of Toun
He smot Gij on the scheld bifore
That neye he hath his swerd forlore
For schame he hadde of the stroke thare
Gij smot Hogoun and nought him forbare
Ouer thuert that swerd glod
And to clef him withouten abod
Wharto schuld Y make tale of nought
Alle he hath hem to deth y-brought
He nam Tirri in his armes anon
And sett him his hors opon
To that hawethorn he is y-fare
An fond he nought that maiden thare
  Lete we now of Gij be stille
More ye schul here gif ye wille

Of that maiden hou ſche was nome
Than ſchal we til our tale come
Of Gyes felawes Ȝ wille you telle
So Ȝ finde in mi ſpelle
That ſo long were in the cite
Wonder hem thenketh where Gij be
For the mete was al yare
Wonder hem thought wer Gij ware
  Herhaud of Ardern and other mo
Into the foreſt thai ben y-go
Thai might finde for no ſecheing
Herhaud caſt ſone his lokeing
Biſide him he herd a mening
Alſo it were a woman ſchricheing
Hye bigan loude to grede
Herhaud neyghed and his ferrede
The hawethorn thai yede wel neye
And the maiden ther thai ſeye
Herhaud hir ored what hij was
Sche no told him nought al her cas
Bot that ſche was a wriche wiman
That michel ſorwe ſo was an
For alle that ſorwe than hade he
For ſche no might her leman ſe
Sche forbede him anon right
That no man ſett on hir light

Herhaud toke that mayde with him
And ladde hir hom to his in
  Now wende we ogain to our spelle
That ye me herd er than telle
Of Gij and Tirri therls sone
Hou thai ben to the hawethorn come
When hij thider y-comen were
No fond hij nought the maiden there
Gij bileft ther Sir Tirri
And sought that maiden bi and bi
Op and doun he yede hir secheinde
And sorwefulliche hir bimeninde
He wende sche were stole with outlawe
Other with wilde bestes y-drawe
For hir in hert him was ful wo
That he no wist what to do
No wist he what do he might
To the cite he went anon right
When he hir ünde no may
Homward he most take the way
Than toke he that knight
On his stede nek he sett him right
Y-comen he is to the cite
His men al sori ündeth he
And when hij her lord seye come
Blithe thai were alle and some

4438

Lordinges he ſeyd nimeth this bodi
And to the grounde it lay wel ſoftli
The bodi thai toke of that knight
Opon a pal leyd it anon right
Gij hath of ſent leches there
The wiſeſt that in that cite were
Lordinges he ſeyd vnderſtond to me
Gif ye this knight that ye here ſe
Way on him his woundes hele
It worth you yolden eueridele
Gif he dede or liues be
Ich bihat you min frende fre
Him to hele your might ye do
An hundred beſaunce Y gif ther to
Thai groped his veynes and his wounde
Thai feld hem bothe hole and ſounde
Wele hii ſeth he nis nought dede
The leches taken hem to rede
In forward hele him thai wille
In non maner lete thai nille
Therwhiles of herd Sir Gij
Noiſe and wepe and wel gret crie
His chaumberleyn he cleped him to
And alle in wretthe he ored him tho
Who it was that noiſe made
Bid hem alle be blithe and glade

4464

Sir he seyd a maiden it is
That Herhaud fond wel feir Y wis
Under an hawethorn in the forest
Quath Gij fete hir to me in hast
Swithe that Ich might hir se
Now hastiliche bringeth hir to me
The chaumberleyn is forth y-gon
And brought hir biforn hem anon
Gij hir knewe and gar hir gret
Welcome be thou mi lef swete
As sche was into the halle y-come
Wepeinde and sorwende vndernome
With that hij seye that bodi Y wis
Liggend on a pal of priis
A leman Tirri quath sche tho
What Y se thi neb al blo
That so white of colour was
Thi better neuer y-born nas
In wrocheb time mi bodi thou say
When thou schalt for me day
Dye Ichil forth with the
For sorwe liues no may Y be
Bot Y may dye Ichil me quelle
Lenge to libbe is nought mi wille
Sethythen thou hast thi deth for me
For sothe dye Ichil for the

1490

When ſche ſeye Tirri hir leman
Ouer him ſche fel aſwon onan
Gij hir in his armes nam
And ſeyd to hir mi leue leman
No make thou nought ſorwe ſo miche
Thi leman worth hole haſtiliche
In that cite thai bileued there
What Tirry was hole and fere
To the wode thai ben y-go
Miche loue was bitven hem to
On a day as thai com fram hunting
Gij ſeyd to Tirry withouten leſing
Ich wil that we be treuthe plight
And ſworn brether anon right
Tirri ſeyd to Sir Gyoun
Underſtond now to mi reſoun
That noither other after this
No faile other while he liues is
With that anſwerd therl Tirri
And ſeyd wel blethelich Sir Gij
Now thou loueſt ſo miche me
That tow mi ſworn brother wil be
No wille Ich neuer feyle the
For nought that may bifalle me
Gret worthſchip thou haſt don me
God leue me yete than day Y ſe

4516

That Ichil the mow wele yeld
For gode baroun thou art y-held
Fram deth thou hast y-warist me
Wel gret wrong it schuld be
Bot Ich the loued as mi lord fre
Wel gret worthschip Ich ought bere the
Treuthe bitwen hem is plight
And after kist anon right
Seththen thai went into the cite
With ioie and mirthe gamen and gle
Now Gij him maketh him alle yare
Into Inglond for to fare
Tirri he wald lede with him tho
And Dysel his leman that he loued so
To the king thai wold hem aqueynti
And gode throwe with him soiornni
Biteche he him wille his castels alle
So he him bithought gif it might falle
It was opon a somers day
Gij out at a windowe lay
To Tirri he spac of her fare
Of her wele and of her care
With that com prikeing anon right
A knight he semed wele aplight
Wele he semed he treuaild were
Gij anon clept to him there

Sir knight he seyd whennes comestow
And what thou sechest telle me now
The knight answerd Ichil the telle
And nought therof leyghen Ȝ nille
Tirri of Gurmoise Ȝ go secheinde
Therls sone Aubri wele doinde
In mani londes Ich haue him sought
Wharto quath Gij hele it nought
Sir quath he Ȝ telle the sone
Of a gret sorwe that is y-done
Tirri serued the douke Loyere
The douke him loued and held him dere
And gaf him armes with gret honour
Knight he bicome of gret valour
The douke hadde a feir douhter for the meistri
That was y-gouen to the Douke of Paui
Tirri hir loued and oway ladde
Whar thurch mani man the deth hadde
With strengthe him folwed knightes bliue
Ȝ not wher he be yete oliue
The douke Loyer bithought him tho
Opon his fader for to go
The douke Loyer with him ladde
The douke of Paui thider he hadde
With his gode cheualrie
The best of al Lombardye

4568

In Gormoise therl bisett han he
And destrud alle his cuntre
Bot God me leue Tirri finde
That he be his fader helpinde
Al his lond him tit forgo
No schal he it ogain win neuer mo
His fader no may armes weld
No no lenge help himselk for eld
Sir knight than seyd Sir Gij
Here with ous thou schalt herberwei
And of therl Tirri telle Ȝe the
Gif Ich ought can mi frende fre
Gramerci Sir than seyd he
Of him to here leue war me
Gij hete his folk hastiliche
That hye him vnderfeng curteylliche
Ichil the telle quath Sir Gij
That Ȝe can of therl Tirri
When thai hadde d[r]onken in the halle
And glad thai were Ȝe telle you alle
Than seyd therl Tirri
For loue Ȝe bidde the Sir Gij
Ogain to mi cuntre com with me
Als so we sworn brether be
Mi fader to help that we spede
For of help he hath gret nede

Be ſtille ſeyd Gij what ſeyſtow me
That day to God vnworthi Y be
Gif Y Sir Tirri ſeyle the
Therwhiles that Ich haue liif in me
Sir Gij he ſeyd gramerci
Thilke Y ügge the ükerly
  Now ſendeth Gij after knightes ſnelle
Almaines ſwithe and of gode wille
To him ther come gret plente
Er the twenti day y-comen be
Fif hundred knightes hardi and hende
To Tirri come for his frende
And ſeyd to Tirri to thi fader we wil gon
Wele we it aught to don
Wel redi we ben ichon
So long thai han forth y-gon
Y-comen thai ben to Gormoiſe
In that cite was gret noiſe
In an euening thai com to the cite
That hye withouten aperceiued nar he
Wel glad him was therl Aubri
Of the cominge of his ſone Tirri
And of Sir Gyes coming
That gode knight was withouten leüng
Her eyghen watred for gladneſſe
Alle thai yede ogain him to kiſſe

Leue fader ſeyd Sir Tirri
Worthſchip wele now Sir Giſ
Felawes we ben treuthe y-plight
Y wil that ye it wite now right
Fram deth he hath y-heled me
Quath therl God y-thonked mot it be
Hennes forward alle that min is
To his wille ſchal ben Y wis
His heſt to don and his wille
Erliche and lat loude and ſtille
A wel eld man Ich am Y wis
That Y bar armes tventi yer it is
Y-lorn Ich haue cheualrie
Of mi lond haue thou the meiſtrie
Than y-herberwed weren he
Worthſchipliche in that cite
In the cite gret noiſe is made
Of the barouns com thai ben wel glade
Therin is now therl Aubri
So is Sir Giſ and Sir Tirri
An arnmorwe aros Sir Giſ
And cleped to him his compeynie
Biſor therl than thai ferden
A gret crie thai herden
Of the barouns of the cite
Anon ored Giſ the fre

4646

Of that noise what it was
A squier told him al that cas
The douke steward Loyer
For present he cometh to iusti here
Gif he finde with whom to do
That ani knight durst cum him to
Sir Gij answer gif ȝe may
Therof him worth his fille to day
Lordinges he seyd ginneth you armi
And gin we hem to asaily
Sir erl Tirri Gij him sede
Take to hundred knightes in thi ferred
The lordinges to aseyl ye go
In Herhaud and in me trist also
We wil abide in this cite
In thi nede we schul socour the
Tirri nimeth with him knightes
To hundred armed in fightes
Out of the cite he nam his way
Wani scheld he to drof that day
Tirri smot with gret might
Opon the helmes that schine bright
Thurch the bodi a knight he bar
Ded he feld him adoun thar
Another lording he smot tho
His hauberk nas him worth a flo

1672

Thurch his bodi the brond went
Ded he feld him verrament
Ich on of hem that he toke he flough
Were it with right were it with wough
Wel fel knightes ther weren y-feld
That lay long ſtreghte in the feld
Sum were thurch the bodi wounde
And ſum lay ded opon the grounde
So wele did therl Tirri
And with him alle his compeynie
The lordinges thai han ſo thurch gon
That ded thai fel mani on
Tirri ſmot to the conſtable
Of his ſtede he feld him withouten fable
And ney he hadde him wonne in ſight
Ther com an hundred knightes of gret might
Alle thai folwed him abaundoun
And he mett with hem als a lyoun
Mani heuedes he dede of fle
Alle that he ſmot ded moſt be
Tirri miſdede nought for than
Ther he les his feren euerich man
Thurch ſtrengthe of the lordinges ſnelle
Fif hundred of knightes felle
Tirries felawes ben ouer come
Of held y-flawe other y-nome

Ac Tirri hem goth than meteing
With mani strok of his brond kerueing
A fot no deyned him nought to fle
No his stede with wende oge
His feren he rescoud as a gode knight
Mani on he feld ded anon right
Than seyd Herhaud leue Sir Gij
Sestow now the gode erl Tirri
Of grete valour now so is he
His better wot Y non bot te
Him to socour we aught to go
Gij him answerd we schul so
Forth thai yede with gode welle
The lordinges hij astounded snelle
With that com forth Sir Gij
In his hond his sword blodi
Wel heteliche he smot a knight
His bodi he clef adoun right
Another knight he smot anon
That ded he feld him on the ston
Sir Gij him smot to Gayer
That was the doukes nevou Loyer
Of his hors he hath him feld
Thurch Tirries help in the feld
For he smot his felawe
In the sond he hath him slawe

4724

Herhaud smot another forth
His armes was him nought worth
Thurch his bodi the swerd yede
Ded he feld him of his stede
Another he smot him as gode knight
Of his stede he feld him doun right
Now thai ginne togider smite
Non no spared other bot lite
Togider thai smite hard with alle
Mani on ther was ded and doun falle
Who that seye than therl Tirri
With his felawe Sir Gij
And Herhaud of Arderne the gode
That wele to smite was in his mode
So mani thai nomen and feld that day
Is non the best chese may
Of thre knightes so wele doinde
Ogain the Loreyns fighting
Gij to the steward hath y-smite
Of his hors he feld him with hete
Thurch strengthe of fight he him wan
The other oway fleye ich man
Gij and Tirri hem folweth strongliche
And her ferren hardiliche
Alle thai ben ded other ouercome
Ther bileued non vnnome

4750

Gij and Tirri ogain ben y-gon
With hem thai ladde her prisouns ichon
Wharto schuld Ȝ therof lye
That day thai hadde the maistrie
  Than com forth a knight ther
The tiding teld the douke Loyer
Sir douk he seyd vnderstond to me
To ben awreken now bithenke the
Bifor Gormoise that cite
On arnemorwe than come we
With ȝif hundred of gode knightes
On a cumbraunce ous come anon rightes
Alle nomen and slawen ben hye
With him of Warwike Sir Gij
Ogein ne beth nought comen fourti
Repeired is therl Sir Tirri
Herhaud of Ardern the gode marchis
And with hem ȝif hundred knightes of priis
That gode ben to ȝight and modi
Thine knightes thai han slayn bi and bi
  The douk answerd is it sothe this
That therl Tirri repeired is
Gij of Warwike and Herhaud also
And her feren that gode ben mo
The fende hem hath thider y-brought
To slen ous alle thai han in thought

Than bispac Otous of Paui
To Gij he bar gret envie
No thing Sir desmay thou the
Ful wel we schul awreken be
To morwe we schal to the cite go
With a thousend knightes and mo
And gif the treytours y-founden be
We schul hem aseyle Ȝ telle the
Euerichon thai worthen ded
Quath the douk that is a gode red
Wel erliche thai arisen tho
And to the cite thai ben y-go
And a thousend knightes in her compeynie
The best that were in Lombardye
Alle thai threten Sir Gij
Him for to slen and Sir Tirri
Togider fast thai gun smite
With swerdes that wil wele bite
Als Gij com fro chirche go
Into a pleyne he loked tho
He seye the doukes ost was neye
So mani knightes ther he seye
Than therl Tirri he cleped him to
And to him wightliche spac tho
Sir erl he seyd what schal we do
Alle the ost of Loreyne Ȝ se lo

The oſt of Loreyne wele y-dight
With ſcheldes and with brinis bright
The douk of Paui is y-come
By his armes Y knowe that gome
Y no may him loue he is mi fo
Gret wille me cometh ogain him go
Therl ſeyd arme we ous euerichon
A thouſend knightes ſchul with ous gon
Gij him mett with therl Jordan
Lord he was of alle Melan
He ſmot him ouer the gilden ſcheld
Ded he feld him in the feld
Anon he ſmot another knight
That ded he feld him anon right
With that come prike therl Tirri
And mett with a knight hight Amori
That was the doukes conſtable Otoun
To deth he him ſmot with his ſwerd broun
Another he ſmot with his brond
That ded he feld him on the ſond
With that com prike Herhaud
And mett with Gwiſhard the Mouhaut
Herhaud him hath ther afeld
That dede he lay in the feld
Themperour with that ginneth ſle
On euerich half driuen ben he

4828

Swithe hij hem nimeth and queleth
Bi the pleynes thai gredeth and yelleth
Wel gret it was the scomfitour
To the Lombardes bifel iuel auentour
Bi that side was Otous fleinde
In his hond his swerd kerueing
Now folweth him Herhaud alle on
So swithe so the stede might gon
Als so the douk was flowen him fro
That no moder bern no seye him tho
Bot Herhaud him folwed stouteliche
His bodi no drad he nought miche
Bihinden him he smewe his wede
The lasse of him was his drede
Biwende the seyd Herhaud fre
The douke of Paui and wer thou the
Of that ich wicked felonie
That thou ous dede in Lombardye
When the douke Otous this y-seye
It was Herhaud that after him fleye
Hastiliche he hath him mett
And at a diche him bisett
He smot him on the helme bright
A quarter of his helme doun right
Than seyd the treytour glotoun
Dye thou schalt with resoun

Ich the abie in this stede
Herhaud anon to him sede
Thou lerst he seyd vile losaniour
Thou it abist bi seyn Sauour
Herhaud a strok him raught
Opon his scheld with gret maught
On the helme that strok glod
And fel on the stede that he on rode
So he mett him in that stede
That his stede knewele he dede
Up stirt the stede that was snelle
Than come ther bi an hongend hille
The mighti and the hardi Gyoun
In his hond he bar a trounsoun
Otous he smot therwith so
That he les his stiropes to
Than seyd Gij to Otous so vnwrast
To me ward thou wende on hast
And were the of that felonie
That thou dest me in Lombardye
Otous him went with gret hete
Thurch the thei Gij he hath y-smite
With hete he smot Gyoun
That his stede knewled adoun
Than bithought him Sir Gij
To awreke him he hadde gret hye

The douke he seyleth there
And of his helme he carf a quarter
He made him a croun brod there
As a monke that orderd were
Of that helme that sverd glod
With that strok withouten abod
Allas that reuthe and that sorwe
That he no hadde his bodi forcorue
Ac in that maner yete it schal wende
Who so hereth this tale to thende
Ther him hadde Gij his heued binome
No hadde gret socour to him come
An hundred knightes and fifti
That stalworth were and hardi
The douke thai ben to socour y-come
Yani Gij hath her heuedes binome
With that ther com a stout Lombard
Of Yohaut he was y-hoten Grimbald
Gij he smot in that stounde
Thurch the scholder a grete wounde
Gij wold awreke him anon
Opon his helme he hewe gode won
Than com ten knightes prout
And Gij thai bisett about
And Gij him wered with his brond
Til that it brac into his hond

1906

Allas quath Gij this vnthang
Were no may Y me nought lang
Ther come prikeand a prout Lombard
Atte last he held him auuisard
Bi the nasel he tok Gij
And seyd him a gret vilanie
Thou wreche glotoun losaniour
Thou schalt the yeld bi seyn Sauour
Now Ichil yeld the to prisoun
To mi lordes wille the douke of Toun
Thou lert than Gij sede
Thou lither bodi so God me rede
Erst thou it schalt abigge
Er thou me in prisoun legge
Gij him smot so with his fest
That his nek bon to brest
With that come another knight
Of Fraunce y-bore Amori he hight
Douke Otous soudour was he
For his warisoun with him to be
Gij he seyd now yeld thou the
Al sikerliche now to me
The no tit harm litel no miche
Y nil quath Gij sikerliche
Yete no drede Y nought alle you
Sey me wreche what seistow

With that come Herhaud prikeinde
And in his hond a ſwerd wele kerueinde
He it brought to gode Gyoun
Therwith he him werd as a lyoun
Gij was ſocourd ſwithe wel
When he hadde the brond of ſtiel
Neuer ther nas non ſo hardi
That enes durſt com him bi
Wharto ſchuld Ich held long tale
And michel ſpeke about dualle
Ich ügge Ichil ſotheliche
With fewe wordes ſimpeliche
Gij and Herhaud and Tirri the fre
With her felawes that gode be
Han ouercomen the batayle
Atte nende withouten faile
Alle the Lombard ben ouercome
Oway y-flowen ther be ſome
The douke Otous oway fleye ſnelle
Gij him drof with gode wille
Otous him went and ſmot Sir Gij
And Gij opon him ükerly
Gij fonded to ſmite wel
Ac that ſwerd glod ſumdel
Bitvene the bodi and the arſoun
Gyes ſwerd glod adoun

4958

That the sadel and the stede also
Altogider he smot atwo
That he no hadde allas allas
Gouen him swiche another so that was
Ac for up coming he no might
So gret socour him com of knight
That han y-socourd the douke sone
With that anon right mididone
Gij and Tirri with went ben he
And gon ogain to that cite
With that come Herhaud prikeinde
After the douke loude gredeinde
Douk he seyd wende and were the
Of the treloun thou dest Gij and me
That thou ous dede in Lombardye
Were we now of that felonie
The douk with [that] went him fot hot
And with his brond he him smot
Ther thai foughten togider snelle
And smiten strokes with gode wille
Thai hewe on armes and brini bright
The blod sprang out anon right
Bitwene hem was strong fight
Aither no spard other no wight
Than biginneth Herhaud swithe
Bot he him wreke he is unblithe

Faſt he ſayleth the douk Otoun
A quarter of his helme he ſmot adoun
Opon his ſcholder that ſwerd glod
And in he it ſchef an hand brod
Opon his honden he dede him falle
And ſeththe he tok him bi the naſelle
Bletheliche he wold the heued haue nom
Ac ſo mani knightes to him come
And on Herhaud thai ſmiten ſnelle
Yernne thai ſtrengthed him to quelle
Herhaud mett with hem there
Wade he no ſemblaunt that he wounded were
With a Lombard ſo mett he
The heued he dede fram the bodi ſle
As a gode knight he werd him Ȝ wis
Ac ſwithe lither bifallen him is
Alſo he wald to the cite go
His ſtede dyed vnder him tho
With ſwerdes thai ſmiten him than about
And on his helme hard him clout
Thai hewe on his helme that blod out ran
Ac he werd him as a man
Mani on he made blodi y-plight
Of Lombardes in that ſight
A Lombard come forth with than
Richard he hete an onwraſt man

To Herhaud he ſmot a ſtrok grim
Thurch the ſcholder with a ſwerd in
Herhaud wold of him be wreke
On his helme a ſtroke he gan reke
Ac he failed of him tho
Opon the arſoun the ſtrok gan go
Ac hetelich he plight out that brond
That it brak in his hond
God what ſchal Ȝ do than ſeyd he
No lenger may Ich weri me
A ſwerd he that made the
Of Godes mouthe acurſed he be
Why feyleſtow ſo ſone me
Juel biſeyn worth Ȝ for the
Leuer me is her to be ded
Than hy mi bodi with hem led
With that come driuend a Lombard
Atte laſt he held him a couward
By the naſel he raught him tho
And ſternliche he ſeyd him to
Feloun thou ſchalt it abigge
Today thou ſchal thine heued her ligge
Herhaud ſmot him with his feſt tho
That his nek bon brac atvo
Ded no worth Ȝ nought for the
Alle to heteliche thou com to me

5036

Ogainward him went Sir Gij
So is the gode erl Tirri
The Lombardes thai han ouercome
What y-flawe and y-nome
After Herhaud he asked tho
Whare he is and whider y-go
A knight it seyd him anon
Out of the scomfite he was y-gon
Strongliche a knight driueing
The douk Otous bi his witeing
God merci than Gij seyd
Be mi frende ded Icham bitreyd
Herhaud that so loued me
For no thing may Y confort be
Lordinges he seyd ginneth ye to gon
And lede your prisouns with you anon
And Herhaud Ich seche wille
Night no day swiken Y nille
Liues or dethes that Ich him se
Gif Ich him lese wo is me
Com with me felawe Tirri
Hastiliche Herhaud to socouri
With scharp spors thai smiten her stede
And sprongen forth so spark on glede
Swithe thai priked for sothe to sigge
Thalaunge on Herhaud to legge

5064

At an ende of the oſt bihalt Gij tho
The douk of Paui hou he is y-go
And that Herhaud was y-nome
Gret ſorwas at his hert y-come
Bi God quath Gij Herhaud Y ſe
Among his ſon nomen is he
Go we ſmite to hem Tirri
For dout of deth ſpare nil Y
So gode a knight leten Y nille
Herhaud thai ſocourd ſnelle
To a Lombard ſmot Sir Gij
And feld him and his fere him by
Tirri another ſmite bigan
That ded he feld bothe hors and man
Swerdes thai drowen withouten feyle
Wharwith was wrought mani batayle
Thai hewe and ſlough with gret hete
So mani ther the liif forlete
Herhaud thai ſocourd mididone
A gode ſwerd thai toke him ſone
Toward his oſt the douke heyeth bliue
And Gij after him gan driue
A ſtrok him gaf Sir Gyoun
Bitwene the bodi and the arſoun
The dint of that ſtrok alight
The ſtede he ſmot adoun right

5088

Knightes than out of that oſt
To Giſ lopen with michel boſt
Thurch that gret oſt went Giſ ſnelle
The Lombardes him folwed with gode wille
Tirri and Herhaud her oſt metten there
And of him michel awonderd were
Hou hiſ fram the oſt aſchaped is
Of hem thai hadden gret blis
Giſ and Tirri and Herhaud alſo
Ogain to the cite thai ben y-go
And the citiſeins of that cite
Wel often God thonkeden be
  The douke Otous to his pauiloun he yede
And vnarmed him of his wede
And lete loken to his wounde
And went to the douke Loyer in that ſtounde
His gret encumbraunce him telde
Conſeyl ther of he wold helde
Giſ Herhaud and Tirri alſo
To the cite thai ben y-go
Joie thai make and bliſſe alſo
The night is comen the day is go
Herkeneth me ye that ben in wille
Of a treſoun I ſchal you telle
That was ſwithe miche traiſoun
And y-wrought thurch the douke of Toun

Tellen Ichil of the douke of Toun
That cruwel was and feloun
To the douk Loier he is y-gon
And seyd sir herken me anon
Bot thou gode conseyl chese
Al thi lond thou schalt forlese
Thurch treytours that ben comen herin
Gij and Tirri and Herhaud with him
Gif thou wilt here me speke
Thurch gile thou schalt ben awreke
Otherliker winnen hem Ȝ no may
No nother rede no can Ȝ say
Wan schal ben awreken of his fo
In what maner he may com to
Wel lef me were gode conseyl to here
Thus him answerd the douk Loyer
Sir douke now Ȝ bidde the
To therl Aubri sende ye
And to his sone Tirri also
Sende to sigge to hem bo
That thou wilt him thi douhter geue
With him to acord while thou liue
And that he com hider to the
Right siker therof may thai be
And when thai ben farn her iurne
And fer fram her cuntre
5140

The treitours thou schalt nimen icho[n]
And dem hem in thi court anon
And so michel Y bid the
Gij and Herhaud giue thou me
And so thou schalt awreke be
Of thine enmis as Y telle the
And bot ye wil thus don
Thai worth thi dedliche fon
With that answerd the douk Loer
Lat be Sir Otous for Seyn Richer
That felonie Y nil hem nought do
For nought that Y might aso
Y nil bitray therl Tirri
For loue that he was mi norri
Fram childehed now he is a man
Now do ye the best that ye can
And he wil amend ogines me
Bi him Y nold no traysoun se
No Herhaud no Gij the fre
No wille Ich nought bitreye Y telle the
For thai ben gode men alle thre
Amende thai may ogaines me
Otous answerd with wicked mod
And seyd sir no seystow bot gode
When ye the traitours loue so
That ye no wille hem to deth do

5166

In priſoun thou ſchalt hem legge
So that hij it ſchul dere abigge
Alle fort thai han y-founden the oſtage
That hij no do the non vtrage
So he gloſed the douk in that ſtede
And ſo yernne he hath him bede
That he him graunted his talent
And in that fourme he hath of ſent
An erchebiſchop than ſent he
The wiſeſt of alle that cuntre
The meſſage he ſchewed him tho
And to the cite he dede him go
Than he is to Gormoiſe come
And ther alight the gentil gome
Ther fond he therl Tirri
And his fader and eke Sir Gij
Lordinges he ſeyd herkneth now
The douk me hath y-ſent to you
And greteth you wele wil Ȝi nought hele
The douke with you acord he wele
And amenden that he hath miſdo
Ye bit thou that it be ſo
Tirri he wille his douhter giue
To haue hir while that he liue
Into the cite of Lorein he wil ye hir lede
And ſpouſe hir ther with gret ferrede

5192

And ther he wille the bridal held
Therat schul ben his barouns beld
That the loue stedefast be
Bitvene mi lord and the
Hennes forward he seyd me
Schuld the sposails couthe be
Than schul ye acordi
And togider saughten welè an hi
Sir seyd therl Aubri
Y-here now me and gramerci
The douke Y thanke for the frendschip
That he wil mi sone so miche worthschipe
Bletheliche we wil to him come
At a day y-sett alle and some
Wi sone Tirri kepe wele the
That bitrayed thou no be
We douteth the douke of Paui
Lest he do the sum felonie
The bischop answerd therof thou no drede
Al siker ye beth of thilke dede
The bischop ogain y-farn he is
Her answere he telleth hem Y wis
When the day come that was sett
Therl com forth withouten lett
With to hundred knightes and mo
That blithe were thider to go

Ac therof thai dede foliliche
Was ther non of hem sikerliche
That ani wepen with hem bere
So siker thai wende to be there
In riche clothes thai were schred wele
That were gold broider eueridel
To themperour thai comen anon
To therl Tirri and his men ichon
Y-comen thai ben to the douke Loer
And brought the maide with leygheand cher
Y-comen thai ben to the parlement
For to here that iugement
Lordinges seyd the douke of Toun
Understond now to mi resoun
Ye wite wel that Tirri that is here
Hath agilt the douk Loere
That him forth brought and armes him gaf
Iuel yolden he it him hath
Now he bringeth vncouthe folk miche
Opon his lond so dedliche
Ac Ichaue the douke bisought
And mine feren hider brought
That forgif it be him euermo
And gret worthschipe he wil him do
His douhter he wille him giue
And gret worthschip while that he liue

And Ichil with Tirri wende
Henneforward we schul be frende
Yete vnderstond seyd Sir Otoun
Bifor you alle Y biseke Sir Gyoun
Gif Ich him haue ought misdo
Amenden Ichil wele therto
Bi so that he wille kisse me
Euer eft we schul frendes be
Lat be seyd Sir Gij the fre
No wille Ichaue no cosse with the
In Lombardye thou bitraydest me
And min men thou dest ile
Ac kisse thou schalt therl Aubri
And with him thou schalt acordi
Than seyd the douk Loer
Understond now ye that ben here
That therl Sir Tirri
Aubri sone that is her bi
He that maiden Oysel schal spouse
In Godes law vnto his house
Acorded we ben of that dede
And forgeuen al hatrede
Than hath the douke y-kist Tirri
For gret traisoun and nought freli
Gij and Herhaud held hem in pays
Hij no kist Lombard no Tyays

5270

Ac the Loreins thai kist
And the douke Loyer att first
Ac Otous no kist thai nought
Thai no hadde to him no gode thought
  Than seyd to Loer therl Aubri
The Ich biteche mi sone Tirri
Alder-first Jhesu heuen king
And the Y biteche mi yongling
No may Ich for eld trauaily
Hom Ichil wende now an hye
He bitaught hem God and gode day
He lete hem thar and went his way
Gij and Herhaud the maiden gan forth lede
Dysel sche hete with the rode so rede
Gret iurne thai riden that day
Fram Gormoise thai riden owai
Wele fiften mile other mo
For gret hete thai resten hem tho
In a pleyne that lighten hem snelle
Ther thai wald resten and duelle
When thai alight the knightes fre
Alle thai wende y-nomen to be
Than seyd Otous of Paui
Herkeneth to me al mi compeynie
The Loreins and the Lombardes ichon
Alle that in our side riden and gon

Bi the rede of the douke Loer
Ichot bothe knight and squier
That ye Gij Herhaud and Tirri binde
Fast her hondes hem bihinde
In to Loreine we lede hem snelle
Tomorwe we schul hem hongen alle
Who so him feyneth hem to nime
Forth with hem men schal him blim
Than lopen about hem the Lombars
As wicked coltes out of haras
And Loyers deden also
And therfore hem was ful wo
Anon Tirri aseylden he
And nomen him he no might nought fle
And Herhaud that was gode of might
Thai nomen ther anon right
Gij vp stirt hastiliche
And to hem spac wel sternliche
Now the deuel hong you ichon
Is this acord now alle agon
Worthschiped ous hath the douk Loer
With alle the tresoun that is her
No war we acorded bifor the barnage
And kist withouten vtrage
This has made the douke of Toun
That is so ful of tresoun

5322

Alle this treſoun he hath biſpeke
God ous of him awreke
For thurch the no war it nought
Bot it were firſt of him y-thought
The douk Loer was ſo wo
O word no might he ſpeke tho
  With that ſtirt forth anon right
Otous coſſyn an vnwraſt knight
Gij bi his mantel he drough ſo
That the taſſels broſten ato
Than ſeyd a Tyas to a Lombard
Now is Gij of Warwike a couward
Lo now he hath no might
Lorn he hath contenaunce aplight
With that thai ſpeken hem thus bitven
Gij ſeye it might no nother ben
To him that him held turned he
And gaf him ſwiche bendicite
That he brak his nek ato
Alle the other on him threſten tho
The mantel that he had opon
To cloutes it was drawen anon
So that ichon oway bar
An pece of his mantel thar
Gij werd him faſt in that ſturbing
Now helpe him Jheſu heuen king

5318

Smer[t]liche thai gun him asaily
He werd him as a knight hardy
So that he neyghed his stede
For to him he hadde nede
Withouten stirop he lepe theron
Yani on he made that liif forgon
When the douk Otous that y-seye
That Gij on his hors oway fleye
Anon he seyd to his knightes
Now to hors with alle your mightes
For gif he pas ous in this biker
Of mi liif am Y nought siker
And therfore nimeth him anon
Als ye wil haue mi loue ichon
Bot ye bring him me to
We ben y-schent for euer mo
An hors thai lopen thar on hast
And driuen Gij swithe fast
And Gij no hadde wepen non
Wold God of heuen that made man
That he hadde his brond kerueing
He no hadde ther no frende him helping
Bi that o side oway he ginneth fle
Bot God of him haue pite
Ther he worth y-slawe anon
Alle abouten him thai ben y-gon

5374

With that ther come rideing a knight
About his swere his scheld bright
And with a spere opon his hond
Toward Gij wel swithe he wond
And thurch the bodi smite him wold
Ac God of heuen it suffre nold
The strok of the spere it gan glide
Bitven the arsoun and his side
His blihant he carf his schert also
Gij strongliche him mett tho
With his fest he him smot so
That to grounde he dede him go
With that Sir Gij forth him dight
Ac he mett with another knight
Swerd he bar that wele wald bite
In the heued he wald Gij smite
The strok opon his hors glod
Opon the croupe a fot brod
Thei he war aferd no wonder nas
Gij ferd from him a fast pas
He seye with that a grom cominde
To him ward fast erninge
A gret soule in his hond he bar
So wold God that it war
Gij wel feir him bisought
Gif him the staf that he brought

5400

Ichil yeld it the ful wel
Haue here Sir bi Seyn Bighhel
Wele Ich thi gret nede se
Now God fram schame kepe the
He tok that soule in his hond
Anon forth to hem he wond
A Lombard wel sone he mett
And with the swerd to him grett
That ded he feld him anon
He tok his hors and gan to gon
And seyd to the grom tho
Thou nim this hors and gin to go
With gode wille Y giue it the
For the staf thou lentest me
The knaue him thonked bliue
Oway with the hors he gan to driue
Than went forth Gij the gode
Nas neuer man of his mode
That better him werd in his ende
Er he out of that light gan wende
Yete he slough on of her felawe
In lasse while he hadde y-slawe
Then men schold ligge a pater-noster
Y telle it you bi Peter the Apostel
That neuer swiche nas y-seye non
When he hath ouercomen ichon

Wel long he werth him that day
When he no lenge doure ne may
Than seyd he to hem anon
The deuel biteche Ich you ichon
And namliche Otous of Pauie
That hath y-don ous this felonie
And gif Ich a yer libbe may
He schal ich abigge for sothe to say
Than is he goand oway ful yernne
So that he com to a water sterne
In he him dede and ouer he goth
Alle thai wondred ther of for soth
Non no durst after him wende
For drencheing at her liues ende
Ogain than thai ben y-come
To the douke Otous alle and some
And telden him wel sone anon
That Gij was ouer the water y-gon
The douke Otous is now wel sori
For Gij is schaped so oway
And swore bi God and Seyn Gelen
Neuer eft nold he leuen his men
For that hii leten him oway ile
Gret wille he hadde him to ile
Ac Gij him werd with mani wrenche
Bothe of fole may of blenche

5452

Sir douk Loer seyd Otoun
Y-schaped is the felle Gyoun
To Paui Ichil now gon
And spouse thi douhter anon
Riche bridal Ichil maki
With me schal Herhaud and Tirri
Ther thai schul be don in prisoun
Schul thai neuer come to raunsoun
Dye thai schul with miche wo
And yete to yer Ichil now go
With min men to sechen Gij
What he be nome sikerly
Alle this other prisouns with the go
And thine wil with hem thou do
  Sir seyd the douk Loer
That nil Ich nought in non maner
That tow Tirri no do le
Y nold in non wise Sir douk the fre
Ac gif Tirri schal with the go
In fre prisoun thou schalt him do
Thou do him kepe worthlschipliche
With gret plente manschipliche
Alle fort he haue mi wille Y do
Ichil now that it be so
And Ichil lede Herhaud with me
In mi fre prisoun schal he be

3478

Y nil nought he with the go
To michel iuel thou wost him do
Than thai token her leue tho
With gret loue thai kisten hem bo
To Lorein went the douke Loer
That with worthschipe dede kepe ther
Herhaud of Arderne the marchis
Wele leuer him were he ded Y wis
When he to Gij com no might
Leue him were dye anon right
  Now is Otous to Paui gon
With him he ledde his feir leman
Also he dede therl Sir Tirri
Fast y-fetred sikerly
Right fast vnder the hors fet
In to Paui and ther him let
When Dysel seye him lede so
Sore sche wepe for his wo
Allas sche seyd and walewo
Sone is mi ioie went me fro
Of the hors sche fel aswon anon
For sorwe almost hir hert to chon
When the douk hir falle seye
Bi his oth he swore an heye
Iuel thou dost mi gode leman
When thou for swiche a man

5504

Swiche sorwe schaltow make
And gif thou more sorwe for his sake
Other euer eft make swiche sorweing
And Ich it perceiue bi ani thing
To hewe he worth bifor the
Or heye hong on galwe tre
Glad and blithe leman thou be
With ioie to Paui Ȝ lede the
Ther Ichil nim the to wiue
And with the helden alle mi liue
Tirri Ichil in prisoun do
He no schal haue sorwe no wo
Ichim hate wel sore sikerly
For the loue of Herhaud and Gij
Richeliche he schal serued be
Ther of nought no dred thou the
Sir gramerci of thi speche
Ac of o thing Ȝ the biseche
Fourti days respite thou gif me
Til that mi sorwe allaked be
And seththen spouse me with worthschipe
Ȝ graunt wele quath the douke sikerlike
To Paui thai ben than ago
Ac alle another thought that maiden tho
Another sche sought than sche seyd
Gret sorwe in hir hert sche leyd

5530

Ar ſche wille to him ſpouſed be
With a kniif ſche wil hir le
Ac o thing hir glad ſikerliche
Opon Gij ſche truſt miche
Seththe that he aſchaped was
Wele ſche thought thurch ſum cas
He ſchuld Tirri out of priſoun caſt
Hir ſwete leman wel on haſt
  Thai com to Paui with that
The douk Otous nought forgat
That erl Tirri he bond faſt
And into theſter priſoun him caſt
Ther he was in ſorwe aplight
He niſt whether it wer day or night
Litel he hadde of mete or dring
His leman lan neuer wepeing
Anight when ſche alon was
That noman with hir nas
  Now to telle of Gij Ichaue y-thought
Hou God him hath fram deth y-brought
When he was paſſed that water ſternne
He loked about him wel yernne
Of his felawes him vnderſtode
Welle neye he was for ſorwe wode
God he ſeyd what ſchal Ȝ do
Weri wreche whider may Ȝ go

5556

Ichaue forlorn the gode Tirri
And Herhaud for wham Icham sori
Amow Sir douk Loer
Hou mightestow dreye the bismer
That the fals douk of Toun
Dede bifor the that traisoun
For traitour thou worst euer i-held
When thou comest in place or feld
Lord he seyd what may Ȝ do
Into whiche lond may Ȝ go
An arnemorwe no thing Ȝ no dred me
Tho Ich went out of that cite
With me Ich hadde an hundred knightes
To mi wille for me in ȝightes
And now Ȝ no haue a grom to held mi stede
That so miche me might help at nede
For me thai ben y-slawe ichon
Other in peine in prisoun don
A mi dere frende Sir Tirri
For our departing Icham sori
No schal Ȝ the se neuer eft mo
For the Ichil mi liif in periil do
That Ȝ ne schal his body smite ato
That thus this traisoun hath ous do
And so Ichil awreke the
Dye Ichil bot it so be

Gij rode forth in his way
Alle that iche self day
So long that he a castel seye
Opon a roche stode an heye
He thought to herberwe thare
For he no might no ferther fare
Also he to the gates come
A yong knight he fond ther anon
Michel he was hende and fre
Feren he hadde with him thre
Gij sey bi his semblaunt anon
That he was lord ouer hem ichon
Sir quath Gij understond to me
The lord that made me and te
The loke gif thi wille be
And miche blisse he gif the
A knight Icham deswarre
That in Ȝ bid par charite
The lord answerd sweteliche
Thou it schalt haue bletheliche
He dede underfong his stede tho
Bi his on he dede it do
Bi the right hond he toke Sir Gij
And went into his halle on hey
A mantel of silk he of sent on hast
And about him he dede it cast

5608

Wonderliche thai bihelden him alle
Knightes that weren in the halle
For he was michel and wele y-sett
Thai him bihelden wele the bett
The lord with that to him sede
Ich the bidde for loue rede
That thi name telle thou me
And nought forhole it no be
Gij answerd wel sweteliche
Mi name Ÿ the telle sikerliche
Gij of Warwike mi name is
Iuel Ich am acumbred Ÿ wis
When the lord herd that
That it was Gij that to him spac
Sir he seyd welcome ye be
In your owhen herberwe ye
Ful welcome artow to me
And ful wele Ÿ knowe the
Ich aught the loue so moti gon
Wel michel gode thou hast me don
Tho Ich the serued thou louedest me
Armes Ich vnderfenge of the
And thou me sendest ner and fer
To turnamens and to wer
So that gret word sprong of me
Tho Ÿ went hom to mi cuntre

Amis of Mounteyn mi name it is
Wele ought ye me knowe Y wis
When Gij him seye he knewe the knight
He kist him ther anon right
Sir quath Amis when comestow
Thatow gost alle on now
It semeth wele so thenketh me
Fram gret periil aschaped be ye
Whare his Herhaud thi knight so fre
Alle thine knightes where ben he
Ichil the telle than seyd Sir Gij
Now understond Ich am sori
Than teld he him al that cas
Hou therl Tirri wounded was
And hou he hadde y-heled his wounde
And socurd his fader and ost him founde
And hou he passed himself vnnome
And hou thai were thurch traisoun ouercome
And hou his felawes weren y-nome
And hou that he was thider y-come
And hou Tirri was y-nomen tho
And the gode Herhaud also
And with hem ük hundred knightes
Orped men and gode in üghtes
Y not gif thai be liues or dede
Al Ich hem sey nimen and lede

When Gij hadde y-teld that cas
Hou iuel him bifallen was
Suffre awhile Sir quath he
Gif it is thi wille listen to me
Ich haue castels and cites strong
Wani and fele in mi lond
Alle Ichil bitake the
Wine knightes Ichil of sende to me
Fif hundred Ich of sende may
That schal do thi wille night and day
Alle that to min erldom falleth Ȝ wil it be
To thine wille so schal com to the
Wende we wille to the douk of Toun
And bring him to destruccioun
His londes we schul thurch ernne
And his castels felle and his tounes bernne
And so thou might awreke be
His londes destru him seluen le
Of werre no swike wille we
Al what he a-lawe be
Amis quath Gij God yeld it te
To long schuld Ich here be
Gif Ich orn on him so thou speke
To late Ich worth of him awreke
For drede of deth nille Ȝ le
Hastiliche Ichil awreken be

5685

Al a day he bileft thare
His hert was in michel care
Amis emforth his might
Confort him bothe day and night
  Of him he toke his leue tho
Toward Paui he is y-go
Amis with him gon wold
Ac he ſeyd that he no ſchold
Amis bileft that was ſori
And often to God he bad for Gij
That for his ſwete moder loue
Leue him harmeles ogain come
  Gii him dight in a queyntiſe
And com to Paui in ſquier wiſe
An vnement purchaſt he
That made his viſage out of ble
His here that was yalu and bright
Blac it bicome anon right
Nas no man in this world ſo wiſe of ſight
That afterward him knowe might
Now to Paui y-comen he is
Of no man aferd he nis
The douk Otous he fond there
And gret him as ye may here
Sir douk Otous he ſeyd God loke the
Al ſo Ich it wold ſo mot it be

5712

A man Icham o fer cuntre
Hider Ich come to seche the
Ich haue the brought here a stede
In this world is better non at nede
Noris it dede a Sarazin
And me it gaf min owen cosyn
In alle the world is so swift a best
Libard no ro in no forest
No dromedarie no is ther non
So swithe goand so is he on
No thark the drede non arme of the se
And tow opon this stede be
Gif ye nille therof me leue
Ichil that ye it asey ar eue
Ac on maner hath that hors
Therfore mani hath fare the wors
In the world is man that ney him come
That he no wold him slon wel sone
Bot the man that boked it
Ther fore Y loue it out of witt
Quath the douk now gramerci
This is a fair gift sikerly
With that hors Ichil at hold the
And make the riche of gold and fe
To swiche an hors Ich hadde nede
That Ich might the better spede

5738

Of min fomen Ich wold ben awreke
And fom in min prifoun ben y-fteke
Ac on of hem is fchaped fro me
Now wold God that alle may fe
That he were now in this halle
Wel iuel him fchuld fone bifalle
Wel fone he fchuld an honged be
With gode right Y telle it te
Sir quath Gij who that be
In gret periil now is he
Ichil the telle quath the douk tho
Gij of Warwike that is mi fo
Siker no be Ich neuer mo
The whiles that he oliues go
Ich wold now he ftode the bi
Sir quath he Y knowe wele Gij
He flough on of mi neye kin
Therfore Ich am right wroth with him
And with therl Tirri alfo
He is mi dedliche fo
Thurch felonie mi fader he flough
Mi brother he defirit with wough
God lete me neuer ded be
Er Ich him to mi wille fe
Mi dere frende feyd the douk of Toun
Ichaue Tirri in mi prifoun

5764

Now Ichil thou loke him to
And alle schame thou him do
Sir quath he gramerci
And Y the ligge likerly
That alle his liif Ichil wende
Er than come seuen nightes ende
The douke doth him the keyes take
Maister iaioler he doth him make
The douk oreth what his name be
Yon men clepet me in mi cuntre
Yon he seyd Ichot now the
That thou that hors wele kepe me
An hous he deliuer him tho
That no thing com in bot thai to
The douk that nought no wist
That Gij was therin bi Crist
Alle his wille he may now do
Non vnworthschip men seyd him to
Gij into a tour is y-go
A strong prisoun fond he tho
Fourti fadom depe it was
He hadde y-herd cri allas
He ored anon who that were
That made ther so reuly bere
Ich he seyd a wreched man
Me reuweth sore that Y liues am

3750

Erl Tirri mi nam is
Now Icham a wreche Ÿ wis
The douk no misdede Ÿ neuer nought
And in this prisoun Icham y-brought
Wore iren about me is
Than a somer might beren Ÿ wis
On armes on legges on bodi also
Wi deth Ich wold were com me to
For than that Ich felawe was
To a knight that neuer his better nas
Whom the douk Otous hated Ÿ wis
On me the wreche fallen now is
That Ich ete this is the thridde day
Long liue Ÿ no may
Tirri quath Gij no he nought wo
Icham Gij thou louedest so
Out of prisoun Ÿ schal cast the
So sone Ÿ may mi time se
  Sir Tirri spac to Gij tho
For Godes loue hennes thou go
Hou come thou hider Sir Gij
Thine hider-com wil me harmi
Gif the douk wite that thou it be
This ich day he wil lle the
Leuer me were alon to day
Than wite the ded sothe to say

Therfore Sir hennes thou go
For Godes loue Sir do now so
Als thai togider speken this
A Lombard it of herd Ÿ wis
That after into the tour was y-go
To aspie what Gij wold do
With loude steuen he hath him gred
Gij thou hast wel iuel y-sped
Bothe ye schul an honged be
Now Ich thou bothe here y-se
Lete be quath Gij so God the amende
So thou might ous bothe schende
What schuld the the better be
Gif thou dest ous bothe ile
Thine owhen man Ichil be
And as mi lord seruy the
And therl Tirri bi his might
And therto mi treuthe Ÿ the plight
Hold thi pes quath the Lombart
Haue neuer God of me part
Bot Ich the douk Otous it telle
For nothing leten Ÿ nille
Adoun of the tour he goth erninde
And Gij after him fast folweinde
Right bifor the doukes fet
Gij araught him with a staf gret

Swiche a strok he him gaf
That his breyn fley about the staf
Seyd the douk whi destow this
With hors tow worth to drawen Ÿ wis
Whi hastow mi man y-slawe
Hou dorstow bigin that plawe
Sir quath Gij herken to me
Anon Ichil telle to the
Into the tour Ich was y-gon
For to se the esters ichon
Ther Ich fond this feloun
And spac to Tirri in the prisoun
And mete him brought gret plente
Tho Ich it seye it of thought me
With his fest he me smot
Therefore Ichim suwed God it wot
And smot him so thou might se
The gilt Sir forgiue thou me
Sothe to ligge in this stede
For thine anour Ich it dede
That other bi him y-warned be
To fede thi prisoun withouten the
The douk gret oth swore tho
That gif he other loker had do
He worth to drawe other an hong
Or other schames deth to afong

Ac now forgiuen it the be
Gij him thonked on his kne
Sone so the knight him come
Gij into the cite nome
Wete anough he bought there
And to Tirri he gan it bere
Thus he dede Y not hou long
Michel he slaked his pine string
Alle his bendes doth oway
And slaketh his pine so michel so he may
Into a chaumber he goth on a day
Therin he fond that fair may
That biment hir strongliche
For hir leman sche loued so miche
Gij seyd to hir maiden fre
Wele thou owest to knowe me
Gij of Warwike mi name is
Icham thi lemanes felawe Y wis
In this maner y-comen Icham
For Y nold be knowen of no man
And for to deliuer thi leman
That Ich michel gode an
When the maiden herd this
That it was Gij for sothe Y wis
For blisse sche fel aswon adoun
And vp hir toke the gode Syoun

Maiden he seyd lete now be
Wiltow now schende me
Gif ani me perceiue might
Ich were y-honged anon right
Merci Sir Gij seyd that may
Now within the thridde day
To him spoused schal Y be
Ac o thing Ich haue bithought me
That Ichil mi selue sle
That day that Y schal spoused be
Gij seyd no do nought so
Ac alle his wille thou schalt do
And ar he to the chirche come
Y schal mete him atte frome
His heued fro the bodi schal sle
And lede Y schal the forth with me
Now is Gij thennes y-gon hom
And also swithe so might come
To the prisoun anon he yede
And deliuerd his felawe in that stede
Sir Tirri he seyd forth thou go
Night no day thou swike thou no
Right to Amis to the Mounteyne
That woneth in the marche of Almeyne
On mine half grete him wele bi me
Thider thou go and ful wele rest the

5920

Fort Ich com or man for me
Bletheliche Sir than seyd he
Hye kisten hem and forth yede tho
At her parting hem was ful wo
Aither for other for gret pite
In gret periil hadde y-be
Gij lete him of the tour tho
Bitaught him God and lete him go
Gij bileft and Tirri is forth y-fare
Of alle night no hadde he reft thare
So long is Tirri forth y-gon
To the Mounteyn he com anon
A castel ther was fair withalle
And strong cite biloken with walle
Fair halles and toures also
In the cite were mani and mo
In that on half orn the riuer
In that other half forest with wilde dere
Into the cite he is y-go
And to the maister palays he yede tho
He fond Amis atte ches pleyinge
With his felawes fair gamen giuing
Thritti knightes were in halle also
His sodours were his wil to do
That with Amis bileften he
For wer that was in that cuntre

5946

Sir quath Tirri gif it be thi wille
Understond and speke me tille
Al priueliche Y the biseche
That thi folk no here our speche
Amis answerd wel bletheliche
Wille Ich it do loueliche
Fram the cheker he is y-go
And to a windowe he cleped him tho
Sir Amis seyd Tirri
Often the greteth wele Sir Gij
And hider to you he sent me
For to soiourne here with the
Fort he may hider come
Other another send for him atte frome
Sir quath Amis miche thanke haue he
That he the sent hider to me
What is thi name say thou me
Ichil the telle Sir quath he
Tirri of Gormoise mi name is
Aschaped of strong prisoun Y wis
Sir Tirri than seyd he
Welcome in to this cuntre
He kist him an hundred sithe
With eyghen he wepe so was he blithe
And for he him sounseise y-seye
Of prisoun aschaped blithe was hye

5972

He dede him bathe sikerly
And al thing dight him redi
With riche clothes he dede him schrede
And sind him alle that him was nede
He gaf him armes and riche stede
And dight him ther alle with prede
Thennes no went he for no thing
Er he of Sij hadde tiding
Of the douk Jchil you telle
And than of Sij gif ye wille
The douk of sent his barnage in hast
That thai com to him right fast
Into the cite of Pauie
Alle the Lombardes of Lombardie
When the time it comen was
The douk was blithe and glad in that cas
To the maiden he come swithe
As he that was glad and blithe
And seyd leman glad make the
Today thou schalt y-spoused be
Sir sche seyd with gode wille
Alle thine hest Jchil fulfille
He schred hir swithe wele Y wis
With riche clothes alle of pris
He sette hir on a palfrey that yongling
Better no bistrode neuer no king

Riche anough that atire was
Of gold and siluer no nother ther nas
Toward a chirche went hye
With ioie he wend hir to spousi
  Gij armed him wel richeliche
Alto his wille stalworthliche
With armes the maiden him had bitought
That were the douke to present brought
His gode stede he bistrod
And oftok hem withouten abod
Douk Otous understond to me
No go no forther Ich hot the
Understond the of that traisoun
That thou dest to Sir Gyoun
Also he com fram Boneuent
Yete is mi hert therefore in turment
And seththen thou dest me a gret traisoun
Tho thou Tirri dest in thi prisoun
Icham Gij that to the speke
Yete today Y thenk to ben awreke
Thurch the bodi he smot him anon
Bifor the Lombardes euerichon
And swore bi God heuen king
Gif him neyed ani thing
That heued he schuld ther forgon
To that maiden he cam anon

6024

Bitven his armes the maiden he nam
And sett hir biforn him oway he ran
Swithe owaiward than rod he
The noise aros in that cite
With gret strengthe thai driuen Gij
He paseth hem ogain went hij
Ogain thai went to that bodi right
Ac a child yong man aplight
That was the doukes kinseman
Berard was his right nam
Alle on he folwed Sir Gij
He no hadde felawe no frend him bi
With scheld and spere opon his stede
A gode knight he was at nede
He folwed Gij fif mile
That Gij fore in a litel while
Gij he seyd turn oge
So help the Crist and iuste with me
Gij turned him wel an hast
For he no was nought of him agast
The maiden he to grounde sett
And dight his armes withouten lett
And went to him with gret might
And he to him anon right
The yong man smot first Gij
Thurch the scheld sikerli

He carf the brini that newe was
Nought worth a botoun it nas
Gij of that strok wonder hath
Another strok Sir Gij him gaf
Gij anon smot that yong man
Thurch his scheld anon it ran
And thurch the scholder he gaf him wounde
That hors and man it fel to grounde
And when the yong man was y-falle
Up he stert anon with alle
Anon his swerd he hath out drawe
His hors he wold habbe y-slawe
Hors he seyd acursed thou be
When thou no might vphold me
That thou dye it is right
Seththen thou in the has no might
Gij quath Berard wende to me
And of thine hauberk vnarmi the
In pleyn armes wil we üght
And so we may alay our might
Bot Ich thine heued binim the
Or Ich out of this place te
Neuer honour Ich no bidde
No neuer a day lenger to libbe
Frende quath Gij nil Y nought so
To bataile we schul yete cum bo

6076

The maiden he nam and forth ladde
And past a riuer and nough no drad
The yongman went him oge
Alle fori into that cite
The douk thai birid worthschipliche
In a chirche of Paui sikerliche
The yong man to themperour is gon
And told him of Otous deth anon
Themperour alle his lond him yeld
And with gret worthschip him at held
Armes he gaf him hastiliche
He loued him wel swithe miche
Of Almaine he made him steward
That fel mani a man swithe hard
Gij with that maiden is forth y-go
And than newed alle hir wo
Sir Gij sche seyd what schal Y do
Wi leman no sey neuer mo
Dye Y schal with sorwe and care
Now wold God Ich wer thare
With him ded Ich wold be
And it so were wele wer me
Gij answerd wele that maide
And to hir sweteliche he seyd
Tirri nis bot gode siker thou be
Alle in gode point thou schalt him se

6102

With the iaioler Ich haue speke so
That alle his wille he wil do
So long forth wenten he
That hij come to that cite
Of that mounteyne that feir was
So thai went with ioie and solas
When he into the halle come
Amis him knew right anon
When he him seye than seyd he
Sir Gij welcom mot thou be
When Sir Tirri Gij y-seth
And Disel that him was so lef
Wichel ioie he made Gij tho
That maiden he nam in his armes to
Gij he seyd welcome thou be
That thus asembled now be we
Nold God and our leuedi
That mi lef be schent of hir bodi
Thai kisten hem togider anon
For ioie thai wepen euerichon
When Disel y-seth Sir Tirri
That was hir lef and hir ami
For ioie sche swoned omong hem
Ther wende sche nought to finden him
Tirri nam hir in his armes two
And sweteliche seyd to hir tho

6128

Wi swete leman no drede the nought
Hole and sounde Icham hider brought
Amonges hem was ioie and blis
And soiournd to her wille Y wis
To her wille in that palays
Sir Amis was hende and curteys
So on a day bithought him Sir Gij
That long soiournd hadden hy
Amis he cleped to him and Sir Tirri
Herkenith to me seyd Sir Gij
Soiournd we haue here anow
Now is time we go fram you
To Gormoise to therl Aubri
Wele Y wot he is for ous sori
Of sende Ichil baroun and knightes
And ern Ichil opon the douk with gret mightes
And mine felawes out of prisoun bring *
Ich no may hem foryete for no thing
Ich man schal his might don
For to awreke him of his fon
Sir quath Amis Ichil go with the
And a thousend knightes forth with me
A thousend seriauns also
Wele on hors withouten mo

* binde, in MS.

Gramerci ür than seyd Gij
On the al mi trust is ükerli
  Amis of sent his knightes anon
And hath asembled hem euerichon
His seriauns he dede also
The best that might to üght go
When that thai wer al redi
Forth thai wenten hastily
Toward Gormoise hij goth
Mani man thai made wel wroth
Thai nimen castels and cites
And destruen alle the cuntres
To Gormoise thai ben y-come
Glad thai ben alle and some
Ouer alle other therl Aubri
When he seth his sone Tirri
He fel aswon for ioie tho
He wende he had ben forlorn for euer mo
Ther was ioie and miche blis
Betven the fader and the sone Y wis
Euerich told other and forgat nought
Hou Gij hem hath fram deth y-brought
Gij nought forgete nold
Asembled he hath his knightes bold
The douk he hath a grete harm y-do
He thought for to awreke him so

6178

When the douk Loer herd this tiding
That Gij and Tirri were coming
His douhte[r] Dysel also
Wel glad and blithe he was tho
Herhaud he cleped him to
And teld him the sothe tho
That Gij and Tirri wer y-come
And hadde on hem wer y-nome
With him was therl Amis
With ferred of miche pris
When Herhaud y-herd this
That Gij and Tirri comen is
Neuer nas he so blithe
God he thonked mani sithe
Sir Herhaud seyd the douk Loer
Ichil the make messanger
To therl Aubri thou schal go
And Gij and Tirri and sigge hem so
That Ich with hem acord wille
Of alle that thai cun to me telle
Sir Tirri Ichil mi douhter giue
And half mi lond while that Y liue
Ichil that thou wittnesse me
That the loue stefast be
Sir quath Herhaud Ichil so
Alle mi might do ther to

6204

The douke of sent his prisouns alle
And dede hem arme swithe snelle
And hete hem that thai failed nought
Of that thai hadde thider y-brought
Forth with Herhaud ye schal gon
The acord to make right anon
Herhaud made him redi tho
Right into Gormoise he is y-go
And with him went alle the knightes
Acord to make anon rightes
Gij cam on a day fram hunting
Therl Amis and Tirri the ying
And mo than an hundred knight
With swerd bigirt Y you plight
Toward Gormoise thai ben y-go
Bisiden hem thai loked tho
So mani knightes thai seye coming
Of traisoun thai were dredeing
Than seyd the Mountayn Amis
A gret ferd Y se Y wis
Y not what folk it be
Hiderward thai com so thenketh me
Opon his gode stede he wond
With swerd and spere in his hond
Thiderward he is y-go
To hem he com wel sone tho

Tho he gan hem com neye
Herhaud of Ardern ther he seye
He ored him whennes he come
Where is Gij he seyd anon
Sir quath he Ichil the telle
And lade the to him with gode wille
Fram dere hunting y-comen he is
Biside thanne hulle Ichim lete Ȝ wis
Quath Herhaud felawes wil we go
With sporres hij smiten her stedes tho
Swithe thai riden with gret hy
When thai seye Gij and Sir Tirri
God quath Gij Herhaud Ȝ se
And alle min feren so thenketh me
Thai ben out of prisoun y-gon
Other quite cleymed ichon
To kissen Herhaud thai hem do
Wel gret ioie thai maden tho
Sir Tirri quath Herhaud the fre
Gode conseyl Ȝ telle to the
The sent to grete the douk Loer
Whom Ich loue with hert cler
Worthschiped he hath me miche
And ouer alle other loued sikerliche
With the he wil acorded be
And swithe miche he loueth the

Thou schalt his douhter spouli
With half his lond he wille the fetti
And with thi fader he wil acordy
And allso with the Sir Gij
In alle maner to thi wille
He wille amende for sothe Y telle
Ichil therof his borwe be
That he do wil as Y ligge to the
Alle thai bisoughten Sir Gij
And so thai dede therl Tirri
That thai schuld with him acordy
For he was michel to praisy
So long thai bisought him so
And with hem Amis that ther was tho
Ther of acord speken he
That it schuld treuwe be
To the cite thai ben y-gon
And teld therl Aubri anon
Hou that Herhaud was y-come
And hadde the acord vndernome
Therl graunted rathe and snelle
The acord to Herhaudes wille
No soiournd thai nought long tho
Bot right to Loreyn thai ben y-go
Therl Aubri and Tirri his sone
Gij and Herhaud ben thider y-come

6282

And of other knightes mani also
That blithe were thider to go
Therl Aubri and Tirri his sone
Gij Herhaud and Amis thider come
Mani was the gentil knight
That with hem went tho right
To Loreyne thai ben comen Y wis
The douke hem vnderfende with blis
With him thai were acorded alle
And the misdede forgeuen sneile
Gret joie thai maden in the cite
That hij so fair acorded be
The douk gaf Tirri his douhter tho
And half his lond with hir also
Bifor barouns and knightes fre
That ther were of mani cuntre
Bridal sone thai han y-hold
Of erls and of barouns bold
And of emperours and of king
Nas neuer non so riche gestening
The knightes nomen her leue anon
Unto her cuntres thai ben y-gon
Sir Gij soiournd thare
On a day he is thennes y-fare
The douk Loer and mani a man
In hunting thai were toward Braban

6308

On hunting went therl Tirri
And mani in his compeynie
Thai comen into a fair forest
Ther thai fond a bore a wilde best
Thai vncoupled her houndes alle
And lete hem ern swith snelle
The bore fleing swithe he geth
And mani of the houndes harme he deth
An hundred he slough and mo
Out of that cuntre he is sone y-go
The wisest hunt folweth fast
Huweth and gredeth with gret blast
Of huntes ne of houndes adrad he
He ouer ernnes dounes and cuntre
The brod lond and the valays
Folwed he is ich weys
Hij of ernned her stedes tho
Of him wondred knightes huntes also
Alle the houndes that folwed him there
Ogain turned other ded were
Withouten blod houndes thre
Into Braban folwed he
Ther nas hunt no knight non
Seriaunt no sweyn no grom
That wist widerward the bore gan te
Into whiche lond no what cuntre

6334

Gij him folwed on his stede
With swerd in hond after he yede
And with horn oft bloweing
The bore swithe driueing
Gij drof that swine with game and ble
Right into Breteyne than went he
Into a forest that swine him yede
Into a thicke hegges he gan him hede
Ther he stod at a bay
And werd him while that he may
When Gij that stern swine y-sey
Adoun he lepe of his stede heye
With bothe honden that swerd he held
And cam to the bore as a knight beld
That swine anon ogain him com
And Gij smertlich smot him anon
That the hert he clef euen atwo
Alle ded he fel to grounde tho
He open that swine and blewe priis
Alon he was him might agriis
Alto fer he was fram his knight
Bot on him thinke God Almight
Sone he worth in a peril strong
Be it with right be it with wrong
Tho Gij hadde opened that swine snelle
He gan to blowe as Ȝ you telle
6360

Bi God quath therl Florentin
Who mai that be for Seyn Martin
That Ich here in mi forest blowe
Hert other bore he hath doun throwe
He cleped to him a knight ying
His sone he was a feir yongling
Sone he seyd to hors thou go
And who so it be bring him me to
Sir Y graunt that it be so
Anon he lepe on hors tho
Into the forest he is y-fare
And Gij he fond ful sone thare
An staf he bar of holin tre
Gret wo therwith wrought he
Lording he seyd who artow
In mi lordes forest is comen now
Withouten leue of mi lord
In iuel time thou come at o word
When thou hast y-nomen his swin
No leue haddestow of him
That hors anon thou take to me
Theron no schaltow ride Y telle the
Leue frende quath Gij that nille Y do
That hors no tit the so mot Y go
Knightes right is it non
That he schuld fer o fot gon

To thi wille Ichil wende with the
To seche the waiis of this cuntre
This horn thou might wele haue
And tow with loue it wille craue
  Lording he seyd other is mi thought
So aftow wenest no schapestow nought
Gij bi the reyne he hath y-nome
With strengthe he wende to the hors come
Thei he war wroth it was no ferly
With that staf he smot Sir Gij
Wicke man thou hast me smite
Thou schalt it abigge God it wite
With his horn he him smot
His breyn he schadde fot hot
Now lording quath Gij the swin thou nim
And alle thi wille do with him
Na more smite thou no knight
That thou me smot thou dest vnright
  Thennes he is now y-ride
And bi the forest so long he yede
That vnnethe out wan he
For he no knew nought that cuntre
He loked fer he loked neye
Castel no cite non he seye
Him greued the hete and the long day
No rod he nought fer soth to say

6412

That he no ſey a caſtel
Feir y-ſett and ſwithe wel
Thider-ward yern than rode he
A man he mett of that cuntre
Wi leue frende telle thou me
This feir caſtel wos it be
The man ſeyd Y ſchal telle the
A better man no might thou ſe
It is the gode erl Florentin
Better man drank neuer win
Gij anon thider-ward he rod
And in he went withouten abod
To the halle gate he com right
And ther he is adoun y-light
An hore y-blowe knight he ſeye
At the des ſitten on heye
Long berd he hadde and ſterne ſight
A man he ſemed of michel might
Biforn him anon Gij him dede
And feir he gret him in that ſtede
  Sir quath Gij vnderſtond to me
He that the warld made he bliſce the
Icham a knight as ye may ſe
Y bid the mete par charite
A meles mete gif thou me
And ſeththen hennes Ichil te

Leue frende he seyd sikerly
Thou schalt it haue gladly
The water he ared tho anon
To wasche his honden Gij is go[n]
To mete he sett him in that stede
Bred and win biforn him thai dede
And gret plente of other mete
When he hadde sumdele y-ete
In the toun he herd belles ring
And loude crie and miche wepeing
Clothes to tere her to te
Wore sorwe no might non be
God quath therl Lord fre
This gret sorwe whi it be
Into the halle come there
Tvai men and a bodi bere
Amid the flore thai it leyden Ȝ wis
Quath therl Florentin mi sone this is
To rent his here his clothes he drough
In his hert was sorwe anough
Leue sone he seyd who slough the
Now wold God that is so fre
That he were here in mi beylie
Nold Ich it lete for al Romanie
That he no were anon y-slawe
For brent and that dust to blowe

Than seyd a squier biforn hem alle
Ichim se atte mete in this halle
He that thi dere sone slough
Ich it seye withouten wough
Anon that therl y-herd this
Fram the bord he aros Ȝ wis
An aundiren he kept in his honden tho
Hetelich it haf and seyd him to
Traitour thou schalt dye here
Whi slough thou mi sone dere
With that aundiren he thret Sir Gij
And with gret hate ükerly
Ac that din he feiled of him
Gij up stert wroth and grim
Into the wough it fleye to fot and more
Merci seyd Gij for Godes ore
Gif Ich thi sone owhar a-slough
It was me defendant anough
Knight anon about him throng
To slen him bothe eld and yong
Gij hent in hond anon right
An ar that was gode aplight
Bi that on ende of the halle he him drough
And ther he werd him wele anough
Thai aseyld him strongliche
And he him werd stalworthliche

6400

With that com forth the steward light
A Brabasone he was a wel gode knight
A strok he smot to Sir Gij
And hewe on him ful felly
Gij of him failed naught
With the ar he hath him raught
That his heued he him to clef
Al to ded to ground he dref
Thus Gij him wereth manliche
And hij him aseyle heteliche
The knightes he slough there
The best that in that court were
  Sir Florentyn seyd Sir Gij
For Godes loue now merci
Thou art y-hold so gode a man
Hennes to Rome better nis nan
And thou in thine halle me sle
For traisoun it worth atwist the
In edwite it worth the drawe
Swiche a man thou schust haue slawe
When thou with thi wille fre
The mete me geue par charite
Were it with wrong were it with right
For tresoun it worth the witt aplight
Opon alle thing a thing atte mete
Ther ye ought me to were fram hete

6516

For Godes loue ſir ſo michel do me
That ye therfore blamed no be
Do me deliuer mi ſtede
And lete me out at the caſtel ride
And ſeththen thei ſlawe be
No worth ye nought y-blamed in the cuntre
Therl him withdrough with that
At his hert gret ſorwe ſat
That he his ſone ſeye ligge ded
Of him no worth him non other red
Sone he ſeyd what ſchal Ȝ do
Whenne Ich the haue thus forgo
Who ſchal now weld after me
Mine londes that brod be
A man Icham ſwithe in eld
Dye Ichil bi Godes ſcheld
Dpon that bodi he fel anon
Reuthe thai hadden therof ichon
Of his gret ſorwe that he made
To his knightes notheles he ſade
Ichot that non ſo hardi be
That him miſdo to for me
Therwhile that he in mi court is
That Ich hot you alle Ȝ wis
And that his ſtede be him bitaught
And out at the gates that he be brought

And that he be to hewe flesche and bon
Thai deliuerd his stede anon
He lepe opon him swithe
And out at the gat he gan driue
His scheld with him than he bar
His gode swerd forgat he nought thar
Out of the castel he is y-gon
Toward Loreyne he went anon
  Therl with that armed is
Gij he drof smertliche ÿ wis
With his knightes on heye stede
Redi armed to that nede
Sir Gij his stede biwent tho
On of her knightes he smot so
Thurch his bodi the swerd is gon
Another he feld ther anon
With that come therl prikeinde
Opon his stede wele bereinde
With a spere an hond y-armed wel
Gij to smite he was ful fel
Gij him with went wold he nought fle
To therl Florentin than smot he
Heteliche togider thai smete
Opon her scheldes with gret hete
Therl alderfurst smot Sir Gij
With a gode spere sikerly

6568

Gij him ſmot again no might he as naught
That he hath the grounde y-raught
Bi the reynes his ſtede toke he
Of therl he hadde gret pite
For his ſone hadde aqueld
And for he was a man ſo eld
Fiftene yer weren agon
That he er in armes come
Sir ſeyd Gij ther anon
Nim thi ſtede and worth theron
What wonder dede the armes bere
To yer more thou ſchult reſt the here
Her Ich giue the thi ſtede
For thou geue me the mete at nede
In chaumber thou ſchult ligge ſtille
Other to chirche gon to bid Godis wille
Thi court Ichil quite cleym the
Ded Ich wold rather be
Ar Ich wold with the ete
At ſoper other at other mete
Gij went forth fulleliche withalle
Was him ther no nedes to duelle
On ich ſide he ſeye come knightes
Burieys and ſeriaunce redi to ſightes
With alle that crie of that cuntre
With hem nomen no wold ben he

6594

Him no was ther nought worth to abide
He priked his hors and gan to ride
Into a forest he gan to go
Oft his stede he with went tho
Mani he wounded and mani he slough
Of knightes that wer gode y-nough
Gij ferd swithe with alle
Opon his stede that bar him snelle
Thurch the forest swithe he rode
Therl him ogein went withouten abode
Michel sorwe he made ÿ plight
For his sone awreke he no might
His sone anon biri he dede
In a chirche biforn the auter in that stede
Alle that day Gij forth rod
Alle what the soune adoun glod
Of alle night he no blan rideinge
Fort amorwe in the daweinge
So that he to Loreyin com
The cuntres he knewe anon
Wel right he yede to that cite
Ichon ther fond he
Alle the best that weren thare
For him thai made michel care
When thai him hole and sounde y-seth
Of his coming glad hij beth

Gij hem told the sothe Ȝ wis
Hou he fram therl aschaped is
Alle thai thonked God tho
That deliuerd him of his wo
Seththen wold he nought long duelle
To his cuntre he wold snelle
  Gij of the douke toke his leue
Ac he it him gaf wel vnnethe
Anough he him bede of siluer and gold
Ac he therof nought nim nold
To therl Tirri he yede tho
And this wordes seyd him to
Sir erl Tirri seyd Gij
Now Ichil gon sikerli
Unto mi cuntre into Inglond
That way no may Ȝ nought withstond
Mine fader and min frendes to se
Ȝ not gif thai oliues be
Seuen yer and more agon it is
That Ich in that cuntre was Ȝ wis
Gif it bitide ani thing sone
That thou haue with me to don
Be it in pes other in werre
Whether it be ner or ferre
Anon right sende after me
Ichil come anon to the

That Ich no fot hot com to the
Al fone as Ich thi fond y-fe
Thi wer we haue ouercom
And thou haft fpoufed thi loue
Deftrud we haue your fon
Erls barouns mani on
Thi lond we han brought in pes
No beftow neuer iuel at effe
Thou art a knight of mighti dede
Of thine fon tharf the nought drede
Alle min eftris of Inglond
Sende Ichil to mi fond
And thou fchalt to me alfo
Alle thine wille fende me to
And Ich me felf wille com to the
Sone fo Ich mi time may fe
Felawe quath Tirri gramerci
Iuel biladde now am I
Oft fram deth thou haft me fcheld
And neuere no haddeftow for me yeld
Gif thou wilt fro me go
Thou me fert neuer mo
Al fo fone fo it wite our fon
That thou art fro me gon
On ich fide ous fchal arife werre
Of Almeyns Lombardes neye and ferre

That ben Otous kinſmen
For he was come of gret ken
The king of Speyne his em is
His ſoſter hath wedded the douke Moralis
Doukes erls of gret pouſte
His deth thai wite me wille
In wer and wo ſchal Y be
Ther while the liue is in me
And gif we were togider baye
Of wer no thurt ous ſtond no aye
And gif thou here with me bileue wold
Anough we haue of ſiluer and of gold
Gode cites and caſtels ſtrong
The feireſt and the beſt of this lond
With douke Loer Ichil be
And alle Gormoiſe Ichil giue the
With alle the worthſchip that lithe therto
And yete another Ichil the do
And the worth of Paui
Ichil therof chalangij
  Sir erl quath Gij therof ſpeke nought
Al idel thou haſt me therof biſought
Gret wille Ich haue to that waye
Y no lete it nought therfore to daye
No were it for the loue of mi leman
Nold Ich neuer wende the fram

Ac with the euer duelle Ich wolde
That neuer departi we ne scholde
Gon Ich mot wille Ȝ so nille
O think the nought Ȝ may nought duelle
Togider thai kisten hem tho
At her departing thai wepen bo
Bothe thai wepen bitterliche
That folk hadde therof pite miche
Alle the men that ther were
Was for hem sori there
At the departing of to ferren
Wel gode knightes bothe thai weren
Gij lepe on a mule ambling
Bi the way he rideth sorweing
Tirri bileft sorwe makeing
And Gij his felawe bimeninge
So miche sorwe he made day and night
No man might tellen it Ȝ you plight
Sir Gij no lan neuer rideing
Til he com to the se withouten leſing
Gode winde he hath and paſſeth sone
And come in to Inglond mididone
Now forth to Warwik[e] he is ȝ-go
King Athelston ther he fond tho
And when he was to Warwike com
With ioie thai him vnderfenge alle and some

The king togeines him is y-go
With knightes and burieys also
For he him herd preyse so miche
The king him loued ükerliche
And with him soiournd Sir Gij the fre
On a day at the ches pleyden he
With that come ther thre men rideinde
Of the cuntre fre men heldinde
To the king thai seyd Sir vnderstond
Hard tidinges we bring the an hond
Bot ye sone take yeme therto
Alle your lond ye schul forgo
Ther is comen opon thi lond
A best that bringeth it al to schond
Out of Irlond it come
To miche harm it hath y-don
It no leueth man no wiman non
That it no ileth hem ichon
Bot sum that aschaped beth
Thurch chaunce and to the cites
It freteth men and bestes also
Right for sothe Ȝ telle the to
Neuer nas best no so kene
Gret heued it hath and gastelich to sene
His nek is greter than a bole
His bodi is swarter than ani cole

6750

Jt is michel and long and griſeliche
Fram the nouel vpward vnſchepliche
The ſmalleſt ſcale that on him is
No wepen no may atame Y wis
As a ſomer it is breſted bifore in the brede
And ſwifter ernend than ani ſtede
He hath clawes alſo a lyoun
Wen ſeyth that it is a dragoun
Gret wenges he hath with to fle
His ſchaft to telle alle ne mow we
The bodi is gret toward the teyle
Swiche a beſt nas neuer ſaunfeyle
The teyle is gret and wel long
Jn the warld nis man ſo ſtrong
And were y-armed neuer ſo
And he with the teyle ſmot him to
That he no worth ded anon
No ſchuld he neuer ride no go[n]
When the king hath y-herd this
That the men him teld Y wis
An gode while he him bithought
Er than that he ſpeke mought
Sir quath Gij no care thou nought
Therof no haue thou no thought
Into North Humberlond Jchil wende
And gif Jch that beſt may fende

6776

Ich him schal ouercome thurch Godes might
For with him Ichil hold üght
Gij quath the king schaltow nought so
No wille Ich that thou alon go
An hundred knightes schul wende with the
That thou may the ükerer be
Gij anſwerd anon right
Nold neuer God ful of might
That for a best onlepi
Schuld so miche folk traueli
At the king his leue he nam
And hom to his in he cam
His felawes he lete ther ichon
With him most go neuer on
Bot Herhaud that was gode at nede
And other to knightes y-armed on stede
So thai come thider on a day
And spired where that best lay
Gij armed him wel richeliche
And seyd to his felawes hastiliche
That so hardi ther be non
O fot with him for to gon
Now is Gij to a launde y-go
Wher the dragoun duelled tho
Tho Gij him seye so griseli
Of him no was he nought al trusti

6802

With the spere he him smot smertliche
That was kerueand scharpeliche
That al to schiuereth it to fleythe
Ac the bodi com it nought neye
Tho he had smiten that best so
Well heye he bar his heued tho
With went him and lepe him to
Him and his stede he feld bo
Gij of that strok astounded is
Neuer hadde he non swiche ȝ wis
Up he stirt anon right
God he seyd fader almight
That made the day and night also
And for ous sinful tholdest wo
And heldest Daniel fram the lyoun
Saue me fram this foule dragoun
His swerd he drough anon right
To him he lepe with gret might
And smot him in the heued schod
A wel gret strok withouten abod
Ac no thing sen than was his dent
Gij him held than al schent
That he no might him deri nought
With no wepen of stiel y-wrought
Bitvene hem was strong bateyle
Aither gan other for to aseyle

6828

At aſaut with Gyes partinge
That wers he hadde at that wendinge
The beſt him neyed and ſmot him
With his vp coming ſo fel and grim
That he a lappe rent out anon
Of his brini that alle his truſt was on
  Now hath Gij michel to done
To a tre he went him ſone
Ther he wille bateyle abide
Of that beſt what ſchaunce ſo bitide
That beſt biſides him it went
And with his teyle a ſtrok him ſent
On the ſcheld he ſmot him an heye
That euen ato it to fleye
Al ſo it were with a ſwerd broun
Wel neye Gij him fel adoun
With his taile he bigirt Sir Gij
And him threſt ſo ſtrongli
That thre ribbes he brac atvo
And Gij with ſtrengthe ſmot him tho
Atvo he him karf ſmartliche
And deliuerd him ſeluen manliche
Bi the nauel he carf him ato
And with a gret pine deliuerd him fro
Gij him perceyued in that ſtounde
That neuer more thurch wepen y-grounde

6854

That fram the nauel vpward so
No ſlough him man neuer mo
Tho that beſt hirt him feled
Swithe loude he grad and yeled
That alle that cuntre dined there
And als wide as men herd his bere
Nis man in the werld that wer ther neye
That him no might agriſe that it ſeye
To a tre than drought him Sir Giſ
And werd him wele for the maiſtri
His hauberk was to rent tofore
As a clout that were al to tore
Stalworthli Sir Giſ ther faught
Ac wele he ſeye it gained him naught
To ſmite on the bodi bifore
He no might him ſle no no man bore
Alſo that beſt him went aboute
Giſ him bithought he was in doute
Binethen the wenge he him ſmot
Thurch that bodi that ſwerd bot
Thurch the bodi he him carf atwo
Ded he fel to grounde tho
He grad and yelled ſwithe loude
That it ſchilled into the cloude
Giſ withdrough him therfro anon
For ſtink that of the bodi come

Neye that bodi he no durste
After that he yede him to reste
When that best ther ded lay
For sothe Ȝ you telle may
Thritti fote meten it was
Ther it lay in that plas
The folk of the cuntre it mette
Ther it lay wonderliche grete
That heued he bar the bodi fro
And with that Gij forth went tho
He come to his feren aplight
That for him bad to God Almight
To Warwike he is y-went
With that heued he made the king present
The king was blithe and of glad chere
For that he seye Gij hole and fere
At Warwik[e] thai henge the heued anon
Yani man wondred ther apon

GOD graunt hem heuen blis to mede
That herken to mi romaunce rede
Al of a gentil knight
The best bodi he was at nede
That euer might bistriden stede
And freest founde in ȝight
The word of him ful wide it ran
Ouer al this warld the priis he wan

As man most of might
Balder bern was non in bi
His name was hoten Sir Gij
Of Warwike wise and wight

Wight he was for sothe to say
And holden for priis in eueri play
As knight of gret bounde
Out of this lond he went his way
Thurch mani diuers cuntray
That was biyond the see
Seththen he com into Inglond
And Athelston the king he fond
That was bothe hende and fre
For his loue Ich understond
He slough a dragoun in North Humberlond
Ful fer in the north cuntre

He and Herhaud for sothe to say
To Wallingforth toke the way
That was his faders toun
Than was his fader sothe to say
Ded and birid in the clay
His air was Sir Gioun
Alle that held of him lond or fe
Deden him omage and feute

6930

And com to his somoun
He tok alle his faders lond
And gaf it hende Herhaud in hond
Right to his warisoun

And alle that hadde in his seruise be
He gaf hem gold and riche fe
Ful hendeliche on honde
And seththen he went with his meyne
To therl Rohand that was so fre
At Warwike he him fond
Alle than were thai glad and blithe
And thonked God a thousand sithe
That Gij was comen to lond
Sethe on hunting thai gun ride
With knightes fele and miche pride
As ye may vnderstond

On a day Sir Gij gan fond
And feir Felice he tok to hond
And seyd to that bird so blithe
Ichaue he seyd thurch Godes sond
Won the priis in mani lond
Of knightes strong and stithe
And me is boden gret anour
Kinges douhter and emperour

6951

To haue to mi wiue
Ac ſwete Felice he ſeyd than
Ȝ no ſchal neuer ſpouſe wiman
Whiles thou art oliue

Than anſwerd that ſwete wight
And ſeyd ogain to him ful right
Bi him that ſchope mankinne
Icham deſired day and night
Of erl baroun and mani a knight
For nothing wil thai blinne
Ac Giȝ ſche ſeyd hende and fre
Al mi loue is layd on the
Our loue ſchal neuer twinne
And bot Ich haue the to make
Other lord nil Ȝ non take
For al this warld to winne

Anon to hir than anſwerd Giȝ
To fair Felice that ſat him bi
That ſemly was of ſight
Leman he ſeyd gramerci
With ioie and with melodi
He kiſt that ſwete wight
Than was he bothe glad and blithe
His ioie couthe he noman kithe

For that bird so bright
He no was neuer ther biforn
Halk so blithe sethe he was born
For nought that man him hight

On a day therl gan fond
And fair Felice he tok bi hond
And hir moder biside
Douhter he seyd now understond
Why wiltow haue non husbond
That might the spouse with pride
Thou has ben desired of mani man
And yete no wostow neuer nan
For nought that might bitide
Leue douhter hende and fre
Telle me now par charite
What man thou wil abide

Felice answerd ogain
Fader quath hye Ichil the sain
With wordes fre and hende
Fader quath sche Ichil ful fayn
Tel the at wordes twain
Bi him that schop mankende
Opon Sir Gij that gentil knight
Y wis mi loue is alle alight

7002

In warld wher that he wende
And bot he ſpouſe me at o word
Y no kepe neuer take lo[r]d
Day withouten ende

Than ſeyd therl with wordes fre
Douhter y-bliſced mot thou be
Of Godes mouthe to mede
Ich hadde wele leuer than al mi fe
With than he wald ſpouſy the
That douhti man of dede
He hath ben deſired of mani woman
And he hath forſaken hem euerilcan
That worthly were in wede
Ac natheles Ichil to him fare
For to witen of his anſware
That douhti man of dede

On a day withouten leſing
Therl him rode on dere hunting
And Sir Gij the conquerour
Als thai riden on her talking
Thai ſpeken togider of mani thing
Of leuedis bright in bour
Therl ſeyd to Sir Gij hende and fre
Tel me the ſothe par charite

Y pray the par amoure
Hastow ment euer in thi liue
Spouse ani wiman to wiue
That falleth to thine anour

Sir Gij answerd and seyd than
Bi Him he seyd that this warld wan
To sauen al mankende
Bi nought that Y tel can
Y nil neuer spouse wiman
Saue on is fre and hende
Sir quath therl listen nov to me
Y haue a douhter bright on ble
Y pray the leue frende
To wiue wiltow hir understond
Y schal the sese in al mi lond
To hold withouten ende

Gramerci seyd Gij anon
So help me Crist and Seyn Jon
And Y schuld spouse a wiue
Ich hadde leuer hir bodi alon
Than winnen al this warldes won
With ani woman oliue
Than seyd therl gramerci
And in his armes he kist Sir Gij

7050

And thonked him mani a ſithe
Sir Gij he ſeyd thou art mi frende
Now thou wilt ſpouſe mi do[u]hter hende
Was Ȝ neuer are ſo blithe

Ac certes ſeyd therl ſo fre
Sir Gij gif thou wilt trowe me
No lenger thou no ſchalt abide
Now for fourtenight it ſchal be
The bridal hold with gamen and gle
At Warwike in that tyde
Than was Sir Gij glad and blithe
His joie couthe he no man kithe
To his oſtel he gan ride
And tho Gij com hom to his frende
He ſchuld ſpouſe his douhter hende
He teld Herhaud that tide

Therl Rouhand as ſwithe dede ſende
After lordinges fer and hende
That pris wel told in tour
When the time was comen to thende
To chirche wel feir gun thai wende
With mirthe and michel anour
Miche ſemly folk was gadred thare
Of erls barouns laſſe and mare

And leuedis bright in bour
Than spoused Sir Gij that day
Fair Felice that miri may
With ioie and gre[te] vigour

When he hadde spoused that swete wight
The fest lasted a fourtennight
That frely folk in fere
With erl baroun and mani a knight
And mani a leuedy fair and bright
The best in lond that were
Ther wer giftes for the nones
Gold and siluer and precious stones
And druries riche and dere
Ther was mirthe and melody
And al maner menstracie
As ye may fortheward here

Ther was trumpes and tabour
Fithel croude and harpour
Her craftes for to kithe
Organisters and gode stiuours
Winstrels of mouthe and mani dylour
To glade tho bernes blithe
Ther nis no tong may telle in tale
The ioie that was at that bridale

With menske and mirthe to mithe
For ther was al maner of gle
That hert might thinke other eyghen se
As ye may list and lithe

Herls barouns hende and fre
That ther war gadred of mani cuntre
That worthliche were in wede
Thai gouen glewemen for her gle
Robes riche gold and fe
Her giftes were nought guede
On the fiften day ful yare
Thai toke her leue for to fare
And thonked hem her gode dede
Than hadde Gij that gentil knight
Feliis to his wil day and night
In gest also we rede

When Gij hadde spoused that hendy flour
Fair Feliis so bright in bour
That was him leue and dere
Y wis in Warwike in that tour
Fiften days with honour
With ioie togider thai were
So it bifel that first night
That he neyghed that swete wight

A child thai geten y-fere
And feththen with forwe and ükeing fare
Her ioie turned hem into care
As ye may forward here

Than was Sir Gij of gret renoun
And holden lord of mani a toun
As prince proude in pride
That erl Rohant and Sir Gyoun
In fretthe to fel the dere adoun
On hunting thai gun ride
It bifel opon a somers day
That Sir Gij at Warwike lay
In herd is nought to hide
At night in tale as it is told
To bedde went the bernes bold
Bi time to reft that tide

To a turet Sir Gij is went
And biheld that ürmament
That thicke with fteres fode
On Jhefu omnipotent
That alle his honour hadde him lent
He thought with dreri mode
Hou he hadde euer ben frong werrour
For Jhefu loue our Saueour

7146

Neuer no dede he gode
Mani man he hadde layn with wrong
Allas allas it was his song
For sorwe he yede ner wode

Allas he seyd that I was born
Bodi and soule Icham forlorn
Of blis Icham al bare
For neuer in al mi liif biforn
For Him that bar the croun of thorn
Gode dede dede Y nare
Bot wer and wo Ichaue don wrought
And mani a man to grounde y-brought
That rewes me ful sare
To bote min sinnes Ichil wende
Barfot to mi liues ende
To bid mi mete with care

As Gij stode thus in tour alon
In hert him was ful wo bigon
Allas it was his song
Than com Feliis sone anon
And herd him make rewely mon
With sorwe and care among
Leman sche seyd what is thi thought
Whi artow thus in sorwe brought

Wethenke thi pain wel strong
Hastow ought herd of me bot gode
That thou makes thus dreri mode
Y wis thou hast gret wrong

Leman seyd Gij ogain
Ichil the telle the sothe ful fain
Whi Icham brought to grounde
Sethythen Y the seyghe first with ayn
Allas the while Y may sayn
Thi loue me hath so y-bounde
That neuer sethythen no dede Y gode
Bot in wer schadde mannes blode
With mani a griseli wounde
Now may me rewe al mi liue
That euer was Y born o wiue
Wayle-way that stounde

Ac gif Ich hadde don half the dede
For Him that on rode gan blede
With grimly woundes sare
In heuene He wald haue quit mi mede
In joie to won with angels wede
Euermore withouten care
Ac for thi loue Ich haue al wrought
For His loue dede Y neuer nought

7194

Jhesu amende mi fare
Therfore Ich wot that Icham lorn
Allas the time that Y was born
Of blis Icham al bare

Bot God is curteys and hende
And so dere He hath bought mankende
For nothing wil hem lete
For His loue Ichil now wende
Barfot to mi liues ende
Mine sinnes for to bete
That whore so Y lye anight
Y schal neuer be seyn with light
Bi way no bi strete
Of alle the dedes Y may do wel
God graunt the lef that haluendel
And Marie His moder swete

Than stode that hende leuedi stille
And in hir hert hir liked ille
And gan to wepe anon
Leman sche seyd what is thi wille
Y wis thi speche wil me spille
Y not what Y may don
Y wot thou hast in sum cuntre
Spoused another woman than me

7918

That thou wilt to hir gon
And now thou wilt fro me fare
Allas allas now cometh mi care
For forwe Ichil me slon

For wer and wo thatow hast wrought
God that al mankende hath bought
So curteys He is and hende
Schriue the wele in word and thought
And than the tharf dout right nought
Ogaines the foule fende
Chirches and abbays thou might make
That schal pray for thi sake
To Him that schope mankende
Hastow no nede to go me fro
Saue thou might thi soule fram wo
In joie withouten ende

Leue leman than seyd Sir Gij
Lete ben alle this reweful crj
It is nought worth thi tale
For mani a bern and knight hardi
Ich haue y-sleyn sikerly
And strued cites fale
And for Ich haue destrued mankin
Y schal walk for mi sinne

7242

Barfot bi doun and dale
That Ich haue with mi bodi wrought
With mi bodi it schal be bought
To bote me of that bale

Leman he seyd par charite
Astow art bothe hende and fre
O thing Ȝ the pray
Loke thou make no sorwe for me
Bot hold the stille astow may be
Til tomorwe at day
Gret[e] wele thi fader that is so hende
And thi moder and al thi frende
Bi sond as Ȝ the say
Grete wele Herhaud Ȝ the biseche
Leman God Ȝ the biteche
Ȝ wil fare forth in mi way

Leman Ȝ warn the biforn
With a knaue child thou art y-corn
That douhti beth of dede
For him that bar the croun of thorn
Therfore as sone as it is born
Pray Herhaud wight in wede
He teche mi sone as he wele can
Al the thewes of gentil man

And helpe him at his nede
For he is bothe gode and hende
And euer he hath ben trewe and kende
God quite him his mede

Leman he seyd haue here mi brond
And take mi sone it in his hond
Allow art hende and fre
He may therwith Ich vnderstond
Winne the priis in eueri lond
For better may non be
Leman he seyd haue now gode day
Ichil fare forth in mi way
And wende in mi jurne
Thai kist hem in armes two
And bothe thai fel alwon tho
Gret diol it was to se

Gret sorwe thai made at her parting
And kist hem with eyghen wepeing
Bi the hond sche gan him reche
Leman sche seyd haue her this ring
For Jhesus loue heuen king
A word Ȝ the biseche
When thou art in fer cuntre
Loke heron and thenk on me

And God Y the biteche
With that word he went hir fro
Wepeand with eyghen to
Withouten more speche

Now is Gij fram Warwike fare
Unto the se he went ful yare
And passed ouer the flod
The leuedy bileft at hom in care
With sorwe and wo and sikeing fare
Wel drery was hir mode
Allas allas it was hir song
Hir here sche drough hir hond sche wrong
Hir fingres braft o blode
Al that night til it was day
Hir song it was wayleway
For sorwe sche yede ner wode

Hir lordes swerd sche drough biforn
And thought haue slain hirself for sorn
Withouten more delay
To sle hirseluen er the child wer born
Sche thought hir soule it wer forlorn
Euermore at domesday
And that hir fader hir frendes ichon
Schuld seyn hir lord it hadde y-don

7314

And were so fled oway
Therfore sche dede his swerd ogain
Elles for sorwe sche hadde hir slain
In gest as Y you say

Arliche amorwe when it was day
To chaumber ther hir fader lay
Sche com wringand hir hond
Fader sche seyd Ichil the say
Mi lord is went fro me his way
In pilgrimage to fond
He will passe ouer the se
Schal he neuer com to me
Ogain into Inglond
For sorwe that sche hadde that stounde
Aswoon sche fel adoun to grounde
O fot no might sche stonde

Douhter seyd hir fader lat be
Y trowe nought that Sir Gij the fre
Is thus fram the fare
Y wis he nis nought passed the se
He ne doth nought bot for to fond the
Hou trewe of hert thou ware
Nay sir sche seyd so God me spede
He is walked in pouer wede

7338

To beggen his mete with care
And therfore now singen I may
Allas the time and wayleway
That mi moder me bare

Therl ros up with sikeing sare
For Sir Gij was fram him fare
In hert him was ful wo
And alle his frendes lesse and mare
For Sir Gij thai hadde gret care
For he was went hem fro
Thai sought him than al about
Within the cite and without
Ther he was won to go
And when thai founde him nought that day
There was mani a wayleway
Wringand her hondes two

And when Gij was fram hem gon
Herhaud and his frendes ichon
And other barouns him by
To therl Rohant thai seyden anon
The best rede that we can don
Smertliche and hastily
Messangers we schul now sende
Ouer alle this lond fer and hende

To seche mi lord Sir Gij
And gif he be nought in this lond
He is in Loreyn Ich vnderstond
With his brother Tirry

Wenssangers anon thai sende
Ouer al this lond fer and hende
Fram Londen in to Louthe
Ouer al biyonde Humber and Trent
And est and west thurch out al Kent
To the hauen of Portesmouthe
Thai sought him ouer al vp and doun
Ouer alle the lond in euerich toun
Bi costes that wer couthe
And seththen to Warwike thai gan wende
And seyd thai might him no whar fende
Bi north no bi southe

Herhaud was wele vnderstond
That Gij was fer in vncouthe lond
Ful hende he was and fre
Palmers wede he tok on hond
To seche his lord he wald fond
Unto the Grekis see
To therl Rohant he seyd anon
To seche his lord he most gon

7386

Thurch alle Christiante
When therl seye him thus y-dight
Thou art he seyd a trewe knight
Y-blisced mot thou be

Tho went Herhaud so trewe in tale
To seche his lord in londes sale
For nothing he nold abide
He yede ouer alle bi doun and dale
To eueri court and kinges sale
Bi mani a lond side
Thurch Normondye and alle Speyne
Into Fraunce and thurch Breteyne
He yede bothe fer and wide
Thurch Lorain and thurch Lombardye
And neuer no herd he telle of Gij
For nought that might bitide

When Herhaud had sought him fer and hende
And he no might him no whar fende
Noither bi se no sond
Into Inglond he gan wende
And therl Rohant and al his frende
At Warwike he hem fond
And teld he hadde his lord sought
And that he no might ünde him nought

7410

In non skinnes lond
Wani a moder child that day
Wepe and gan say walleway
Wel sore wringand her hond

Now herken and ye may here
In gest gif ye wil listen and lere
Hou Gij as pilgrim yede
He welke about with glad chere
Thurch mani londes fer and nere
Ther God him wald spede
First he went to Jerusalem
And seththen he went to Bedlem
Thurch mani an vncouthe thede
Yete he bithought him seththen tho
For to sechen halwen mo
To winne him heuen mede

Tho he went this pilgrimage
Toward the Court of Antiage
Bi this half that cite
He met a man of fair parage
Y-comen he was of heyghe linage
And of kin fair and fre
Michel he was of bodi y-pight
A man he semed of michel might

7434

And of gret bounte
With white hore heued and berd y-blowe
As white as ani driuen snowe
Gret sorwe than made he

So gret sorwe ther he made
Sir Gij of him rewthe hade
He gan to wepe so sare
His cloth he rent his here to torn
And cursed the time that he was born
Wel diolful was his fare
Wore sorwe made neuer man
Gij stode and loked on him than
And hadde of him gret care
He seyd allas and walewo
Al mi joie it is ago
Of blis Icham al bare

Gode man what artow seyd Gij
That makest thus this reweful cri
And thus sorweful mone
Methenke for the Icham sori
For that thine hert is thus drery
Thi ioie is fro the gon
Telle me the sothe Y pray the
For Godes loue in trinite

That this world hath in won
For Jhesu is of so michel might
He may make thine hert light
And thou not neuer hou son

Gode man seyd the pilgrim
Thou hast me frained bi God thin
To telle the of mi fare
And alle the soth withouten les
Ichil the telle hou it wes
Of blis hou Icham bare
So michel sorwe is on me steke
That min hert it wil to breke
With sorwe and sikeing sare
Forlorn Ich haue al mi blis
Ȝ no schal neuer haue joie Ȝ wis
In erthe Ȝ wald Ȝ ware

A man Ȝ was of state sum stounde
And holden a lord of gret mounde
And erl of al Durras
Fair sones Ich hadde siftene
And alle wer knights stout and kene
Wen cleped me therl Jonas
Ȝ trowe in this warld is man non
Ȝ wis that is so wo bigon

Seththen the warld made was
For alle min sones Ich haue forlorn
Better berns weren non born
Therfore Ȝ sing allas

For blithe worth Ȝ neuer more
Alle mi sones Ich haue forlore
Thurch a batayl vnride
Thurch Sarrazins that fel wore
To Jerusalem thai com ful yore
To rob and reue with pride
And we toke our oft anon
Ogaines hem we gun gon
Bateyl of hem to abide
The acountre of hem was so strong
That mani dyed ther among
Or we wald rest that tide

Thurch mi ſiftene som
Weren the geauntes ouercome
And driuen doun to grounde
Fiftene Amirals ther wer nome
The king gan fle with alle his trome
For drede of ous that stounde
Ich and mi sones withouten lesing
Out of that lond we driuen the king

7506

And his men gaf dedli wounde
The king him hight Triamour
A lord he was of gret honour
A man of michel mounde

Than dede we wel gret foly
We ſuwed him with maiſtrie
Into his owhen lond
Into Aliſaundre thai fleye owy
The cuntre ros up with a cri
To help her king and hond
In a brom feld ther wer hidde
Thre hundred Sarrazins wele y-ſchridde
With helme and grimly brond
Out of that brom thai lepen anon
And bilapped ous euer ichon
And drof ous alle to ſchond

Thai hewen at ous with michel hete
And we leyd on hem dintes grete
And flouwen of her ferred
And ar that we weren alle y-nome
Mani of hem weren ouercome
Ded wounded vnder wede
Thai weren to mani and we to fewe
Al our armour thai to hewe

7530

And stiked vnder ous our stede
Yete we foughten afot long
Til swerdes brosten that weren strong
And than yeld we ous for nede

To the king we yolden ous al and some
That we might to raunsom come
To saue our liues ichon
Into Alisaunder he ladde ous tho
And into his prisoun dede ous do
Was maked of lime and ston
Litel was our drink and lasse our mete
For hunger we wende our liues lete
Wel wo was ous bigon
So weren we ther alle that yer
With michel sorwe bothe y-fere
That socour com ous non

So it bifel that riche Soudan
Made a fest of mani a man
Of thritti kinges bi tale
King Triamour com to court tho
And Fabour his sone dede also
With knightes mani and fale
The thridde day of that fest
That was so riche and so honest

So derlich dight in sale
After that fest that riche was
Ther bifel a wonder cas
Wher thurch ros michel bale

That riche Soudan hadde a sone
That was y-hold a douhti gome
Sadok was his name
The kinges sone Fabour he cleped him to
Into his chaumber thai gun go
Tho knightes bothe y-same
Sadok gan to Fabour sayn
Gif he wald ate ches playn
And held ogain him game
And he answerd in gode maner
He wald play with him y-fere
Withouten ani blame

Ate ches thai sett hem to playn
Tho hendy knightes bothe trayn
That egre weren of sight
Er thai hadde don half a game
With strong wrethe thai gan to grame
Tho gomes michel of might
Thurch a chek Fabour seyd for soth
Sadok in hert wer wroth

And miſſayd him anon right
And cleped him ti and a putayn
And ſmot him with might and main
Wher thurch ros michel ſight

With a roke he brac his heued than
That the blod biforn out ſpan
In that ich place
Sadok ſeyd than Fabour
Thou doſt me gret deſhonour
That thou me manace
Nar thou mi lordes ſone were
Thou ſchuldeſt dye right now here
Schuſtow neuer hennes paſſe
Sadok ſtirt vp to Fabour
And cleped him anon vile traitour
And ſmot him in the face

With his feſt he ſmot him thore
That Fabour was agreued ſore
And ſtirt vp in that ſtounde
The cheker he hent vp fot hot
And Sadok in the heued he ſmot
That he fel ded to grounde
His fader ſone he hath y-teld
That he hath the Soudan ſone aqueld

7692

And gouen him dethes wounde
On hors thai lopen than biliue
Out of the lond thai gun driue
For ferd thai were y-founde

When it was the Soudan teld
That his sone was aqueld
And brought of his liif dawe
On al maner he him bithought
Hou that he him wreke mought
Thurch iugement of lawe
After the king he sent an heyghe
To defende him of that felonie
That he his sone hath y-slawe
And bot he wald com anon
With strengthe he schuld on him gon
With wilde hors don him drawe

King Triamour com to court tho
And Fabour his sone dede also
To the Soudan's parlement
When thai biforn him comen beth
Thai were adouted of her deth
Ther liues thai wende haue spent
For the Soudan cleped hem fot hot
And his sones deth hem atwot

7626

And seyd thai weren alle schent
Bot thai hem therof weren might
In strong perile he schuld hem dight
And to her iugement

Than dede he com forth a Sarrazine
Haue he Cristes curs and mine
With boke and eke with belle
Out of Egypt he was y-come
Michel and griselich was that gome
With ani god man to duelle
He is so michel and vnrede
Of his sight a man may drede
With tong as Ȝ the telle
As blac he is as brodes brend
He semes as it weren a fende
That comen weren out of helle

For he is so michel of bodi y-pight
Ogains him tvelue men haue no might
Ben thai neuer so strong
For he is four fot sikerly
More than ani man stont him bi
So wonderliche he is long
Sif king Triamour that ther was
Wight fenden him in playn place

Of that michel wrong
Than is that vile glotoun
Made the Soudans champioun
Batayl of him to fong

King Triamour anſwerd than
To that riche Soudan
In that ich ſtounde
That he wald defende him wele y-nough
That he neuer his ſone ſlough
No gaf him dedli wounde
When he ſeye Amoraunt ſo grim
Ther durſt no man ſight with him
So grille he was on grounde
Than aſked he reſpite til a day
To finde another gif he may
Ogaines him durſt founde

Than hadde he reſpite al that yere
And fourti days ſo was the maner
Thurch lawe was than in lond
Gif him ſeluen durſt nought ſight
Finde another gif he might
Ogaines him durſt ſtond
The king as ſwithe hom is went
Ouer alle his lond anon he ſent

7674

After erl baroun and bond
And asked gif ani wer so bold
Thriddendel his lond haue he schold
The batayl durst take an hond

Ac for nought that he hot might
Ther was non durst take the fight
With the geaunt for his sake
Than was Ich out of prisoun nome
Biforn him he dede me come
Conseyl of me to take
And asked me at worde fewe
Gif Ȝ wist other Ȝ knewe
A man so mighti of strake
That for him durst take the fight
Weren he buriays other knight
Riche prince he wald him make

And gif Ȝ might ani fende
He wald make me riche and al mi kende
And gif me gret honour
And wold sese into min hond
To helden thriddendel his lond
With cite toun and tour
Ac Ichim answerd than
In alle this warld was ther man

7698

To ſight with that traitour
Bot gif it Gij of Warwike were
Or Herhaud of Ardern his fere
In warld thai bere the flour

When the king herd tho
That Y ſpac of the knightes to
Ful blithe he was of chere
He kiſt me ſo glad he was
Merci he ſeyd erl Jonas
Thou art me leue and dere
Gif Ich hadde here Sir Gij
Or Herhaud that is ſo hardi
Of the maiſtri ſiker Y were
And thou mighteſt bring me her on
The and thine ſones Y ſchal lete gon
Fram priſoun quite and ſkere

Bi mi lay he dede me ſwere
That Y ſchuld trewelich bode bere
To tho knightes ſo hende
And ſeyd to me as ſwithe anon
With michel ſorwe he ſchuld me ſlon
Bot Ichem might fende
And al mine ſones do to drawe
And Ichim graunt in that thrawe

7722

To bring hem out of bende
Out of this lond Y went tho
With michel care and michel wo
Y nist wider to wende

Y sought hem into the lond of Coyne
Into Calaber and into Sessoyne
And fro thennes into Almayne
In Tuskan and in Lombardye
In Fraunce and in Normondye
Into the lond of Speyne
In Braban in Poil and in Bars
And into kinges lond of Tars
And thurch al Aquitayne
In Cisil in Hungri and in Ragoun
In Romayne Borgoine and Gascoine
And thurch out al Breteyne

And into Inglond wenden Y gan
And asked ther mani a man
Bothe yong and old
And in Warwike that cite
Ther he was lord of that cuntre
For to hauen in wold
Ac Y no fond non lite no miche
That couthe telle me sikerliche

7740

Of tho to knightes bold
Wher Y schold Gij no Herhaud fende
In no lond fer no hende
Therfore min hert is cold

For Ich haue the king mi trewthe y-plight
That Y schal bring Gij now right
Gif Ich oliues be
And giue Y bring him nought anon
Wele Ich wot he wil me slon
Therfore wel wo is me
And min sones he schal don hong
And to drawe with michel wrong
Tho knightes hende and fre
And gif thai dye gret harm it is
For hem Ich haue swiche sorwe Y wis
Wine hert wil breken on thre

God man seyd Gij listen me now
For thine sones gret sorwe hastow
And no wonder it nis
When thou Gij and Herhaud hath sought
And thou no may hem finde nought
Thi care is michel Y wis
Thurch hem thine hope was to go fre
And thi sones al forth with the

Church Godes help and his
Sum time bi dayes old
For douhti men thai wer told
And holden of gret priis

Church Godes helpe our dright
He be min help and giue me might
And leue me wele to spede
And for Gyes loue and Herhaud also
That thou hast sought with michel wo
That douhti were of dede
Batayl Ichil now for the fong
Ogain the geaunt that is so strong
Thou seyst is so vnrede
And thei he be the fende out right
Y schal for the take the fight
And help the at this nede

When therl herd him speke so
That he wald batayl fong for him tho
He biheld fot and heued
Michel he was of bodi pight
A man he semed of michel might
Ac pouerliche he was biweued
With a long berd his neb was growe
Miche wo him thought he hadde y-drowe

He wende his wit weren reued
For he seyd he wald as yern
Fight with that geaunt stern
Bot gif he hadde him proued

God man than seyd he
God Almighten for yeld it the
That is so michel of might
Thatow wost batayl for me fong
Ogain the geaunt that is so strong
Thou knowest him nought Ȝ plight
For gif he loked on the with wrake
Sternliche with his eyghen blake
So grim he is of sight
Wastow neuer so bold in al thi teime
Thatow durst batayl of him nim
No hold ogaines him sight

Gode man seyd Gij lat be that thought
For swiche wordes help ous nought
Ogain that schrewe qued
Mani hath loked me opon
With wicked wil mani on
That wald hau had min hed
And thei no sled Ȝ neuer yete
No neuer for ferd batayl lete

7818

For no man that brac bred
And thei he be the deuels rote
Y schal nought ſle him a fot
Bi him that ſuffred ded

Leue ſir than ſeyd he
God of heuen foryeld it te
Thine wordes er ful ſwete
For ioie he hadde in hert that ſtounde
On knes he fel adoun to grounde
And kiſt Sir Eyes fet
Gij tok him vp in armes to
Into Aliſaunder thai gun go
With the king to mete
And when thai com into the tour
Bifor the king Sir Triamour
Wel fair thai gun him grete

And when he ſeye therl Jonas
Unnethe he knewe him in the fas
So chaunged was his ble
Erl Jonas ſeyd the king
Telle me now withouten leſing
Gij and Herhaud wher ben he
Therl anſwerd and ſiked ſore
Gij no Herhaud ſeſtow no more

For ſothe Ȝ telle the
For hem Ich haue in Inglond ben
And Ȝ no might hem no whar ſen
Therfore wel wo is me

Ac the lond folk teld me in ſpeche
That Gij was gon halwen to ſeche
Wel fer in vncouthe lond
And Herhaud after him is went
For to ſeche him verrament
Noither of hem Ȝ no fond
Ac this man Ich haue brought to the
That hath ben man of gret bounte
That wele dar take on hond
Ogain the geaunt that is ſo fel
Al for to fende the ful wel
For drede wil he nought wond

Erl Jonas ſeyd the king
Loke with him be no feynting
That Ȝ deſeyued be
And gif ther be thou ſchalt anon
Be honged and thi ſones ichon
Ȝ graunt ſir than ſeyd he
The king cleped Sir Gyoun
And aſked him at ſchort reſoun

780

What is thy name tel me
Sir Gij anſwerd to the king
Youn he ſaid withouten leſing
When clepeth me in mi cuntre

What cuntre artow the king ſede
Of Inglond ſo God me rede
Therin Ich was Y born
Owe ſeyd the king artow Inglis knight
Than ſchuld Y thurch ſkill and right
Hate the euer more
Knewe thou nought the gode Gij
Or Herhaud that was ſo hardi
Tel me the ſothe bifore
Wele ought Ich be Syes foman
He ſlough mi brother Helmadan
Thurch him Icham forlore

Wi nem he ſlough the riche Soudan
Ate mete among ous euerilkan
Seyghe Y neuer man ſo ingin
Y ſeyghe hou he his heued of ſmot
And bar it oway with him fot hot
Waugre that was therinne
After him we driuen tho
The deuel halp him thennes to go

Y trowe he is of his kinne
Mahoun gaf that thou wer he
Ful ſiker might Y than be
The maiſtri for to winne

Sir Gij anſwerd to the king
Wel wele Y knowe withouten leüng
Herhaud ſo God me rede
And gif thou haddeſt her on here
Of the maiſtri ſiker thou were
The bateyl for to bede
The king aſked him anon right
Whi artow thus iuel y-dight
And in thus pouer wede
A feble lord thou ſerueſt ſo thenketh me
Or oway he hath driuen the
For ſum iuel dede

Nay ſir for God quath Gij
A wel gode lord than ſerue Y
With him was no blame
Wel michel honour he me dede
And gret worthſchipe in eueri ſtede
And ſore Ich haue him grame
And therfore Icham thus y-dight
To cri him merci day and night

7914

Til we ben frendes ſame
And mi lord and Y frende be
Ichil wende hom to mi cuntre
And liue with ioie and game

Frende Youn ſeyd the king
Wiltow fight for mi thing
Other Y ſchal another puruay
Therfor com Ich hider quath Gij
Thurch Godes help and our leuedi
As wele as Y may
Bot firſt therl Jonas and his ſones
Schal be deliuerd out of priſones
This ich ſelue day
The king anſwerd Y graunt the
Mahoun he mot thine he[l]p be
That is mi lord verray

Nay ſeyd Gij bot Marie ſone
He mot the to help come
For Mahoun is worth nought
Frende Youn ſeyd the king
Underſtond now mi teling
Al what Ich haue y-thought
Gif that thou may ouercom the fight
And defende me with right

The wrong is on me sought
So michel Y schal for the do
That men schal speke therof euer mo
As wide as this wa[r]ld is wrought

Alle the men that in mi prisoun be
Thai schul be deliuerd for loue of the
That Cristen men be told
Fram henne to Ynde that cite
Quiteclaym thai schul go fre
Bothe yong and old
And so gode pes Y schal festen anon
That Cristen men schul comen and gon
To her owhen wille in wold
Gramerci than seyd Sir Gij
That is a fair gift sikerly
God leue the it wele to hold

The king dede make a bathe anon right
For to bathe Gij and better dight
In silk he wald him schrede
Nay sir than seyd Sir Gij
Swiche clothes non kepe Y
Also God me rede
To were clothes gold bi go
For Y was neuer wont therto

No non so worthliche wede
Mete and drink anough giue me
And riche clothes lat thou be
Y kepe non swiche prede
And when the time com to thende
That thai schuld to court wende
Ther sembled a fair ferred

King Triamour maked him yare tho
And Fabour his sone dede also
With knightes stithe on stede
To court-ward than went he
To Espire that riche cite
With joie and michel prede
To the Soudan thai went on heye
With wel gret cheualrie
Bateyle for to bede

Gij was ful wele in armes dight
With helme and plate and brini bright
The best that euer ware
The hauberk he hadde was Renis
That was king Clarels Y wis
In Jerusalem when he was thare
A thef stale it in that stede
And oway therwith him dede

To Hethenesse he it bare
King Triamours elders it bought
And in her hord house thai it thought
To hold it euer mare

Sir Gij thai toke it in that plas
Thritti winter afrayd it nas
Ful clere it was of mayle
As bright as ani siluer it was
The halle schon therof as sonne of glas
For sothe withouten fayle
His helme was of so michel might
Was neuer man ouercomen in fight
That hadde it on his ventayle
It was Alisaunders the gret lording
When he faught with Poreus the king
That hard him gan aseyle

A gode swerd he hadde withouten faile
That was Ectors in Troye batayle
In gest as so men sint
Ar he that swerd dede forgon
Of Grece he slough ther mani on
That died thurch that dint
Hose and gambisoun so gode knight schold
A targe listed with gold

8010

About his ſwere he hint
Nas neuer wepen that euer was make
That o ſchel might therof take
Na more than of the flint

For king Triamours elders it laught
King Darri ſum time it aught
That Gij was vnder pight
Ich man are other bigan
Whennes and who was that man
That with the geaunt durſt fight
King Triamour ſeyd with wordes fre
Sir Soudan herken now to me
Aſtow art hendy knight
To thi court Icham now come
To defende me of that ich gome
That is ſo ſtern of ſight

This litel knight that ſtont me by
Schal fende me of that felonie
And make me quite and ſkere
Be ſtille ſeyd the Soudan tho
That batail ſchal wel ſone be go
Alſo brouke Ÿ mi ſwere
Ye dede clepe Amorant ſo grim
And Gij ſtode and loked on him

Hou foule he was of chere
It is seyd Gij no mannes sone
It is a deuel fram helle is come
What wonder doth he here

Who might his dintes dreye
That he no schuld dye an heye
So strong he is of dede
Than speken thai alle of the batayle
Where it schuld be withouten fayle
Thai token hem to rede
Than loked thai it schuld be
In a launde vnder the cite
Thider thai gun hem lede
With a riuer it ern al about
Therin schuld fight the knightes stout
Thai might fle for no nede

Ouer the water thai went in a bot
On-hors thai lopen fot hot
Tho knightes egre of mode
Thai priked the stedes that thai on sete
And smiten togider with dentes grete
And ferd as thai wer wode
Til her schaftes in that tide
Gun to schiuer bi ich aside

About hem ther thai stode
Than thai drough her swerdes grounde
And hewe togider with grimli wounde
Til thai spradde al ablode

Sir Amoraunt drough his gode brond
That wele carf al that it fond
When he hadde lorn his launce
That neuer armour might withstond
That was made of smitthes hond
In Hethenesse no in Fraunce
It was Sir Ercules the strong
That mani he slough therwith with wrong
In batayle and in destaunce
Ther was neuer man that it bere
Ouercomen in batayle no in were
Bot it weren thurch meschaunce

It was bathed in the flom of helle
Agnes gaf it him to wille
He schuld the better spede
Who that bar that swerd of might
Was neuer man ouercomen in fight
Bot it were thurch vnlede
Ther worth Sir Gij to deth y-brought
Bot gif God haue of him thought

His best help at nede
Togider thai wer yern heweinde
With her brondes wele kerueinde
And maden her ūdes blode

Sir Amoraunt was agreued in hert
And smot to Gij a dint ful smert
With alle the might he gan welde
And hitt him on the helme so bright
That alle the stones of michel might
Fleyghe doun in the feld
Al of the helme the sword out stint
And forth right with that selue dint
Other half fot of the scheld
That neuer was atamed ar than
For knight no for no nother man
No wer he neuer so beld

The sadel bowe he clef atwo
The stedes nek he dede also
With his grimli brond
Withouten when or ani wounde
Wele half a fot into the grounde
The scharp sword it wond
Sir Gij to grounde fallen is
He stirt up anon Y wis

And loked and gan withstond
Anon right in that ich stede
To God Almighten he bad his bede
And held vp bothe his hond

Sir Gij anon vp stirt
As man that was agremed in hert
Nought wel long he lay
Lord seyd Gij God Almight
That made the therkenes to the night
So help me to day
Scheld me fro this geaunt strong
That Y no deth of him afong
Atow art lord verray
That dint he seyd was iuel sett
Wele schal Y com out of thi dett
Gif that I libbe may

Gij hent his swerd that was ful kene
And smot Amoraunt with hert tene
A dint that sat ful sore
That a quarter of his scheld
He made to fleye in the feld
Al with his grimli gore
The stedes nek he smot atwo
Amoraunt to grounde is fallen tho

Wo was him therfore
Thar wer on fot tho knightes bold
Fight afot gif thai wold
Her stedes thai han forlore

Amoraunt with hert ful grim
Smot to Gij and Gij to him
With strokes stern and stiue
Hard thai hewe with swerdes clere
That helme and swerd that strong were
Thai gun hem al to driue
Hard foughten tho champiouns
That bothe plates and hauberiouns
Thai gun to ret and riue
And laiden on with dintes gret
Aither of hem so other gan bete
That wo was hem oliue

Sir Amoraunt was agreuen strong
That o man stode him tho so long
To Gij a strok he raught
And hit him on the helme so bright
That al the floures fel doun right
With a ful grimly draught
The cercle of gold he carf ato
And forth with his dint also

8154

Ther beleued it nought
On the scheld the swerd doun fel
And cleue it in to haluendel
Almost to grounde him brought

What with the swerdes out draweing
And with his hetelich out braiding
Ther fel a wonder cas
Sir Gij fel on knes to grounde
And stirt vp in that selue stounde
And seyd Lord ful of grace
Neuer dint of knight non
No might me are knele don
In no stede ther Ÿ was
Sir Gij hent vp his swerd fot hot
Amoraunt on the hod he smot
That he stumbled in the place

He hit him on the helme an heyghe
And with that dint the swerd it leyghe
Bi the nasel it gan doun founde
And so it dede bi the ventayle
And carf it ato saunfaile
And in to his flesche a wounde
His targe with gold list
He carf atwo thurch help of Crist

Ye cleue that ich stounde
So heteliche the brond out he plight
That Amoraunt anon right
Fel on knes to grounde

So strong batayle was hem bitvene
So seyd thai that might it sene
That seye thai neuer non swiche
That neuer was of wiman born
Swiche to knightes as thai worn
That foughten togider with wreche
On a day bifor the natiuite
Of Seyn Jon the martir fre
That holy man is to seche
Togider fought tho barouns bothe
That in hert wer so wrothe
Of loue was ther no speche

Sir Amoraunt withdrough him
With loureand chere wroth and grim
For the blod of him was lete
That drink he most other his liif forgon
So strong thrust yede him opon
So michel was his hete
Fourti batayls Ichaue ouercome
Ac fond Ȝ neuer er moder sone

8202

That me so sore gan bete
Tel me he seyd what artow
Felt Y neuer man ar now
That gaf dintes so grete

Tel me he seyd wennes thou be
For thou art strong so mot Y the
And of michel might
Sir Gij answeard withouten bost
Cristen Icham wele thou wost
Of Inglond born Y plight
Kiing Triamour me hider brought
For to defenden him gif Y mought
Of that michel vnright
That ye beren on him with wough
That Fabour neuer Sadon y-slough
Noither bi day no night

O artow Inglis seyd Amorant
Now wald mi lord Teruagaunt
That thou weren Gij the strong
Mahoun gaf that thou wer he
Blithe wald Y than be
Batail of him to fong
For he hath destrud al our lawe
His heued wald Ichaue ful fawe

Or heighe on galwes hong
For keuer schal we neuer more
That he hath don ous forlore
With wel michel wrong

With michel wrong and michel wough
Fourti thousend of ous he slough
In Costentin on a day
He and Herhaud his felawe
Michel han destrud our lawe
That euermore mon Ȝ may
Gif he wer slain with brond of stiel
Than were Ȝ wroken on him ful wel
That han destrud our lay
Sir Gij answerd whi seistow so
Hath Gij ani thing the misdo
Amoraunt seyd nay

Ac it wer gret worthschip Ȝ wis
To alle the folk of Hethenisse
That Ȝ hadde so wroken mi kende
Cristen he seyd listen to me
The weder is hot astow may se
Ȝ pray the leue frende
Leue to drink thou lat me gon
For the lordes loue thou leuest on

8250

Allow art gode and hende
For thrist mi hert wil to spring
And for hete withouten leüng
Wi liue wil fro me wende

And gif Y schal be thus aqueld
Thurch strong hete in the feld
It were ogain the skille
Unworthschipe it war to the
It were the gret vilete
In wat lond thou com tille
Ac lete me drink a litel wight
For thi lordes loue ful of might
That thou louest with wille
And Y the hot bi mi lay
Gif thou haue ani threst to-day
Thou schalt drink al thi üille

Sir Gij answerd Y graunt the
And yete to-day thou yeld it me
Withouten ani fayle
And when he hadde leue of Sir Gij
He was ful glad üikerli
No lenger nold he dayle
To the riuer ful swithe he ran
His helme of his heued he nam

And vnlaced his ventayle
When he hadde dronken alle his ſille
He ſtirt vp with hert grille
And Sir Giſ began to aſayle

Knight he ſeyd yeld the biliue
For thou art giled ſo mot Y thriue
Now Ichaue adrink
Icham as freſche as Ich was amorwe
Thou ſchalt dye with michel ſorwe
For ſothe withouten leſing
Than thai drowen her ſwerdes long
Tho knightes that wer ſtern and ſtrong
Withouten more dueling
And aither gan other ther aſayle
And ther bigan a ſtrong bataile
With wel ſtrong fighting

Amoraunt was ful egre of mode
And ſmot to Giſ as he wer wode
Ful egre he was to fight
That a quarter of his ſcheld
He made it fleye into the feld
And of his brini bright
Of his ſcholder the ſwerd glod doun
That bothe plates and hauberioun

He carf atvo Y plight
Al to the naked hide Y wis
And nought of flesche atamed is
Thurch grace of God Almight

The scharp swerd doun gan glide
Fast bi Sir Gyes side
His knew it com ful neye
That gambisoun and iambler
Bothe it karf atvo y-fere
Into therthe the swerd it fleye
Withouten wem or ani wounde
Half a fot into the grounde
That mani man it seye
And when Gij seye that fair grace
That nothing wounded he was
Jhesu he thanked on heye

And when Gij feld him so smite
He was wroth ye mow wite
To Amoraunt he gan reken
He hent his brond with wel gode wille
And stroke to him with hert grille
His scheld he gan to breken
So hetelich Gij him smot
That into the scholder half a fot

The gode ſwerd gan reken
And with that ſtrok Gij withdrough
Weri he was forfoughten y-nough
To Amoraunt he gan ſpeken

Sir Amoraunt than ſeyd Gij
For Godes loue now merci
Gif that thi wille be
Jchaue ſwiche thrift ther Y ſtond
Y may vnnethe draw min hond
Therfore wel wo is me
Yeld me now that Jch dede
Y gaf the leue to drink at nede
Aſtow art hende and fre
Leue to drink thou lat me go
As it was couenaunt bitven ous two
For loue Y pray the

Hold thi pes ſeyd Amoraunt
For bi mi lord Sir Teruagaunt
Leue no haſtow non
Ac now that Y the ſothe ſe
That thou ginnes to feynt the
Thine heued thou ſchalt forgon
Amoraunt ſeyd Gij do aright
Lete me drink a litel wight

8346

As Y dede the anon
And togider fight me
Who schal be maister we schal se
Wiche of ous may other slon

Hold thi pays seyd Amoraunt
Y nil nought held the couenaunt
For ful this toun of gold
For when Ichaue the sleyn now right
The Soudan treweli hath me hight
His lond gif me he schold
Euermore to haue and hold fre
And giue me his doughter bright o ble
The miriest may on mold
When Ichaue the sleyn this day
He schal giue me that fair may
With alle his lond to hold

Ac do now wele and vnarme the
And trewelich yeld thou the to me
Oliue Y lat the gon
And gif thou wilt nought do bi mi red
Thou schalt dye on iuel ded
Right now Y schal the slon
Nay seyd Gij that war no lawe
Ich hadde leuer to ben to drawe

Than ſwiche a dede to don
Ar Ich wald creaunt yeld me
Ich hadde leuer an hanged be
And brent bothe fleſche and bon

Than ſeyd Amoraunt at a word
Bi the treuthe thou owe thi lord
That thou loueſt ſo dere
Tel me what thi name it be
And leue to drink giue Y the
Thi ſille of this riuer
Thou ſeyd thi name is Sir Youn
It is nought ſo bi Seyn Mahoun
It is a leling fere
Gif thi name were Youn right
Thou nere nought of ſo miche might
No thus vnbiknowen here

Frende ſeyd Gij Y ſchal telle the
Allow art hendi man and fre
Thou wray me to no wight
Gij of Warwike mi name it is
In Inglond Y was born Y wis
Lete me now drink with right
When Amoraunt ſeye ſikerly
That it was the gode Gij

8394

That ogaines him was dight
He loked on him with michel wrake
Sternliche with his eyghen blake
With an vnsemli light

Sir Gij he seyd welcom to me
Mahoun mi lord Y thank the
That Ich haue the herinne
Michel schame thou hast me don
Thi liif thou schal astite forgon
Thi bodi schal atwinne
And thine heued hi Teruagaunt
Mi leman schal haue to presaunt
That comly is of kinne
Hennes forward siker thou be
Leue no tit the non of me
For al this warld to winne

Allas seyd Gij what schal Y don
Now Y no may haue drink non
Mine hert breketh ato
Anon he bithought him thenne
Right to the riuer he most renne
He turned him and gan to go
Amoraunt with swerd on hond
He thought haue driuen Gij to schond

With sorwe he wald him slo
Gij ran to the water right
Bot on him thenke God Almight
Up cometh he neuer mo

Tho was Sir Gij in gret drede
In the water he stode to his girdel stede
And that thought him ful gode
In the water he dept his heued anon
Ouer the schulders he dede it gon
That keled wele his blod
And when Gij hadde dronken anough
Yetelich his heued vp he drough
Out of that ich flod
And Amoraunt stode opon the lond
With a drawen sword in hond
And smot Gij ther he stode

Yetelich he smot Syoun
Into that water he fel adoun
With that dint vnride
That the water arn him about
Sir Gij stirt vp in gret doubt
For nothing he nold abide
And schoke his heued as knight bold
In this water Icham ful cold

8142

Wombe rigge and ſide
And no leue Sir Ich hadde of the
And therfore haue tho miche maugre
And iuel the moſt bitide

Sir Gij ſtirt vp withouten fayl
And Amoraunt he gan to aſayl
To fight he was ful boun
Hard togider thai gan to fight
Of loue was ther no ſpeche Y plight
Bot heweing with ſwerdes broun
Amoraunt than ſeyd Gij
Thou art ful fals ſikerly
And ful filt of treſoun
No more wil Y truſt to the
For no biheſt thou hoteſt me
Thou art a fals glotoun

Hard togider thai gun fight
Fro the morwe to the night
That long ſomers day
So long thai foughten bothe tho
Wiche was the better of hem to
No man cheſe no may
Bot at a ſtrok as Amoraunt caſt
Sir Gij mett with him in haſt

And taught him a ſori play
The right arme with the ſwerd ſot hot
Bi the ſcholder of he it ſmot
To grounde it fleye oway

When Amoraunt feld him ſo ſmite
In his left hond with michel hete
The ſwerd he hent ſot hot
As a lyoun than ferd he
Thritti ſautes he made and thre
With his ſwerd that wel bot
Bot for the blod that of him ran
Amoraunt ſtrengthe flake bigan
When Gij that ſoth wot
That Amoraunt was gin faynting
Sir Gij him folwed withouten dueling
That other hond of he ſmot

When Amoraunt had bothe hondes forlore
A wreche he held him ſelf therfore
His wit was alto dreued
On Sir Gij he lepe with alle his might
That almaſt he had feld him doun right
And Sir Gij was agreued
And ſtirt biſiden ſot hot
And Amoraunt in the nek he ſmot

His might he hath him bireued
He fel to grounde withouten faile
And Sir Gij vnlaced his ventayle
And he strok of his heued

Ouer the water he went in a bot
And present therwith fot hot
The king Sir Triamour
The king Sir Triamour than
Went to that riche Soudan
And also his sone Fabour
Than was the Soudan swithe wo
Quite claim he lete hem go
With wel michel honour
Into Alisaunder thai went that cite
And ladde with hem Sir Gij the fre
That hadde ben her socour

The king tok therl Jonas tho
And clept him in his armes to
And kist him swete Ich wene
An hundred times and yete mo
And quite claim he lete him go
And his sones fiftene
Erl Jonas seyd the king
Herken now to my teling

And what Ichil mene
For mi liif thou sauedest me
Half mi lond Ich graunt the
With this knight strong and kene

Understond to me sir knight
Mahoun gaue ful of might
Thou wost duelle with me
Thridde part mi lond Y giue the to
Michel honour Ichil the do
A riche prince make the
Y nil nought thou forsake God thine
Thou art bileue and wele afine
Better may no be
Sir Gij answerd him ful stille
Sir of thi lond nought Y nille
For sothe Y telle the

That erl to Jerusalem went anon
Gij of Warwike with him gan gon
And alle his sones on rawe
Therl wold gif he might
Wite the name of that knight
Gif he him euer more sawe
In conseyl sir knight than seyd he
That thou Youn dost clep the

3538

Thou no hateſt nought ſo Y trowe
For Jheſu loue Y pray the
That died on the rode tre
Thi right name be aknawe

Sir Gij ſeyd thou ſchalt now here
Seththen thou frainest me in this maner
Mi name Jchil the ſayn
Gij of Warwike mi name is right
Allow art hende and gentil knight
To non thou ſchalt me wrayn
Batayl for thi loue Y nam
And the geaunt ouercam
Therof Jcham ful fain
When therl ſeye it was Sir Gij
He fel doun on knes him bi
And wepe with both his ayn

For Godes loue he ſeyd merci
Whi artow ſo pouer Sir Gij
And art of ſo gret valour
Here Jch giue the in this place
Al therldam of Durras
Cite and caſtel tour
Thi man Jchil bicomen and be
And alle mi ſones forth with me

Schal com to thi socour
For the priis of hethen lond
Thou hast thurch doubtines of hond
Wonne with gret vigour

Erl Jonas than seyd Sir Gij
Yi leue frende gramerci
For thi gode wille
Than schustow hire me al to der
To giue me thi lond in swiche maner
Therof nought Y nille
To your owen cuntre wendeth hom
God biteche Y you euerichon
Yi way Ichil fulfille
Than went and kist him eueri man
Therl so sore wepe bigan
That might him no man stille

Therl to Durras went anon
And his sones euerichon
Were scaped out of care
Gij than in his way is nome
For that the geaunt was ouercome
Ful blithe than was he thare
Into Grece then went he
And sought halwen of that cuntre

The best that ther ware
Seththe forth in his way he yede
Thurch out mani vncouthe thede
To Costentyn he is y-fare

When Sij in Costentin hadde be
Out of that lond than went he
Walkand in the strete
On pilgrimage in his jurnay
His bedes bidand night and day
His sinnes for to bete
In Almaine than went he Y wis
Ther he was sumtime holden of gret priis
He com to a four way lete
Biyonde Espire that riche cite
Under a croice was maked of tre
A pilgrim he gan mete

That wrong his honden and wepe sore
And cursed the time that he was bore
Allas it was his song
Wayleway he seyd that stounde
Wickedliche Icham brought to grounde
With wel michel wrong
Sir Sij went to him tho
Yan he seys whi farstow so

So God geue the ioie to fong
Tel me what thi name it be
And whi thou makeſt thus gret pite
Wethekne thi paynes ſtrong

Gode man ſeyd the pilgrim tho
What haſtow to frein me ſo
Swiche ſorwe Icham in ſought
That thei Ȝ told the alle mi care
For the might Ȝ neuer the better fare
To grounde Icham ſo brought
Ȝis ſeyd Gij by the gode rode
Conſeyl Ȝ can giue the gode
And tow telle me thi thought
For oft it falleth vncouthe man
That gode conſeyle giue can
Therfore hele it nought

For God he ſeyd thou ſeſt ful wel
Sumtime Ich was by ſeyn Wighel
An erl of gret pouſte
Thurch al Criſtendom Ȝ wis
Ich was teld a man of gret pris
And of gret bounte
And now Icham a wroche beggare
No wonder thei Icham ful of care

Allas wel wo is me
For sorwe he might speke na more
He gan to wepe swithe sore
That Gij hadde of him pite

Than seyd the pilgrim thou hast gret wrong
To frain me of mi sorwe strong
And might nought bete mi nede
To begge mi brede Y mot gon
Seththen yistay at none ete Y non
Also God me rede
Yis felawe quath Gij hele it naught
Telle me whi thou art in sorwe braught
The better thou schalt spede
And seththen we schul go seche our mete
Ichaue a pani of old biyete
Thou schalt haue half to mede

Gramerci ür than seyd he
And alle the sothe Y schal telle the
Erl Tirri is my name
Of Gormoys therls sone Aubri
Ich hadde a felawe that hight Gij
A baroun of gode fame
For the douk of Paui Sir Otoun
Hadde don him oft gret tresoun

He slough him with gret grame
Now is his neue themperour steward
His soster sone that hat Berard
He has me don alle this schame

Themperour he hath serued long
For he is wonderliche strong
And of michel might
He no cometh in non batayle
That he no hath the maistri saunfayl
So egre he is to fight
In this warld is man non
That ogaines him durst gon
Herl baroun no knight
And he loked on him with wrake
That his hert no might quake
So stern he is of sight

And for his scherewdhed Sir Berard
Themperour hath made him his steward
To wardi his lond about
Ther nis no douk in al this lond
That his hest dar withstonde
So michel he it dout
Gif a man be loued with him
Be he neuer so pouer of kin

8682

And he wil to him lout
He maketh hem riche anon right
Douk erl baroun or knight
To held with him gret rout

And gif a man with him hated be
Be he neuer so riche of fe
He flemeth him out of lond
Anon he schal ben to drawe
Als tite he schal ben y-flawe
And driuen him al to schond
So it bifel our emperour
Held a parlement of gret honour
For his erls he sent his sond
Thai come thider with michel prede
With an hundred knightes bi my side
At nede with me to stonde

And when Y come vnto the court
The steward the wicked pourt
To me he gan to reke
He bicleped me of his emes ded
And seyd he was sleyn thurch mi red
On me he wald be wreke
And when Ich herd that chesoun
Of the doukes deth of Toun

Wine hert wald to breke
To themperour Y layd mi wedde an heighe
To defende me of that felonie
That he to me gan speke

No wonder thei Y war fordredde
Themperour tok bothe our wedde
As Y the telle may
For in alle the court was ther no wight
Douk erl baroun no knight
That durst me borwe that day
Themperour comand anon
Into his prisoun Y schuld be don
Withouten more delay
Berard went and seled mi lond
Wine wiif he wald haue driuen to schond
With sorwe sche fled oway

Than was Ich with sorwe and care
Among min fomen nomen thare
And don in strong prisoun
Win frendes token hem to rede
To themperour thai bisought and hede
To pay for me ransoun
Themperour and Sir Berard
Deliuerd me bi a forward

8730

And bi his encheſoun
Y ſchuld ſeche mi felawe Gij
To defende ous of that felonie
Of the doukes deth of Toun

Out of this lond went Y me
And paſſed ouer the ſalt ſe
In Inglond Y gan riue
At Warwike Ichim ſought
When Y com thider Y fond him nought
Wo was me oliue
No Sir Herhaud fond Y nought tare
To ſeche Gyes ſone he is fare
That was ſtolen with ſtriue
Therfore Y wot that Gij is ded
For ſorwe can Y me no red
Mine hert wil breke o ſiue

Sir Gij biheld Tirri ful right
That whilom was ſo noble a knight
And lord of michel mounde
His bodi was ſumtim wele y-ſchredde
Almoſt naked it was bihedde
With ſorwe and care ful bounde
His legges that were ſumtime hoſed wel
To broſten he ſeighe hem eueridel

Allas seyd Gij that stonde
For sorwe that he hadde tho
Word might he speke no mo
Bot fel alwon to grounde

Sir Tirri anon com to him than
And in his armes vp him nam
And cleped opon him thare
Wan he said what aileth the
Thou art iuel at aise so thenketh me
Hard it is thi fare
Sir Gij answerd therafter long
This iuel greueth me so strong
In erthe Y wold Y ware
For seththen that Y was first man
Was neuer sorwe on me cam
That greued me so sare

Than seyd Tirri felawe Y wis
To-day a yer gon it is
Out of this lond Y went
To seche Gij mi gode frende
Y no finde nought fer no hende
Therfore Icham al schent
For now it is teld me our emperer
Hath taken a parlement of this maner

For mi loue verrament
That douk no erl in his lond be
That he no schal be at that semble
For to here mi iugement

And now no lenge abide Y no may
That ne me bihoueth hom this day
Other for to lese min heued
Themperour Ichaue mi treuthe y-plight
Y schal bring Sir Gij to night
To üght ogain that qued
To fende ous of that felonie
Ogain the douke Berard of Paui
Al of his emes dede
Y wot wele gif Y thider fare
Thai schal me ले with sorwe and care
Certes Y can no red

Gij biheld Tirri with wepeand eighe
And seighe him al that sorwe dreighe
That was him lef and dere
Allas thought Gij that ich stounde
That Tirri is thus brought to grounde
So gode felawes we were
He thought might Y mete that douke
His heued Y schuld smite fro the bouke

Or hong him bi the ſwere
Y no lete for al this warldes won
That Y no ſchuld the traitour ſlon
To wreke Tirri mi fere

Tirri ſeyd Gij lat be thi thought
Y wis it helpeth the right nought
For ſorwe it wil the ſchende
To court go we bothe y-fere
Gode tidinges we ſchul ther here
Swiche grace God may ſende
Haue gode hert dred the no del
For God ſchal help the ful wel
So curteys he is and hende
Up riſen the knightes two
With michel care and ful of wo
To court ward thai gan wende

And as thai went tho knightes fre
To court ward in her jurne
Ful bold thai were and yepe
Allas Sir Tirri ſeyd tho
Ich mot reſt er Ich hennes go
Or mi liif wil fro me lepe
For God felawe than ſeyd Gij
Ly doun and Y ſchal ſitt the bi

And feir thine heued vp kepe
And when he hadde thus y-seyd
On Syes barm his heued he leyd
Anon Tirri gan slepe

And when Sir Tirri was fallen on slepe
Sir Gij biheld him and gan to wepe
And gret morning gan make
Than seighe he an ermine com of his mouthe
Als swift als winde that bloweth on clouthe
As white as lilij on lake
To an hille he ran withouten o bade
At the hole of the roche in he glade
Gij wonderd for that sake
And when he out of that roche cam
Into Tirries mouthe he nam
Anon Tirri gan wake

Sir Gij was wonderd of that light
And Tirri sat vp anon right
And biheld Gij opon
Than seyd Tirri Fader of heuen
Sir pilgrim swiche a wonder sweuen
Ye met now anon
That to yon hille that stont on heighe
That thou may se with thin eighe

Methought that thou was gon
And at an hole in Y wond
And so riche tresour as Y fond
Y trow in this world is non

Biside that tresour lay a dragoun
And theron lay a sword broun
The sckauberk comly corn
In the hilt was mani precious ston
As bright as ani sonne it schon
Withouten oth Y sworn
And methought Gij sat at min heued
And in his lappe me biweued
Astow dost me biforn
Lord merci and it wer so
Wele were me than bi go
That euer yete was Y born

Now felawe seyd Gij bi mi leute
That s[w]euen wil turn gret ioie to the
And wele Y schal it rede
Thurch Gij thou schalt thi lond keuer
Trust wele to God thei thou be pouer
The better thou schalt spede
To the hulle nim we the way
Ther the thought the tresour lay

8874

And in thou schalt me lede
Now God that schope al mankinde
Wald we might that tresour finde
It wald help ous at nede

Up risen tho knightes tway
And to the hille thai nom the way
And in thai went ful euen
And founde the tresour and the dragoun
And the sword of stiel broun
As Tirri met in his sweuen
Sir Gij drough out that sword anon
And alle the pleynes therof it schon
As it were light of leuen
Lord seyd Sir Gij Y thanke thi sond
Y seighe neuer are swiche a brond
Y wot it com fram heuen

Sir Gij gan the hilt bihold
That richeliche was grauen with gold
Of charbukel the pomel
Into the sckaweberk ogain he it dede
And seyd to Tirri in that stede
Bi God and seyn Wighhell
Of alle this riche tresore
Y no kepe therof no more
Bot this brond of stiel

8899

To court ward the knightes went
To aspie after the parlement
  For drede wald thai nought lete
Ac Tirri was aferd ful sare
Of his fomen be knowen thare
  In the cite gif he sete
Therfore thai toke her ostel gode
At an hous withouten the toun stode
  Al bi a dern strete
Of al night Gij slepe nought
So michel his hert was euer in thought
  With douk Berard to mete

Erlich amorwe than ros Gij
And bisought God and Our Leuedi
  He schuld scheld him fro blame
And seyd to Sir Tirri the hende
Kepe me wele this sword leue frende
  Til Ȝ sende therfore bi name
And Ȝ schal go to court this day
And gif Ȝ the douke mete may
  Ȝ schal gret him with grame
And gif he say ought bot gode
Bi Jhesu that schadde for ous his blod
  Him tit a warld schame

Gij goth to toun with michel hete
Themperour fram chirche he gan mete
  And gret him with anour
Lord seyd Gij that with hond
Wade wode water and lond
  Saue the ür emperour
Icham a man of fer cuntre
And of thi gode par charite
  Ich arse to mi socour
Themperour seyd to court come
And of mi gode thou schalt haue some
  For loue of seyn Sauour

To court thai went al and some
Themperour dede Gij biforn him come
  Pilgrim than seyd he
Thou art wel weri methenketh now
Fram wiche londes comestow
  For thi fader soule telle me
Sir seyd Gii Ich vnderstond
Ichaue ben in mani lond
  Biyond the Grekes se
In Jerusalem and in Surry
In Costentin and in Perci
  A gode while haue Y be

Sir pilgrim seyd themperour fre
What speketh man in that lond of me
When thou come thennes ward
Sir Gij answerd bi the gode rode
Wen speketh the ther ful litel gode
Bot tidinges schrewed and hard
For thou hast schent so therl Tirri
And other barouns that ben hendy
For loue of thi steward
Gret sinne it is to the
To stroye so thi barouns fre
Al for a fals schreward

When the douk herd him speke so
As a wilde bore he lepe him to
His costes for to schawe
With his fest he wald haue smiten Gij
Bot barouns held him owy
Wele tventi on a rawe
He seyd to Gij vile traitour
Ner thou bifor themperour
Thei Ȝ wende to ben to hewe
Bi thi berd Ȝ schuld the schokke
That al thi teth it schuld rokke
For thou art a kinde schrewe

Bi thi semblaunt se men may
Thou hast ben traitour mani a day
  God gif the schame and schond
Gif that Y the mai ouergon
To wicked ded thou schalt be don
  As a traitour to ly in bond
In swiche a stede thou schalt be
This seuen winter no schaltow se
  Noither fet no hond
So schal men chasti foule glotuns
That wil missay gode barouns
  That lordinges ben in lond

Ow sir seyd Gij ertow thas
Y nist no nar hou it was
  Bi the gode rode
And now Y wot that thou art he
Thou art vncurteys so thenketh me
  Thou farst altow wer wode
And art a man of fair parage
Y-com thou art of heighe linage
  And of gentil blod
It is the litel curteysie
To do me swiche vilanie
  Bifor themperour ther Y stode

And for the wil ȝ wond no thing
ȝ schal telle the the sothe withouten leũg
  Bifor his barouns ichon
That with gret wrong and ũne ȝ wis
Therl Tirri dethirrite is
  And other gode mani on
A thousend men Ichaue herd teld
Bothe in toun and in feld
  As wide as Ichaue gon
That he is giltles of that dede
Thou berst on him with falthede
  Thine eme he schuld ũon

The douk Berra[r]d was wroth
Bi Iheſu Criſt he ſwore his oth
  ȝ wald that thou weren Gij
Or that thou so douhti were
Thou durst ũght for him here
  God gaf it and Our Leuedi
Sir Gij anſwerd bi Seyn Sauour
Drede the nothing vile traitour
  Therto Icham redy
Be thou wroth be thou gladde
To themperour ȝ gif mi wedde
  To ũght for therl Tirri

The douk Berrard ther he stode
Stared on Gij as he wer wode
  And egrelich seyd his thought
Pilgrim he seyd thou art ful stout
Y wis thi wordes that er so prout
  Schal be ful dere abought
Y warn the wele he seyd tho
That thine heued thou schalt forgo
  Where so thou may be sought
Sir Gij seyd than thou it hast
Than make therof thi bast
  For yete no getes thou it nought

Bifor themperour than come Gij
And seyd Sir Berrard of Paui
  Is a man of mighti dede
And fram fer cuntres comen Icham
And am a sely pouer man
  Y no haue here no sibbered
No Y no haue wepen no armour bright
For the loue of God Almight
  Finde me armour and stede
Themperour answerd bi Jhesu
Pilgrim thou schalt haue anow
  Of al that the is nede

The douk Berra[r]d thennes he went
His hert was in strong turment
  He no wist what he do might
Themperour cleped his douhter Amayde
Leue douhter to hir he seyd
  Kepe this pilgrim to night
Sche him vnderfenge ful mildeliche
And dede bathe him ful softliche
  In silke sche wald him dight
Ac therof was no thing his thought
Bot of gode armour he hir bisought
  With the douke Berrard to fight

Amorwe aros that emperour
Erls barouns of gret honour
  To chirche with him thai yede
And when the barouns asembled was
Than might men sen in that plas
  Togider a fair ferred
Thider com the douk Berrard
Prout and stern as a lipard
  Wele y-armed on stede
And priked right as he wer wode
Among the barouns ther thai stode
  Batayle for to bede

5067

The maiden forgat neuer a del
The pilgrim was armed ful wel
With a gode glaiue in honde
And a swift ernand stede
Al wrin sche dede him lede
The best of that lond
Than Sir Gij him bithought
The gode swerd forgat he nought
That he in tresour fond
He sent therafter priueliche
No man wist litel no miche
And Tirri sent him the brond

When that mayden hadde graithed Gij
Wele y-dight and ful richely
Men gan on him biheld
Sche ledde him forth swithe stille
To themperour with gode wille
Sche taught him for to weld
Than seyd themperour hende and fre
Lordinges listen now to me
Bothe yong and eld
This knight that ye se now here
Hath taken batail in strong maner
Al for to fight in feld

This knight he seyd that ston me bi
Wil fight for therl Sir Tirri
  For no thing wil he wond
And defende him of that felonie
Ogain the douk Berard of Paui
  That he berth him an hond
For Tirri is out of lond went
To seche Sij verrament
  That for him might stond
This day is sett bitwen hem two
Or be dehirrite for euer mo
  And flemed out of lond

Bot now is comen here this knight
Ogain Berard hath taken the fight
  For no thing wil he flen
Ac lordinges he seyd euerichon
Where the batayl schal be don
  Loke where it may best ben
Than loked thai it schuld be
In a launde vnder the cite
  Thider in thai went bi den
Mani man bad God that day
Help the pilgrim as he wele may
  The douk Berard to flen

On hors lopen tho knightes prest
And lopen togider til schaftes brest
  That strong weren and trewe
And her gerthes brusten that strong were
And tho knightes bothe y-fere
  Out of her sadels threwe
After thai drough her swerdes gode
And leyd on as thai were wode
  That were gode and newe
And atow sest the fir on flint
The stem out of her helmes stint
  So hetelich thai gun hewe

Wele wer armed tho knightes stout
Bot he had more yren him about
  That fals Berardine
Tvay hauberkes he was in weued
And tvay helmes opon his heued
  Was wrought in Sarazine
Opon his schulder henge a duble scheld
Better might non be born in feld
  A gode swerd of stiel fine
Vani man therwith his liif had lorn
It was sumtim ther biforn
  The kinges Costentine

Strong batayl held tho knightes bold
That alle that euer gan hem bihold
  Thai seyden hem among
The pilgrim was non erthely man
It was an angel from heuen cam
  For Tirri batayle to fong
For mani gode erl and mani baroun
Berard hath y-brought adoun
  With wel michel wrong
Therfore hath God sent Ȝ wis
An angel out of heuen blis
  To sle that traitour strong

Al the folk in that cite was
Litel and michel more and las
  To se the batayl thai yede
Bot Tirri in a chirche liis
And euer he bisought God Ȝ wis
  He schuld him help and spede
When he herd telle pilgrim
Faught ogain the douke Berardin
  To help him at his nede
Wel fain he wald thider gon
Bot for knoweing of his fon
  Wel sore he gan him drede

2965

Ac natheles he ros vp tho
With michel care and michel wo
And thider he went wel swithe
When he com to the plas
Ther the bataile loked was
Amonges hem he gan lithe
And when he seighe the douk so strong
And his armes to hewe among
In his hert he was ful blithe
And tho he seyghe his blod spille
God he thonked with gode wille

*

Lord merci Tirri gan say
This is nought the pilgrim Ȝ met yisterday
That is so richeliche dight
He was a feble pouer body
Sely messays and hungri
And he is of michel might
Ȝ trow non erthelich man it be
On Gij Ȝ thenke when Ichim se
So douhti he was in ſight
Gif Gij mi felawe now ded nere
Ich wald ſigge that he it were
So liche thai ben of ſight

* A line is here omitted in the MS.

Into chirche ogain he yede
And fel on knes in that stede
  And Jhesus Crist he bisought
He schuld help the pilgrim
That faught ogain douk Berardin
  That miche wo hath him wrought
Hard togider gun thai fight
Fro the morwe to the night
  That thai rest hem nought
And when hem failed light of day
Thai couthe no rede what thai do may
  To themperour thai hem brought

Sir emperour thai seyd anon
What schul we with this knightes don
  At thi wille schal it be
Themperour clept to him tho
Four barouns that his trust was to
  Lordinges than seyd he
Kepe me wele the douk Berard
And bring him tomorwe bi a forward
  Opon al your fe
And Ȝ schal kepe the pilgrim to night
Til tomorwe that it is day light
  He schal bileue with me

9210

Than departed this bataylle
Tho four barouns withouten fayl
  Understode Berard to kepe
And themperour toke the pilgrim
In a chaumber to loken him
  With seriaunce wise and yepe
The douke Berard forgat him nought
Of a foule tresoun he him bithought
  Four knightes he gan clepe
F[or] mi loue he seyd goth to night
Th[er] the pilgrim lith ful right
  And sleth him in his slepe

Thai armed hem swithe wel
Bothe in iren and in stiel
  And went hem forth in hast
Into the chaumber thai went anon
The pilgrims kepers euerichon
  Lay and slepe ful fast
To the pilgrim thai went ful right
And left vp the bedde with her might
  Tho four traitours vnwrast
To the se thai beren him
And bothe bed and the pilgrim
  Into the see thai cast

To Sir Berard thai went anon
And teld him hou thai hadden don
  Therof he was ful fawe
Sir thai seyd be nought adred
Bothe the pilgrim and the bed
  Into the se we han y-thrawe
The pilgrim waked and loked an heyghe
The sterres on the heuen he seighe
  The water about him drawe
Thei he was ferd no wonder it nis
Non other thing he no seyghe Ÿ wis
  Bot winde and wateres wawe

Lord seyd Gif God Almight
That winde and water and al thing dight
  On me haue now pite
Whi is me fallen thus strong cumbring
And Ÿ no fight for to win no thing
  Noither gold no fe
For no cite no no castel
Bot for mi felawe Ÿ loued so wel
  That was of gret bounte
For he was sumtyim so douhti
And now he is so pouer a bodi
  Certes it reweth me

Now herkeneth a litel ſtriif
Hou he ſaued the pilgrims liif
  Jheſu that ſitt in trone
With a fiſcher that was comand
In the ſe fiſche takeand
  Bi himſelf alon
He ſeth that bed floter him by
On Godes half he gan to cri
  What artow ſay me ſon
The pilgrim his heued vp plight
And crid to him anon right
  And made wel reweli mon

Gode man than ſeyd he
Y leue on God in trinite
  The ſothe thou ſchalt now ſen
Underſtode thou ought of the batayl hard
Bitven the pilgrim and Sir Berard
  Hou thai foughten bitven
The fiſcher ſeyd Y ſeighe the fight
Fro the morwe to the night
  For nothing wald thai flen
Themperour comand tho
Thai ſchuld be kept bothe two
  Tomorwe bring hem ogen

Icham he seyd the pilgrim
That faught with the douke Berardin
  For Tirri the hendi knight
Yistreuen we wer deled ato
In a chaumber Y was do
  With seriaunce wise and wight
Hou Ich com her no wot Y nought
For his loue that this warld hath wrought
  Saue me gif thou might
The fischer tok him into his bot anon
And to his hous he ladde him hom
  And saued his liif that night

Themperour ros amorwe Y wis
And atte the chirche he herd his messe
  In the first tide of the day
And into his halle he gan gon
And after the steward he ared anon
  And the pilgrim withouten delay
The four barouns forgat hem nought
The douke Berard thai han forth brought
  Redy armed to play
And the pilgrims kepers com euerichon
And seyd to themperour bi Seyn Jon
  The pilgrim was oway

Themperour was wel wroth
Bi his fader soule he swore his oth
  Thai schuld ben hang and drawe
For Godes loue he seyd merci
This douke Berard of Paui
  Hath him brought o dawe
Themperour seyd bi Seyn Martin
Hastow don this fals Berardin
  To don the pilgrim slawe
Yeld him dethes or liues to me
Or in mi court demp thou schalt be
  Thurch iugement of lawe

The douke Berard wer wroth and wo
Themperour he answerd tho
  With wel michel hete
Ichaue serued the long sir emperour
And kept thi londes with michel anour
  And now thou ginnest me threte
Therof giue Y nought a chirston
Hom to Lombardy Ichil gon
  With alle the ost Y may gete
Y schal com into Almayn for al thi tene
Of al thi lond siker mot thou ben
  O fot Y no schal the lete

5930

When themperour herd that
And of his thretening vndergat
  He bad with wordes bold
Out of his court he schuld gon
And he answerd sone anon
  That sikerliche he nold
Ther com the fischer priueliche
And puked themperour softliche
  His tale to him he told
Sir themperour he seyd listen to me
Of the pilgrim Ichil telle the
  Gif thou me herken wold

Fischer seyd themperour fre
Of the pilgrim telle thou me
  Gif thou the sothe can sayn
Forsothe he seyd Y can ful wel
Y schal the leyghen neuer a del
  Therof Icham ful fain
Yistreuen withouten leing
Y went to the se of fischeing
  Mine nettes for to layn
A bedde Y fond ther floterand
And theron a knight liggeand
  A man of michel mayn

9354

And Ich him ared what he were
He told me the sothe there
With wordes fre and hende
Icham he seyd the pilgrim
That faught with the douke Berardin
Yisterday to the nende
Y tok him into mi bot anon
And to min hous Y lad him hom
And kept him as mi frende
Sif thou leuest nought he is thare
Do sum seriaunt thider fare
And ther ye may him fende

Themperour sent after him tho
With the fischer and other mo
And brought him saunfayle
Thai weren don togider bliue
With hard strokes for to driue
Thai gun hem to asayle
Wel hard togider gun thai fight
With her brondes that wer bright
Thai hewe hauberk of mayle
Thus togider gun thai play
Til it was the heyghe midday
With wel strong batayle

The douk Berard was egre of mode
He ſmot to Gij as he wer wode
  His liif he wende to winne
He hit [him] on the helm on hight
That alle the floures feir and bright
  He dede hem fleyghe atvinne
The naſel he carf atvo
And the venteyle he dede alſo
  Right to his bare chinne

Sir Gij was wroth anon fot hot
And Berard on the helme he ſmot
  To ſtond hadde he no ſpace
For bothe helmes he carf atvo
And his heued he dede alſo
  In midward of the face
Thurch al his bodi the ſwerd bot
Into the erthe wele half a fot
  That ſeighe men in the place
The ſoule went fro the bodi there
Th[e fol]k of the cite wel glad were
  Th[ai] thonked our Lordes grace

Bifor themperour than com Sir Gij
Ichaue wroken therl Tirri

9401

The ſothe thou might now ſen
And defended him of that felonie
Ogain the douke Berard of Paui
That was ſo ſtout and ken
Therfore the ſothe Ich ar the
Gif Tirri ſchal quiteclepmed be
And haue his lond ogen
And who ſo ther ogain withſtond
He ſchal haue ſchame of min hond
Wel ſiker may he ben

Themperour ſeyd ſikerly
Thou haſt wroken therl Tirri
Gret honour thou haſt him don
Therfore when he is come
His londes than al and ſome
He ſchal haue euerichon
Than was Gij glad and blithe
And keſt of his armes alſo ſwithe
After him he thought to gon
Themperour wald clothe him in gold
Ac ſikerliche he ſeyd he nold
His ſclauain he ared anon

To toun he went in his way
To finde Tirri gif he may

In ſorwe and care ful bounde
Into a chirche he him dede
And fond him in a priue ſtede
Liand on knes to grounde
Ariſe vp Tirri he ſeyd tho
To court thou ſchalt with me go
Now Ichaue the founde
Tirri anon his heued vpbreyd
And ſeyd pilgrim haſtow me treyd
Allas that ich ſtounde

Allas allas than ſeyd he
To what man may men truſt be
To cheſe to his make
Thou that ſemed ſo ſtedefaſt
To themperour me wraid haſt
To ſle me thou haſt take
In iuel time was it to me
That Ȝ mi name told to the
Allas that ich ſake
For ſorwe that he hadde tho
O word no might he ſpeke mo
Bot ſtode and gan to quake

Tirri ſeyd Gij drede the nothing
Thou ſchalt to day here gode tiding

9149

Church grace of Godes sond
The schrewed douke Berard he is ded
Under the cite he is y-leyde
Y slough him with min hond
Tho was Tirri glad and blithe
To court he went also swithe
For nothing wald he wond
Sir emperour seyd Gij anon
Now is Tirri comen hom
To resceiue his lond

Themperour on him gan bihold
And seyd to him with wordes bold
Artow therl Tirri
Where is now thi bold chere
That whilom so douhti were
And holden so hardi
Ya sir he seyd Icham he
Whilom Y was of gret bounde
And helden ful douhti
And now Ich haue al forlorn
With miche sorwe on euen and morn
To seke mi felawe Sir Gij

Ich haue him sought in mani lond
Ac neuer man yete Ich fond

Can telle of him no ſawe
He is dede Ich wot ful wel
God Almighti and Seyn Michel
To blis his ſoule drawe
Ac now is it told me this pilgrim
As ſlayn the douke Berardin
Therof Icham ful ſawe
Sir emperour Y bid merci
For Godes loue and Our Leuedi
Tho do me londes lawe

Thritti erls wel curteys
And alle the lordinges of the paylais
And mani baroun aũne
Crid merci to themperour bold
Themperour gan him bihold
And ſeyd Tirri frende min
Here Y ſeſe the in al thi lond
With worthſchip to held in thine hond
Bi God and Seyn Martine
Bifor mi barouns Y graunt the
Steward of mi lond thou ſchalt be
As was the douke Berardine

Themperour kiſt him ful ſwete
Forgaf him his wrethe and his hete

Bifor hem al ther
When themperour and therl weren at on
The lordinges euerichon
Wele blithe of hertes were
Sir Tirri seyd themperour fre
For thi fader soule tel thou me
Astow art me leue and dere
Whennes is this pilgrim
Is he thi nem or thi cosyin
That faught for the here

Sir emperour seyd Sir Tirri
So God me help and Our Leuedi
For sothe withouten fayle
Y no seighe euer ere this pilgrim
Bot this other day Y met with him
And told him mi conseyl
He swore astite bi Seyn Jon
To thi court he wald gon
The douk Berard to asayle
Ich wend wel litel than Y plight
He hadde ben of michel might
To hold with him batayle

Themperour dede as a gode man
And Tirri into his chaumber he nam

3521

And richeliche gan him schrede
He fond him wepen and armour bright
And al that schuld falle to knight
And fefed him with prede
And fond him hors and stedes gode
Of al his lond the best stode
Hom with him to lede
Themperour wald the pilgrim at hold
Ac ükerliche he seyd he nold
With Tirri hom he yede

When Tirri was comen hom
The pilgrim he wald anon
Sesen in al his lond
And he forsoke it al out right
For riches loued he no wight
For to hold in hond
Therl as swithe his sond he sent
Ouer al his lond verrament
Til that his wiif he fond
Tho was sche founden in an ile
In a nunri that while
For doute of Berardes bond

Tho was Tirri a noble man
In al that lond better was nan

As Ȝ you tel may
Destrud were al his enemis
He liueth in michel ioie and blis
Al so a prince in play
Anon Sir Gij him bithought
That lenger wald he duelle nought
To Sir Tirri on a day
He seyd to him in that tide
Here nil Ȝ no lenger abide
Ich mot wende in mi way

O thing he seyd Ȝ pray the
Out of the cite go with me
Allow art hendi knight
Alon we schul go bothe y-fere
And swich tidinges thou schalt here
Thou schalt haue wonder aplight
Therl him graunt with hert fre
And went with him out of that cite
In his way ful right
And when thai wer thennes half a mile
Ther thai duelled a litel while
Tho gomes of michel might

Tirri seyd Gij vnderstond thou the
Thou art vnkinde so thenketh me

For Gij thi gode fere
Whi wiltow him knowe nought
Y wis thou art iuel bithought
No was he the leue and dere
Thenke he slough the douk Otoun
And brought the out of his prisoun
And made the quite and skere
And hou he fond the ded almast
As he rode thurch a forest
With a rewely chere

And hou he socourd thi leman schene
And al the fiften outlawes ken
He slough hem al on rawe
And slough the four knightes radde
And thi bodi to toun ladde
To leche thi woundes ful fawe
And he socourd thi fader in wer
And halp the bothe nere and fer
Tho thou was fallen ful lawe
And now Y slough Berard the strong
Icham Gij thou hast wrong
Why wiltow me nought knawe

When therl herd him speke so
Wepen he gan with eyghen to

And fel aſwon to grounde
For Godes loue he ſeyd merci
Juel at eſe now am Ȝ
In ſorwe and care ful bounde
Ful wele might Ȝ knowe the ar now
In al this warld was man bot thou
Ogain Berard durſt founde
Merci ſir par charite
That Ich haue miſknowen the
Allas allas that ſtounde

Merci he crid on his kne
Bothe for ſorwe and for pite
Wepen he bigan
He ſeyghe his legges broſten ich del
That whilom wer y-hoſed ful wel
More ſorwe made neuer man
Sir Gij went to him tho
In his hert him was wo
And in his armes vp him nam
Atvir hem was gret diol in that ſtounde
Bothe thai fel aſwon to grounde
For ſorwe thai wer al wan

Tirri ſeyd Sir Gij tho
Thou ſchal bileue and Ȝ ſchal go

9617

Y biteche the heuen king
Bot Ich haue a sone Y wis
Y not whether he knight is
For he is bot a yongling
Gif he haue ani nede to the
Help him for the loue of me
Y pray the in al thing
Ich hope he schal be a gode knight
Y pray Iheſu ful of might
He graunt him his bliſceing

Merci ſir than ſeyd he
For Godes loue leue her ſtil with me
Y pray the par amour
Mi treuthe Y plight in thine hond
Y ſchal the ſeſe in al mi lond
Bothe in toun and tour
Thi man Y wil be and ſerue the ay
Ther while mi liif leſt may
To hold vp thin honour
And gif thou no wilt Ichil with the go
Y wis Ichaue wele leuer ſo
Than bileue with themperour

Do oway Sir Tirri therof ſpeke nought
Al idel ſpeche it is thi thought

Wende ogain hom now right
And be nought to prout Ȝ the rede
To serue thi lord at al his nede
Thou proue with thi might
Desirite no man of his lond
Gif thou dost thou gos to schond
Ful siker be thou aplight
For giue thou reue a man his fe
Godes face schaltow neuer se
No com in heuen light

Bithenke the wele of douke Berard
Hou prout he was for he was steward
And flemed the out of lond
And he now desirite is
With michel sorwe flayn Ȝ wis
And schamelich driuen to schond
Ȝ schal gon and tho bileue schalt
Ȝ biteche the God that al thing walt
And maked with his hond
Thai kisten hem togider tho
Oliue thai seyghen hem neuer eft mo
As the gest doth ous understond

Gret sorwe thai made at her parting
And kist hem with eighe wepeing

9665

Thai wenten hem bothe atvo
Als ſwithe therl Tirri went him hom
Thre days he no ete mete non
In hert him was ful wo
And when the countas ſikerly
Herd ſeyn it was Sir Gij
That than was went hem fro
Sche vpbreyd hir lord day and night
That he no had holden him with ſtrengthe and might
And laten him nought thennes go

Now went Gij forth in his way
Toward the ſee ſo ſwithe he may
For Tirri he ſiked ſare
Into ſchip he went biliue
Ouer the ſe he gan driue
Into Inglond he gan fare
The lond folk he ared anon
After king Athelſton
In what cuntre he ware
At Winchester verrament
And after his barouns he hath ſent
Bothe laſſe and mare

Erls barouns and biſchopes
Knightes priours and abbotes

At Winchester thai ben ichon
And haue puruayd withouten leüng
Thre days to ben in fasting
To biseke God in tron
He sende him thurch his swet sond
A man that were douhti of hond
Ogain Colbrond to gon
Ther is the king and the barnage Y wis
For doute of her enemis
That wayt hem for to slon

For Sir Anlak the king of Danmark
With a nost store and stark
Into Inglond is come
With fiften thousend knightes of priis
Alle this lond thai stroyen Y wis
And mani a toun han nome
A geaunt he hath brought with him
Out of Aufrike stout and grim
Colbrond hat that gome
For him is all Inglond forlore
Bot Godes help be bifore
That socour sende hem some

To the king he hath sent his sond
For to yeld him al Inglond

And gif him trowage out right
Gif he no wil nought finde a baroun
A geaunt other champioun
Ogain Colbrond to fight
And therof thai han taken a day
Ac our king non finde may
Erl baroun no knight
No squier no seriaunt non
Ogain the geaunt dar gon
So grim he is of fight

Than seyd Sir Gij whar i[s] Herhaud
That in his time was so bald
And thai answerd ful swithe
To seche Gyes sone he is fare
That marchaunce hadde stollen thare
For him he was unblithe
And where is therl Rohant of priis
And thai answerd dede he is
A gode while is go fithe
And Feliis his douhter is his air
So gode a leuedi no so fair
Y wis nis non oliue

Gij went to Winchester a ful gode pas
Ther the king that time was

9737

To held his parlement
The barouns weren in the halle
The king seyd lordinges alle
Wine men ye ben verrament
Therfore Ich ar withouten fayl
Of this Danis folk wil ous aseyl
Ich biseche you with gode entent
For Godes loue Y pray you
Gode conseyl giue me now
Or elles we ben al schent

For the king of Danmark with wrong
With his geaunt that is so strong
He wil ous al schende
Therfore Ich ari you ichon
What rede is best for to don
Ogaines hem for to wende
Gif he ouercom ous in batayle
He wil slen ous alle saunfeyle
And strouen al our kende
Than schal Inglond euermo
Liue in thraldom and in wo
Unto the warldes ende

Therfore Ich ari you now right
Gif ye knowe our ani knight

That is so stout and bold
That the bataple dar take an hond
To üght ogain Colbrond
Half mi lond haue he schold
With alle the borwes that lith therto
To him and to his aires euermo
To haue giue he wold
Til seten erls and barouns
As men hadde schauen her crounes
Nought on answere nold

Allas seyd the king that Ȝ was born
Al mi ioie it is forlorn
Wel wo is me oliue
Now in al mi lond nis no knight
Ogains a geant to hold üght
Mine hert wil breken on üue
Allas of Warwike Sir Gij
Ȝ no hadde geuen the half mi lond frely
To hold withouten striue
Wele were me than bifalle
Ac certes now the Danis men alle
To sorwe thai schul me driue

When it was night to bedde thai yede
The king for sorwe and for drede

With teres wett his lere
Of al that night he slepe right nought
Bot euer Jhesu he bisought
That was him leue and dere
He schuld him sende thurch his sond
A man to fight with Colbrond
Gif it is wille were
And Jhesus Crist ful of might
He sent him a noble knight
As ye may forward here

Ther cam an angel fram heuen light
And seyd to the king ful right
Thurch grace of Godes sond
He seyd king Athelston slepestow
Hider me sent the king Jhesu
To confort the to fond
Tomorwe go to the north gate ful swithe
A pilgrim thou schalt se com biliue
When thou hast a while stond
Bid him for Seynt Charite
That he take the batayl for the
And he it wil nim on hond

Than was the king glad and blithe
Amorwe he ros up ful swithe

And went to the gate ful right
Tvay erls went with him tho
And tvay bischopes dede also
The weder was fair and bright
Opon the day about prime
The king seighe cum the pilgrim
Bi the sclauayn he him plight
Pilgrim he seyd Y pray the
To court wende thou hom with me
And ostel ther al night

Be stille sir seyd the pilgrim
It is nought yete time to take min in
Al so God me rede
The king him bisought tho
And the lordinges dede also
To court with hem he yede
Pilgrim quath the king par charite
Sif it be thi wil vnderstond to me
Y schal schewe the al our nede
The king of Danmark with gret wrong
Thurch a geaunt that is so strong
Wil strou al our thede

And whe han taken of him batayle
On what maner saunfayle

5833

Y schal now tellen the
Thurch the bodi of a knight
Ogaines that geaunt to hold üght
Schal this lond aquite be
And pilgrim for him that dyed on rode
And that for ous schadde his blod
To bigge ous alle fre
Take the bataylc now on hond
And saue ous the right of Inglond
For Seynt Charite

Do way leue ür seyd Gij
Icham an old man a feble bodi
Mi strengthe is fro me fare
The king fel on knes to grounde
And crid him merci in that stounde
Gif it his wille ware
And the barouns dede also
O knes thai fellen alle tho
With sorwe and ükeing sare
Sir Gij biheld the lordinges alle
And whiche sorwe hem was bifalle
Sir Gij hadde of hem care

Sir Gij tok up the king anon
And bad the lordinges euerichon

That thai schuld vp stond
And seyd for God in Trinite
And for to make Inglond fre
The batayle Ȝy nim on hond
Than was the king ful glad and blithe
And thonked Gij a thousend sithe
And Jhesu Cristes sond
To the king of Danmark he sent than
And seyd he hadde founden a man
To fight for Inglond

The Danis men busked hem yare
Into batayle for to fare
To fight thai war wel fawe
And Gij was armed swithe wel
In a gode hauberk of stiel
Wrought of the best lawe
An helme he hadde of michel might
With a cercle of gold that schon bright
With precious stones on rawe
In the frunt stode a charbukel ston
As bright as ani sonne it schon
That glemes vnder schawe

On that helme stode a flour
Wrought it was of diuers colour

Wirie it was to bihold
Trust and trewe was his ventayle
Gloues and gambisoun and hosen of mayle
As gode knight haue scholde
Girt he was with a gode brond
Wele kerueand biforn his hond
A targe listed with gold
Portreyd with thre kinges corn
That present God when he was born
Wirier was non on mold

And a swift ernand stede
Al wrin thai dede him lede
His tire it was ful gay
Sir Gij opon that stede wond
With a gode glaiue in hond
And priked him forth his way
And when he com to the plas
Ther the batayl loked was
Gij light withouten delay
And fel on knes doun in that stede
And to God he bad his bede
He schuld ben his help that day

Lord seyd Gij that rered Lazeroun
And for man tholed passioun

And on the rode gan blede
That saued Sussan fram the feloun
And halp Daniel fram the lyoun
To day wisse me and rede
Allow art mighti heuen king
To day graunt me thi blisseing
And help me at this nede
And Leuedi Mari ful of might
To day saue Inglondes right
And lene me wele to spede

When the folk was samned bi bothe side
The to kinges with michel pride
After the relikes thai sende
The corporas and the messe gere
On the halidom thai gun swere
With wordes fre and hende
The king of Danmarke swore furst Þ wis
Gif that his geant slayn is
To Danmarke he schal wende
And neuer more Inglond cum withinne
No non after him of his kinne
Unto the warldes ende

Seththen swore the king Athelston
And seyd among hem euerichon

Bi God that al may weld
Gif his man ther layn be
Or ouercomen that men may se
Recreaunt in the feld
His man he wil bicom an hond
And alle the reme of Inglond
Of him for to helde
And hold him for lord and king
With gold and siluer and other thing
Gret trowage him for to yelde

When thai had sworn and ostage founde
Colbrond stirt up in that stounde
To fight he was ful felle
He was so michel and so vnrede
That non hors might him lede
In gest as Ȝ you telle
So mani he hadde of armes gere
Unnethe a cart might hem bere
The Inglisse for to quelle
Swiche armour as he hadde opon
Ȝ wis no herd ye neuer non
Bot as it ware a fende of helle

Of mailes was nought his hauberk
It was al of another werk

That meruail is to here
Alle it wer thicke ſplentes of ſtiel
Thicke y-ioined ſtrong and wel
To kepe that fendes fere
Hoſſen he hadde alſo wele y-wrought
Other than ſp[l]entes was it nought
From his fot to his ſwere
He was ſo michel and ſo ſtrong
And therto ſo wonderliche long
In the world was non his pere

An helme he hadde on his heued ſett
And ther vnder a thicke bacinet
Unſemly was his wede
A targe he had wrought ful wel
Other metel was ther non on bot ſtiel
A michel and vnrede
Al his armour was blac as piche
Wel foule he was and lothliche
A griſely gom to fede
The heighe king that ſitteth on heighe
That welt this warld fer and neighe
Wade him wel iuel to ſpede

A dart he bar in his hond kerueand
And his wepen about him ſtondand

5977

Bothe bihinde and biforn
Ar[e]s and gisarmes scharp y-grounde
And glaiues for to giue with wounde
To hundred and mo ther worn
The Inglis biheld him fast
King Athelston was sore agast
Inglond he schuld haue lorn
For when Gij seighe that wicked hert
He nas neuer so sore afert
Seththen that he was born

Sir Gij lepe on his stede fot hot
And with a spere that wele bot
To him he gan to ride
And he schet to Gij dartes thre
Of the tway than failed he
The thridde he lete to him glide
Thurch Gyes scheld it glod
And thurch his armour withouten abod
Bitwene his arme and side
And quitelich into the feld it yede
The mountaunce of an acre brede
Er that it wald abide

Sir Gij to him gan to driue
That his spere brast aliue

On his scheld that was so bounde
And Colbrond with michel hete
On Gyes helme he wald haue smite
And failed of him that stounde
Bitvix the sadel and the arsoun
The strok of that feloun glod adoun
Withouten wem or wounde
That sadel and hors atvo he smot
Into the erthe wele halk a fot
And Gij fel doun to grounde

Sir Gij astite vp stirt
As man that was agremed in hert
His stede he hadde forlore
On his helme he wald hit him tho
Ac he no might nought reche therto
Bi to fot and yete more
Bot on his schulder the swerd fel doun
And carf bothe plates and hauberioun
With his grimli gore
Thurch al his armour stern and strong
He made him a wounde a spanne long
That greued him ful sore

Colbrond was sore aschame
And smot Gij with michel grame

10025

On his helm he hit him tho
That his floures euerichon
And his gode charbukel ston
Wel euen he carf atwo
Euen ato he smot his scheld
That it fleyghe into the feld
When Gij seyghe it was so
That he hadde his scheld forlorn
Half bihinde and half biforn
In hert him was wel wo

And Gij hent his sweord an hond
And heteliche smot to Colbrond
As a child he stode him vnder
Opon the scheld he gaue him swiche a dent
Bifor the strok the fur out went
As it wer light of thonder
The bondes of stiel he carf ichon
And into the scheld a fot and half on
With his sweord he smot asunder
And with the out-braiding his sweord brast
Thei Gij were than sore agast
It was litel wonder

Tho was Gij sore desmayd
And in his hert wel iuel y-payd

For the chaunce him was bifalle
And for he hadde lorn his gode brond
And his stede opon the sond
To Our Leuedi he gan calle
Than gun the Danis ost
Ich puken other and make bost
And seyd among hem alle
Now schal the Inglis be slain in feld
Gret trouage Inglond schal ous yeld
And euermore ben our thral

Now sir knight seyd Colbrond
Thou hast lorn thi swerd in thine hond
Thi scheld and eke thi stede
Do now wele yeld the to me
And smertlich vnarme the
Cri merci Ȝ the rede
And for thou art so douhti knight
Thou durst ogain me held fight
To mi lord Ȝ schal the lede
And with him thou schalt acorded be
In his court he wil hold the
And finde that the is nede

Do way seyd Gij therof speke nought
Bi him that al this world hath wrought

Ich hadde leuer thou were an-hong
Ac thou hast armes gret plente
Y wis thou most lene me
On of thine ares strong
Colbrond swore bi Apolin
Of al the wepen that is min
Her schaltow non afong
Now thou wilt nought do mi rede
Thou schalt dye on iuel dede
Er that it be ought long

When Gij herd him speke so
Al sone he gan him turn tho
And to his wepen he geth
Ther his ares stoden bi hem selue
He kept on with a wel gode helue
The best him thought he seth
To Colbron[d] ogain he ran
And seyd traitour to him than
Thou schalt han iuel deth
Now Ich haue of thi wepen plente
Where with that Y may were me
Right maugre al thin teth

Colbrond than with michel hete
On Gyes helme he wald haue smite

With wel gret hert tene
Ac he failed of his dint
And the ſwerd into the erthe went
A fot and more Ÿ wene
And with Colbrondes out-draught
Sir Gij with ar a ſtrok him raught
A wounde that was wele ſene
So ſmertliche he ſmot to Colbrond
That his right arme with alle the hond
He ſtrok of quite and clene

When Colbrond feld him ſo ſmite
He was wel wroth ye may wel wite
He gan his ſwerd vp fond
And in his left hond vp it halſ
And Gij in the nek a ſtrok him gaſ
As he ſtoupe for the brond
That his heued fro the bodi he ſmot
And into the erthe halſ a fot
Thurch grace of Godes ſond
Ded he feld the glotoun thare
The Denis with ſorwe and care
Thai dight hem out of lond

Blithe were the Inglis men ichon
Erls barouns and king Athelſton

10121

Thai toke Sir Gij that tide
And ladde him to Winchester toun
With wel fair processioun
Ouer al bi ich a side
For ioie belles thai gun ring
Te Deum Laudamus thai gun sing
And play and michel pride
Sir Gij vnarmed him and was ful blithe
His sclauain he ared al so swithe
No lenger he nold abide

Sir pilgrim than seyd the king
Whennes thou art withouten leüng
Thou art douhti of dede
For thurch douhtines of thin hond
Thou hast saued al Inglond
God quite the thi mede
And mi treuthe Ȝ schal plight the
So wele Ȝ schal sette the
Bothe in lond and lede
That of riches in toun and tour
Thou schalt be man of mest honour
That woneth in al mi thede

Sir king seyd the pilgrim
Of alle the lond that is tin

Y no kepe therof na mare
Bot now Ichaue the geant ſlain
Therof Y wis Icham ful fain
Yi way Ichil forth fare
Merci ſir the king ſeyd than
Tel me for him that made man
For nothing thou ne ſpare
Tel me what thi name it be
Whennes thou art and of what cuntre
Or Y ſchal dye for care

Sir king he ſeyd Y ſchal tel it the
What mi right name it be
Thou ſchalt witen anon
Ac thou ſchalt go with me y-fere
That no man of our conſeyl here
Bot thou and Y alon
The king him graunted and was blithe
He comand his folk al ſo ſwithe
No wight with him to gon
Out of the toun than went he
Wele half a mile fram that cite
And ther made Gij his mon

Sir king ſeyd Gij vnderſtond to me
O thing Y ſchal now pray the

Aſtow art curteys and hende
Gif Y mi name ſchal the ſayn
That to no man thou no ſchalt me wrayn
To this yere com to thende
Gij of Warwike mi nam is right
Whilom Y was thine owhen knight
And held me for thi frende
And now Icham ſwiche aſtow may ſee
God of heuen biteche Y the
Yi way Y wil forth wende

When the king ſeighe ſikerly
That it was the gode Gij
That fro him wald his way
On knes he fel adoun to grounde
Leue Sir Gij in that ſtounde
Yerci he gan to ſay
For Godes loue bileue with me
And mi trewthe Y ſchal plight the
That Y ſchal this day
Seſe and giue into thine hond
In half the reme of Inglond
For Godes loue ſay nought nay

Sir king ſeyd Gij Y nil nought ſo
Haue thou thi lond for euer mo

And God ȝ the biteche
Ac gif Herhaud to this lond com
And bring with him Reynbroun mi sone
Help him ȝ the biseche
For thai er bothe hende and fre
On Herhaud thou might trust the
To take of thine son wreche
Thai kisten hem togider tho
Al wepeand thai wenten ato
Withouten ani more speche

The king wel sore wepe for pite
And went him hom to his meyne
With a mournand chere
His folk ogaines him gan gon
And asked the king sone anon
What man the pilgrim were
Thai seyd he is a douhti knight
Wald Jhesu ful of might
He wald leue with ous here
The king seyd al stille be
What he is your non schal wite for me
ȝ wis of al this yere

Sir Gij went in his way forth right
Oft he thonked God Almight

That the geaunt was ſlawe
To Warwike he went to that cite
Ther he was lord of that cuntre
To hold with right lawe
He nas knowen ther of no man
When he to the caſtel gates cam
Therof he was ful fawe
Among the pouer men he him dede
Ther thai weren up in a ſtede
And ſett him on a rawe

And Feliis the countas was ther than
In this warld was non better wiman
In geſt as ſo we rede
For thritten pouer men and yete mo
For hir lordes loue ſche loued ſo
Ich day ſche gan fede
With than God and Our Leuedi
Schuld ſauc hir lord Sir Gij
And help him at his nede
Sche no ſtint noither day no night
For him ſche biſought God Almight
With bedes and almos dede

On a day the leuedi went to mete
And bad men ſchuld biforn hir fete

Hir pouer men al biden
And men brought hem euerichon
And Gij of Warwike was that on
Of tho ich thritten
In his hert he hadde gret care
That he schuld be knawen thare
Of hem that hadde him sen
Ac ther was non so wise of sight
That him ther knowe might
Sounsais he was and lene

The leuedi biheld him inliche
Hou mesays he was sikerliche
Curteys sche was and hende
Of euerich mete of euerich ding
That sche ete of herselk withouten leüng
Sche was him ful mende
Of hir bere and of hir wine
In hir gold coupe aüne
Oft sche gan him sende
And bad him ich day com he schold
Mete and drink scheünde him wold
Unto his liues ende

Sir [Gij] thonked that leuedi oft
Bot alle another was his thought

Than he wald to hir say
When the grace were y-seyd
And the bordes adoun layd
Out of toun he went his way
Into a forest wenden he gan
To an hermite he knewe er than
To speke him gif he may
And when he thider comen was
The gode hermite thurch Godes grace
Was dede and loken in clay

Than thought Sir Gij anon
That wald he neuer thennes gon
Ther whiles he war oliue
With a prest he spac of that cuntray
Had dede him seruise ich day
And of his sinnes gan schriue
With him he hadde ther a page
That serued him in that hermitage
Withouten chest and striue
No lenger was he liues there
Bot nighen monethes of a yere
As ye may listen and lithe

In slepe as Gij lay anight
God sent an angel bright

Fram heuen to him thare
Gij seyd the angel slepestow
Hider me sent the king Jhesu
To bid the make the yare
For bi the eightenday at morwe
He schal deliuer the out of thi sorwe
Out of this warld to fare
To heuen thou schalt com him to
And liue with ous euer mo
In ioie withouten care

When Gij was waked of that drem
Of an angel he seighe a glem
What artow than seyd he
The angel answerd fram heuen Y cam
Yighel is mi right nam
God sent me to the
To bid the make the redi way
Bi the eightenday thou schalt day
Wel siker maughtow be
And Y schal fechе thi soule ful euen
And bere it to the blis of heuen
With gret solempnete

The angel goth forth and Gij bilest stille
His bedes he bad with gode wille

10313

To Jhesu heuen king
And when his term was nere gon
His knaue he cleped to him anon
And seyd withouten lesing
Sone he seyd Y pray now the
Go to Warwike that cite
Withouten more duelling
And when thou comest ther Y the biseche
Gret wele the countas with thi speche
And take hir this gold ring

And say the pilgrim hat hir bifforn
That hir mete was to born
On the pouer mannes rawe
Gret hir wele in al thing
And sende to hir this gold ring
Gif that sche wil it knawe
Als son as sche hath therof a sight
Sche wil it knawe anon right
And be therof ful fawe
Than wil sche ar ware Y be
Leue sone for loue of me
The sothe to hir thou schawe

And say Jcham for Godes loue
In the forest hermite bicome

Wine ſinnes for to bete
And bid hir for the loue of me
That ſche com hider with the
For nothing ſche no lete
And when ye com ye ſinde me dede
Do me neuer hennes lede
Bot graue me here in grete
And after ſche ſchal dye Y wis
And com to me in to heuen blis
Ther ioies her ful ſwete

The knaue went forth anon
In to Warwike he gan gon
Bifor that leuedi fre
And when he hadde that leuedi founde
On knes he fel adoun to grounde
And ſeyd liſten to me
The pilgrim that ete the biforn
That thi mete was to born
An hermite now is he
He greteth the wele in al thing
And ſent the this gold ring
In ſum tokening to be

The leuedi tok that ring an hond
And loked theron and gan withſtond

10361

The letters for to rede
Ow certes quath the leuedi
This ring Y gaf mi lord Sir Gij
When he fro me yede
For sorwe sche fel aswon Y wis
And when that sche arisen is
To the knaue sche gan spede
Leue sone sche seyd Y pray the
Wher is that pilgrim telle thou me
And gold schal be thi mede

Madame seyd the knaue ful skete
In the forest Ichim lete
Right now Y com him fro
He is ner ded in the hermitage
On his halue Y make the message
Y wis he bad me so
And bad thou schust to him come
For that ich trewe lone
That was bitvene you two
Do him neuer lede oway
Bot biri him right ther in clay
Oliue sestow him no mo

The leuedi was glad of that tiding
And thonked Jhesu heuen king

10385

And was in hert ful blithe
That ſche ſchuld ſen hir lord Sir Gij
Ac for o thing ſche was ſori
That he ſchuld dye ſo ſwithe
Thai made hem redi for to wende
With knightes and with leuedis hende
On a mule thai ſett hir ſithe
And with al the beſt of that cite
To thermitage went ſche
As ye may liſten and lithe

To thermitage when thai com
Ther thai light al and ſome
And in ſche went wel euen
When that ſche ſeighe hir lord Sir Gij
Sche wept and made doleful cri
With a ful reweful ſteuen
Sir Gij loked on hir thare
His ſoule fram the bodi gan fare
A thouſand angels and ſeuen
Underfenge the ſoule of Gij
And bar it with gret molodi
Into the blis of heuen

Than was that leuedi ful of care
For hir lord was fram hir fare

Allas it was hir ſong
Sche kiſt his mouthe his chin alſo
And wepe with hir eighen to
And hir hondes ſche wrong
Gret honour dede our Lord for Gij
A ſwete brathe com fram his bodi
That laſt that day ſo long
That in this world ſpices alle
No might caſt a ſwetter ſmalle
As then was hem among

The leuedy aſtite dede ſend hir ſond
After biſchopes abotes of the lond
The beſt that might be founde
And when thider was com that fair ferred
To Warwike thai wald him lede
As lord of michel mounde
Bot al the folk that ther was
No might him ſtir of that plas
Ther he lay on the grounde
An hundred men about him were
No might him nought thennes bere
For heuihed that ſtounde

Than ſeyd the leuedi lete him be ſtille
Neuer more remoun him Y nille

No do him hennes lede
He sent me bode with his page
To biri him in this hermitage
Simpliche withouten prede
Thay tok a through of marbel ston
And leyd his bodi therin anon
Atird in knightes wede
Fair seruise than was thare
Of bischopes abbotes that ther ware
And clerkes to sing and rede

When thai hadde birid his bodi anon
The gret lordinges euerichon
Hom thai gun wende
Ac the leuedi left stille thare
Sche nold neuer thennes fare
Sche kidde that sche was kende
Sche liued no lenger sethe to say
Bot right on the siftenday
Sche dyed that leuedi hende
And was birid hir lord by
And now thai er togider in compeynie
In ioie that neuer schal ende

When Sir Tirri herd telle this
That Gij his fere ded is

10457

And birid in the clay
He com to this lond withouten leũng
And bisought Athelston the king
His bodi to leden oway
He it graunted him ful yare
Into Lorain with him gan fare
Into his owhen cuntray
An Abbay he lete make tho
For to sing for hem to
Euermore til domesday

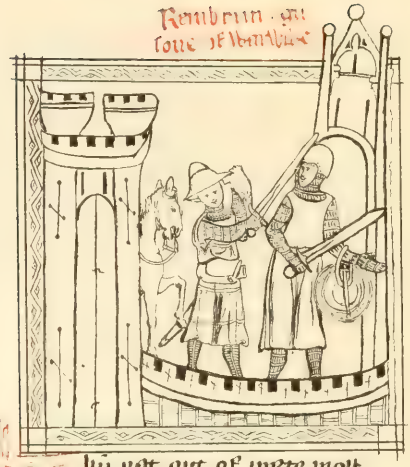
Now haue ye herd lordinges of Gij
That in his time was so hardi
And holden hende and fre
And euer he loued treuthe and right
And serued God with al his might
That sit in Trinite
And therfore at his ending day
He went to the ioie that lasteth ay
And euer more schal be
Now God leue ous to liue so
That we may thai ioie com to
Amen par charite

10479

EXPLICIT.

# Rembrun,
# Gij Sone of Warwike.

Reinbrun · gui
sone of warwike



hū yett ert of inste molt
ffaer & ſone & holy gost
ich bide ye alone
thō polk ert lord of oin ginne
& maket heuene and alle ping
ſe and wime and mone
ene hem gr aw wel to ſpeke
y att herkuep what y wel reke
i hu god in trone
o f akust wal to bataple boū
s we sy if ſone yett hite reybroū
a f hun y make my mone
h if ſaer sy yett hun get
h e wall' alkerrour ſkipe aret
y ay wall' nolkhar hif per
i ū ſ o unde in pynardy
i n ſ ynyne in lombardy
p eyper ſker ne uey
m inn bataple he be gā
f or ye lone of o kannū
y ut wal' hun lef & dere
s ype reybroun onhre he ſkā
y att wa af a'ſkipe dousti m an
n if ze wny forpward here

# Rembrun,
# Gij Sone of Warwike.

IHESU that ert of mighte most
Fader and Sone and Holy Gost
  Ich bidde the a bone
Ase thou ert Lord of our ginning
And madest heuene and alle thing
  Se and sonne and mone
Geue hem grace wel to spede
That herkeneth what Y schel rede
  Iheſu God in trone
Of a knight was to batayle boun
Sire Gij is sone that highte Reybroun
  Of him Y make my mone

His fader Gij that him get
He was a werrour ſwithe gret
  Thar nas nowhar his per
In Fraunce in Pycardy
In Spayne in Lombardy
  Neyther fer ne ner
Mani batayle he began
For the loue of o wimman
  That was him lef and dere
Sithe Reybroun on hire he wan
That was a ſwithe douhti man
  Ale ye may forthward here

Thay were togedre fifti night
After a ſpuſede that ſwete wight
  With meche melody
Than was begete that baroun
His ſone that was cleped Reybroun
  Of that knight Sire Gij
Fourti wikes with child he was
And delyured thourgh gras
  And is moder Mari
Criſtned hit was werſchipliche
Rembroun men calde him ſikerliche
  Forſothe and nought ne lye

Heraud hadde that child to lore
Seue winter and wel more
  Ful wel he gan him lere
Be that he was seue winter old
He was a fair child and a bold
  And of swete chere
So hit befel that of fer lond
Marchaund riche Ich understond
  Hider thai come were
Gold and seluer thai broughte meche
Badekenes and pane riche
  Gris and menyuer

Bras mallyn yren and stel
Wod wer selk and cendel
  Ginginer and galingale
Clowes quibibes gren de Paris
Pyper and comyn and swet anis
  Mani a riche bale
Fykes reisyn dates
Almaund rys pomme-garnates
  Kanel and setewale
Scarlet and grene wel y-wrought
More richesse with hem hij brought
  Than Y can tellen in tale

Thai riuede at Londen that cite
King Athelstond than fonden he
  That her was king with croune
A gaf hem leue in alle wise
To wende with her marchaundise
  In is londe fro toun to toune
To Walingforde thai gonne fare
A strong bourgh thai fonde thare
  Thai boskede and made hem boune
Ac it was strued withouten leũg
For werre of Heraud and the king
  Hit was nigh brought adoun

The marchauns kedde hij wer fre
A Spaynis mule than token he
  To Heraud hij sende
For he was lord of that cite
With him hij thoughte wel to be
  So thai han him kende
Sir Heraud for soth to say
Bad hem ete with him that day
  Er hij thannes wende
The marchauns seie the child goand
In the halle faire pleiande
  That was so faire and hende

At a knight hij alkede anon right
Whas was tho child so faire of sight
  And of swete chere
And he answerde anon Y plight
Hit is Gij is sone the gode knight
  That Heraud hath to lere
The marchauns hem bethoughte
Gif hij that child haue moughte
  Hij wolde stele him there
And gif hij hadde that child bolde
Richely in to her londe thai wolde
  And selle hit ful dere

With the porter thai speke stille
That hij hadden al her wille
  Thai geue him riche mede
He betaughte hem the child thare
And into schip thai gone fare
  Away thai gonne him lede
Thay gonne saily toward Roussy
Al glad hij were thet lond to sy
  Hij thoughte wele to spede
Al siker hij were alond to gon
Ac swiche a strom hem cam vpon
  That sore hem gonne drede

The wind began to blowen loude
The elemence thikkede on the cloude
  Gret strom hem wer vpon
The four windes began to blowe
The se gan tornen and to throwe
  Ded hij wende haue ben echon
Here ropes to borsten her mast also
Thar nas non that him nas wo
  Hij made reuful mon
To Jhesu Crist thai gonne crye
And to his moder Marie
  Nas ther no beter won

The wind faire slake gan
Mery in the se the schip ran
  Ase God hit wolde
Thai wer driuen al the night
In Aufrik thai riuede right
  Thai toke a wel gode holde
The marchauns han it vndernome
That hij beth into Aufrik come
  Hij thoughte that hij wolde
The king of the lond presenti
With that child that was so fry
  And of chere bolde

Of hem hij token marchauns thre
That noble were curteis and fre
  Withoute more duelling
Thai toke that child veraiment
And made therwith a present
  To Arguus the king
The king hadde a douhter fair
Of al Aufrik the was air
  A swithe fair yonling
Weche the kouthe of menstralcie
Of harpe of fithele of sautri
  Of romaunce reding

So was Reynbroun for soth to say
Weche liche that faire may
  Of semlaunt and of chere
Besought sche hath be hir moder rede
And to hire fader king the sede
  Leue fader dere
Y mote him in me chaumber norsy
Yet a may me seruy
  Norture Y schel him lere
The king him graunted thourgh alle thing
For he hire louede withoute leüng
  To ben hire plaie fere

Whan Sire Heraud parseued was
The child was stole for that cas
  Gret sorwe he gan make
He let seche him in that cite
Yani man made gret pite
  For that childes sake
With mesagers a sente is sonde
To seche him in mani londe
  Gif hij him mighte of take
And when hij himünde ne mighte
Sorwe hij made day and nighte
  For drede thai gonne quake

Hit nas nought longe after than
That in Londen held king Athelstan
  A riel parlement
Sire Heraud theder gan gon
The king a werschipede and mani on
  Whan he was theder y-went
Other hadde therof envie
And thoughte hij wolde on him lye
  That a wer y-schent
And segge he hadde Rembroun sold
For is wighte of rede gold
  To the marchauns verayment

Lordinges seide the king y-core
Al ye ben to me y-swore
  For helpe me at nede
Your consaile wite Y welle
Wel ye witen ye han herd telle
  Ase your eldren sede
That the king of Denemark
Thourgh a geaunt stor and stark
  Kalaungeth al oure thede
A gret ost he hath y-nome
And gif he may vs ouercome
  He maketh our sides blede

Sire queth Heraud tharf the no drede
Thourgh Godes help we scholle wel spede
  Thei he vs wile asaile
Gode knightes ye han and cite strong
Gif ye him douteth it is wrong
  For al is grete taile
Wyn eldren seide Ich vnderstonde
The Dennisch men hadde right in this londe
  Withouten eni faile
Whilom and nought ful yore it is
And siththe thai han it lore Y wis
  And here folk in bataile

Now thai han loren here right
Hij weren ouercomen in ſight
  Thourgh help of God Almighte
Tharfore enſemle the barouns
That hath the toures and the tounes
  Before the an highte
At what hauen thai alende
Aſe tit agen hem we ſcholle wende
  With hors an armes brighte
And gif a cometh in this lond Ÿ wis
We ſcholle ſle him and alle his
  So wel we ſcholle ſighte

Thanne ſeide the king thow haſt wel ſed
Thou haſt red me a gode red
  Ÿ-bleſſed mote thou be
A beter rede ne wot Ÿ non
Aſe thow haſt ſeid ſo Ÿ ſchel don
  Alſo mote Ich the
Thow ert me beſte conſailer
In al this lond ther nis the per
  That Ich mowe y-ſe
Al the while Icham coren king
Don Ich wile be the teching
  Sire Heraud the fre

The duk Yedyok up aras
Of al Cornewaile lord he was
  A sterne knight and a grim
Sire king a seide herkne to me
Thow ert nought wis ase the holdest the
  Whan thow leuest on him
Thow werschepest him fer and ner
And he nis boute a losenger
  Ful of tresoun ün
Beter me beth to the consaile
Thanne the treitour withouten faile
  Be God and seinte Martyn

His gode lord traye he gan
That thourgh him he was maked man
  Of Warwik Sire Gij
Euel he hath is while yolde
Whan he Rembroun is sone solde
  To the marchauns of Roussy
For gold and seluer gret plente
To the marchauns deliurede he
  Ase we gonne aspie
And gif he hadde the righte lawe
A scholde ben hanged and drawe
  For that trecherie

Tho Heraud herde him speke so
Him thoughte his herte barst ato
  Up he sterte an hye
Felawe duk a seide thow lyrst
Whan thow with tresoun me betwyrst
  Thow dost me vileynie
Thow hit schelt to sothe bringe
That thow hast seid before the kinge
  Or thow schelt abye
Hasteliche now arme the
Anon it schel proued be
  That thow dost on me lye

Ich wile that Y ben hanged and drawe
Boute Y defende me with the lawe
  Of this famacioun
That thow seist Y scholde selle
Ye lordes sone that Ich of telle
  That men clepede Rembroun
Whan Ich the sothe parseued hadde
The marchauns him hadde wei ladde
  Ye of thoughte that tresoun
With mesagers Y sente me sonde
To seche him in mani londe
  Thow lyrst on me feloun

Before the king Y say the right
Tharto me treuthe Y the plight
  To seche him Y schel fonde
In Fraunce in Lombardie
In Spayne in Spir in Rouffie
  In mani an honkouth londe
Betwene this and the lond of Ynde
Gif a be Y schel him fynde
  And bringe him to honde
And whan Ichaue so y-do
Thin heued Y schel smite the fro
  For no man nel Ich wonde

Pes feloun queth erl of Cornewayle
Al the leffing schel the nought vaile
  Traytour thow worft holde
That herde another knight
Egar a het forsoth aplight
  Heraud is man y-tolde
His steward forsoth he was
He sterte vp in that plas
  And to the duk a wolde
Felawe duk a seide thow lirft
Whan thow me lord betwirft
  That he Rembroun solde

Fif hondred ſithe haue thow maugre
Of Jheſu that ſit in Trinite
  Jheſu ful of might
Boute thow ſwithe arme the
And do the bataile agenes me
  And proued aright
Thar hij hadde togedres ſmite
Nadde the king hit vndergite
  And departede hem an hight
He bad hem lete be that fare
And beſoughte hem to make hem yare
  Agenes the Denniſch king to fight

Heraud with is ferde fre
Wente to Walingford that cite
  Ful of ſorwe and care
Egar a ſeide thow ſchelt be leue
And kepe this land to me be heue
  And forth Ich wil fare
Til Ich Reynbroun finde may
Y ne ſchel reſte night ne day
  Til Ich wite whar he ware
Ac war the fro therl of Cornewayle
He wile arere on the batayle
  He nele the nothing ſpare

324

Sire queth Egar we scholle vs were
That he ne schel vs nothing dere
  The hei vs wile agreue
Heraud went out of that cite
For him was maked gret pite
  Whan he toke his leue
Hasteliche to schip a wente
Gode wind and weder God him sente
  In Denemark thai gonne riue
In Fraunce in Lombardie
In Spayne in Spyr in Rouslie
  Reynbroun a soughte bliue

Thourgh mani londes thai him soughte
Whan hij mighte finde noughte
  To schip thai gonne fare
To Costantinoble hij wolde wende
Swiche a tempest God hem gan sende
  That hij come nought thare
Thai were driue withoute the toun
In Aufrik thai riuede soune
  Thanne wer thai ful of care
The cite on the riuage hij sye
Weche and wide and walles hye
  Of blisse thai wer al bare

O God seide the meister tho
Gret mishap is come vs to
  Our lif Y telle y-lore
In Aufrik we ben withouten leüng
Upon Arguus lond the king
  Worsse man nas neuer bore
Al that leueth in Godes lawe
I wile hem hongen and to drawe
  His oth he hath y-swore
Al for sothe we beth dede
Boute God vs helpe at our nede
  That was of Marie bore

Heraud seide whas is this cite
Distrued it is so thenketh me
  Her hath be strong bataile
The maroner seide Y the telle
For sothe sire lye Y nelle
  Withouten eni faile
Hit is themerailes Parsan
In this world nis ther worsse man
  Cristene men to asaile
The Sarazins come with this
And nemeth Heraud and alle his
  And distrueth is vitaile

Thai nome Heraud and al is man
And broughte hem before Parſan
That was of gret power
He let hem caſte in priſoun
Stinkande and therk wel ſer adoun
For thai Criſten were
Lite thai ete and dronke Ȝ wis
Unnethe her lif ſoſtened is
To God he made his prayere
For Reynbroun him was ful wo
For he neſte whider he was go
He made reuly chere

O ſeide allas allas
In werre doughti man Ȝ was
And now Icham forlore
On of the gaylers herde this
To themeraile a wente Ȝ wis
And gan him telle fore
Sire a ſeide wite nought ye
Of a priſoun ye han in your pouſte
A noble man y-kore
A is wel douhti in bataile
Aſe Icham to you ſwore

Queth themeraile bringe him forth now
Gif he be ſwich aſe ſeiſtow
  Weche helpe me a mighte
The gayler wente agen anon
And to the priſoun he gan gon
  And Heraud vp atwighte
In a ſklauin he gan him folde
Swithe meche a was beholde
  Of mani a douhti knighte
His berde was to is breſt y-war
To his gerder heng is far
  Griſliche he was of lighte

Before themeraile hem gan him lede
And a reiſoned him in ech a ſide
  Wan what is the name
Whar wer thow bore tel me now
That ſo meche of werre canſtow
  Of the Ichaue game
Ich ameraile Parſan
Icham a ſwithe douhti man
  Wide ſpringeth me fame
Wighte of the liker be
That thou woldeſt ſerue me
  Ne ſchoſtow haue no ſchame

He anſwerde leue lord
To the Ich wile bere rekord
  And telle Ȝ wile the
Heraud for ſoth me nam is
In gret dede Ichaue be er this
  So men clepeth me
Gif me ſtringthe wer agen i-come
That Ichaue lore in the priſone
  Ich wer of gret pouſte
Find me ſtede gode and light
Spere and ſcheld and armes bright
  The man wile Ich be

Queth themeraile wolcome Ȝ wis
Thow ſchelt haue that the nede is
  Bright armur and ſtede
Ingliis thow ert ſikerly
Knew thow ought the gode Gij
  That douhti wes of dede
Heraud ſeide Ȝ knew him wel
His man Icham and euer be ſchel
  He was taught me to fede
His ſone was ſtolen him fro
To ſeche him Icham y-go
  Gif God me wolde ſpede

Themeraile cleped is chaumborlain
And bad him with al is mayn
  Heraud to him take
In pourpre pal thei gan him schrede
And founde him al that was nede
  And bathes let him make
On a day sire Ameraile
Tok Heraud in consaile
  Withoute the castel gate
Now Arguus king werreth on me
Ye nis leued boute this cite
  For grete werre and hate

The king hath a knight with him
Sterne in bataile and swithe grim
  Of swich thow neuer herd
In this world nis man sikerly
Boute hit wer the lord Sire Gij
  That of him nolde ben afered
Wightest of him awreke me
A noble prins than schostow be
  And sle him with dent of swerd
Heraud seide so Ȝ schel do
Gif God wile helpe me therto
  Be min hore berd

With that com a messagere bold
To themeraile he hath y-told
  Swithe hard tiding
King Arguus stiward withouten let
On of is castels hadde beset
  Withouten eni lesing
Whan themeraile herde this
He bad is stiward for soth Y wis
  His folk before him bringe
So a dede right anon
And bad hem bosken euerichon
  Al boun to batailinge

Heraud lep on a rabyte
That was meche and nothing lite
  Rod out of the toun
That ost him swede fair and wel
Til hij come to the castel
  With spere and gounfanoun
With helm on heued and brinie bright
Iyren wrye mani a knight
  To bataile wer thai boun
Ayther ost gan other asaile
Ech man fondede withouten faile
  To felle is foman adoun

Heraud a Sarazin smot
That he fel doun fot hot
  Dede of is stede
The thredde the ferthe that he mai hitte
No man mighte his strok with sitte
  For wreththe a wolde a wede
With is sword of meche pris
Yani Sarazin a slough Y wis
  And made here sides blede
The Sarazins seide hit was a fend
The deuel hadde theder i-sent
  Emeraile to spede

The king hadde a Sarazin
His stiward that seruede Apolyn
  Heraud he gan threte
Heraud he mete and is men echon
Hard thai hewe togedre anon
  And delde dentes grete
The stiward was sconfited there
Abated was the meister banere
  To fle thai nolde lete
Heraud siwede him on a rabyte
Hard hij gonne togedre smite
  Sterne strokes and grete

Here scheftes schiurede scheld flitte
Brenyes barsteth hauberk ritte
  Thar was strong bataile
Heraud ouercom him in that light
And ladde him to his folk aright
  Withouten eni faile
Prisouns thai toke gret plente
Forth hij wente to that cite
  To themeraile
And presente him the stiward
That in werre was so hard
  Swithe hegh of paraile

Thanne seide themeraile
Heraud do be me consaile
  Ye stiward thow schelt be
Erls barouns riche and poure
Al me land folk lasse and more
  Scholle do after the
Thanne gret werre he began
Bothe into is hond he wan
  Castel and cite
That themeraile hadde lore
King Arguus made tharfore
  Deuel and gret pite

Tho the king wiste this
That his stiward nomen is
  And al is men a-slawe
Wroth he was and sori
His barouns a clepede an hie
  And tolde to hem that sawe
Thanne answerde an old knight
Sire Y nel the lye no wight
  A knight of Cristene lawe
Themeraile is souder is he
The wer beter than this cite
  That he wer of dawe

Hore a is and knight ful eld
Wel gode hit were to flen is scheld
  Sire the might me leue
In al the lond Sarazin ther nis
Wer he neuer so strong Y wis
  That he nolde to cleue
The king seide a fend it is
To Mahoun a swore Y wis
  Wel sore Y schel him greue
Win ost schel ensembled be
In is lond schel brenne and fle
  No cite schel Ich be leue

The king a parlement let crie
To themeraile a wolde an hie
  With bright armor and stede
His castels struede and is cite
That Heraud wan thanne les he
  Doughti man of dede
Whan themeraile wiste this
He bed is knightes for soth Y wis
  To helpe him at is nede
Heraud was prest to bataile
The king is ost he gan asaile
  God that day him spede

Faste thei smite to her fon
With swerdes speres wel gode won
  Togedres thai gonne fight
Gret slaughter was in either side
The blod ran in the feld wel wide
  Of mani a doughti knighte
Heraud mette with the king
And smot him with is swerd keruing
  A strok of meche mighte
Ther he hadde slawe him tho
Boute his ost com him to
  And hors thai gonne him dighte

Wel stoutliche the king gan fighte
Al that a mette he felde doun righte
  Heraud he gan descrie
Themeraile was sconfited there
Abated was the meister banere
  And al her cheualrie
In eche side asailed a is
With speres and with swerdes Y wis
  That he mighte nought flie
With is swerd a wereth him wel
In eche side ase a gode knight schel
  Whiles a mighte drighe

Tho he segh Heraud a cleped him to
To helpe him he gan go
  An erl Heraud gan mete
Heraud with is fauchoun him smot
A dent that thourgh is helm bot
  Thar a lefte the swete
Heraud and themeraile anon
Delde dentes wel god won
  For nothing thai nolde lete
The king thai sailede and al is men
So mani yede to dethe then
  That grimly thai gonne grete

The king wel sori thanne was he
Whan he segh is men fle
  And al y-brought to gronde
Whar that he segh Heraud ride
He flegh awei be that other side
  Wel sory in that stonde
His men ouercome were
Tharfore sori he was there
  And for his owene wonde
King Arguus for soth a geth
A was afered of is deth
  Gif that a were y-fonde

Whan Heraud parseued is
Be his armes a knew him Y wis
  And after him he gan ride
Negh he hadde him ouercome
Slawe other in the feld y-nome
  In that ilche tide
Thanne segh he come a yingling
Ouer al the other a mighte be king
  Out of the wodes side
The king him hadde dobbed knight
Geue him hors and armes bright
  With wel meche pride

Whan he segh the king fleande
Heraud after him folwande
  He him gan descrie
Old man no ferther thow ne gon
Boute the geue me bataile anon
  Thow dost a gret folye
The lif thow lest er the gon
Thin heued the king schel haue anon
  For soth thow schelt abye
The rabite is min sikerliche
Y ne disirede neuer hors so meche
  That Y saugh with eye

Sire Heraud knew him anon
Be his armes he hadde vpon
  Togedres thai gonne ride
That bothe thei fellen of here stede
And sethe gonne swerdes brede
  No lenger thai nolde abide
Hij cleueth helm and scheldes bo
Gret sight ther was betwene hem to
  In that ilche tide
Thai hewe the scheldes of gode entaile
The hauberk of so gode a maile
  Te borsten be bothe side

659

Betwene hem was strong batayle
Either fondede withouten faile
  To bringe other to dede
Ac gif aither wiste of other aright
Betwene hem to thar ner no ȝight
  For none skines nede
Sire Heraud drough him an hegh
And seide knight corteis and slegh
  Alle God the spede
What is the name tel thow me
For Godes loue in Trinite
  And of what thede

Ayild the now to me
Gret harm it wer to sle the
  So yong a bacheler
For neuer knight Ȝ ne fond
So wel werchande with dent of brond
  Naither fer ne ner
Rembroun seide therof be stille
That telle the Ȝ ne wille
  Be Godes moder dere
Er than Ich wile yelde me
Erst thin heued schel of sle
  Faste be the swere

Boute thow now telle me
Whether thow ert and what thow be
  Y schel the le anon right
For thow ert old and whit i-blowe
The stringthe is gon alle Y trowe
  The power and the might
Heraud seide me frend fre
So fareth folk in me contre
  In bataile and in fight
Whan hij ginneth for to helde
Thanne thai wereth stout and belde
  And strong men aplight

Er thou fro me departed be
Wel yonge thow schelt holde me
  And douhti man of dede
Togedres thai smite withouten faile
Ale sterne lyouns in bataile
  Knightes stif on stede
Togedre thai smite ernest and faste
The fur out of here helmes braste
  And made here sides blede
Ful dedli fon now thai are
Yet thai scholle be frendes thare
  Crist therto hem spede

707

Heraud seide sir knight
Herkne to me a lite wight
  For the courteisie
Gode thow ert and hardi Ȝ wis
In al this land the beter nis
  That Ich conne espie
Gif it were the ȝ-teld
Which Ichaue ben in feld
  Of might and of meistrie
Ne wostow neuer aschamed be
The name for to telle me
  Ne holde hit to vileynie

Sire olde man thanne seide he
For a coward Ich holde the
  Win armes beth al sonde
Ye strokes beth sene on thin helm cler
Out of the scheld Ichaue a quarter
  Ȝ-feld to the grounde
Heraud seide me frend fre
Thei min armes apeired be
  Ye bodi nath no wounde
What is the name tel me fore
And Ȝ schel sai the whar Ich was bore
  Er Ich fro the founde

Swiche tiding thou might of me here
Or Ich of the in swiche manere
  That frendes scholle we be
I ne aske it for no vileinie
Boute for meche courteisie
  For loue Ich asked the
With that Reynbroun withdrough him there
With drery semblaunt and reuful chere
  To Heraud seide he
Knight a seide thow ert wise
Slegh and hardi of gret prise
  Be God in Trinite

Y nolde haue told it for non awe
Erst Ich wolde ben y-slawe
  In this ilche batayle
In Ingelond Ich was y-bore
So were min eldren me before
  Withouten eni faile
Gij a Warwik me fader was
No beter knight neuer nas
  Ase wid as man mai saile
A stiward hadde me fader Gioun
That highte Heraud the noble baroun
  Swithe high of paraile

Lord he was of al Arderne
Ich was take him to lerne
  To conne of courteisie
And sithe marchaundes stele me
And brouhte me to this contre
  That weren of Roussie
The king me hath dobbed knight
And geue me hors and armes bright
  To lede is chiualrie
Be me lai a dede me swere
In eueri bataile is baner to bere
  Thar of Ȝ nought ne lie

Whan Heraud herde this
That he Gij is sone is
  Away a cast is scheld
Lord a seide in Trinite
Fader and sone y-herd thow be
  This dai abide in min eld
That Ich me lordes sone se may
For ioie a wep al the day
  And swonede in the feld
Rembroun hadde of him pite
And seide sire knight tel what the be
  For God that alle thing weld

Heraud a seide me name is
Ich norschede the Rembroun Y wis
  In my nory thow were
Sone Rembroun wiste this
That Heraud of Arderne is
  Herci a cride him there
Sire Heraud tok him vp tho
Leuelich in is armes to
  With hertte and wel gode chere
On her stedes lopen he
And forth hij ride to the cite
  With meche ioie y-fere

To themeraile telden he
How thai acorded be
  Thourgh grace of God Almighte
King Arguus was ouercome
And al is men y-slawe and nome
  In that ilche fighte
Heraud and Rembroun toke leue tho
Into Ingelond for to go
  And into schip hem dighte
So longe hij sailede in the se
That in a lond thanne riueden he
  That wonder was of fighte

Hij ne ſeie caſtel ne cite
Erſt hij wente in al the contre
  So diſtrued it is
Til it toward the neuen cam
A caſtel thei ſeie fer hem fram
  To the gate thai riden Y wis
Of the porter Heraud gan craue
Tel me now ſo God the ſaue
  Was this caſtel is
Forheled nought we bedeth the
Knightes we beth of fer contre
  Aſe God geue vs blis

This in we beddeth par cherite
For Godes loue in Trinite
  That is lord fre
To morwe anon ſo it is day
We ſcholle wenden in our way
  Towardes our contre
The porter anſwerde anon right
Of this lord Y ne can telle no wight
  Ne in what contre a be
Ac a leuedi herin is
Ful of del and ſorwe Y wis
  Wel ſore wepeth ſhe

For hire lord that he hath lore
Joie ne worth hire neuer therfore
  For non menstralcie
The porter in anon gan wende
And tolde tale ord and ende
  To Amis is leuedy
Madame her beth come twei knighte
Noble men hij be in lighte
  Thai wolde her soiurny
Al this night for soth to say
To morwe wenden in her way
  Tharof I nought ne lye

The leuedi seide let hem in
Thai scholle be serued wel afyn
  Be the grace of God Almighte
The porter wente agen anon
And to the gate he gan gon
  And let hem in ful righte
The knightes were kende kore
Whan thai come to halle dore
  Adoun thai gonne lighte
Men toke here swerdes scheld and spere
Here stedes and here other gere
  Ful wel men gan hem dighte

The leuedi faire grete hem anon
To vnarme hem hire selue is gon
  With a wel gode chere
Here mete was redi withouten let
Anon hij were adoun y-set
  To the sopere
Heraud askede hire Y wis
Dame what the lordes nam is
  Fayn Ich wolde hire
Of the montayne he het Amis
Withinne Almayne no swich ther nis
  Ye leue frendes dere

A stiward was with themperour
To al Almayne he was treitour
  Sire Berard of Paui
Ye lordes swike euer was he
Thourgh him in al this sorwe we be
  For the loue of Sire Gij
That me lord louede wel
And sokoured him in is castel
  We beth in gret vileinie
For the dukes deth Otoun
That was a treitour feloun
  He vs gan belighe

And made vs fle out of that londe
And in this contre we beth aftonde
  That wonder is of ſight
Wechel Arderne cleped it is
A fairy knight herin is
  That is of meche might
With him ones faught me lord
And gaf him dentes with is ſword
  Upon is helm bright
Wepne mai him dere non
He is ſo hard to hewe vpon
  Aſe marbel Y the plight

On a dai me lord honted a beſt
And drof it out of the foreſt
  Withinne is merkes ſtake
Siththe herde Ich of him namore
Tharfore me of dredeth ſore
  The knight him haue take
Allas queth Heraud is it Amis
Therl of Montaine of gret pris
  Gret ſorwe he gan make
Oft ſeide Sire Rembroun
Wel a louede the fader Gioun
  We mote him helpe for is ſake

899

Rembroun seide ase he was hende
Tomorwe Ich wile therder wende
To seche Sire Amis
Ne swete frend queth the leuedi
Be thow nought to foul hardi
For gret perel it is
Amorwe Rembroun aros erly
And armede him ful hastely
For to winne pris
A gode stede he bestrod
And forth a wente withoute abod
To the forest Y wis

Heraud with him go wolde
Ac he seide that he ne scholde
For non skines nede
And he dradde of him strangliche
And betaughte him God in heuen riche
And in is wey a yede
Herauд bleste and he gan gon
The merkes stake a paled anon
That was wel vnrede
Al the dai a tok the pas
Til it noun apaled was
Ridand vpon is stede

An hille he segh before him there
Gates theron maked were
  Forth right he rod in
The gate agen anon was spered
Tho was Rembroun sore afered
  And faste blessede him
Nought he ne segh boute the sternesse
Halk a mile a rod Y wisse
  The wai was therk and dim
He rod ase faste ase a mighte
Thanne he segh more lighte
  Be a water is brim

To the water he com sone thas
A riuer be a launde ther was
  Thar he gan to lighte
Faire hit was y-growe with gras
A fairer place neuer nas
  That he segh with lighte
On that place was a paleis on
Swich ne segh he neuer non
  Ne of so meche mighte
The walles were of cristal
The heling was of ün ruwal
  That schon swithe brighte

947

The restes al cipres be
That swote smal casten he
  Ouer al aboute
The reüns wer of ün coral
Togedre iuned with metal
  Withinne and ek without
On the front stod a charbokel ston
Ouer al the contre it schon
  Withouten eni doute
Postes and laces that ther were
Of iaspe gentil that was dere
  Al of one soute

The paleis was beloken al
Aboute with a marbel wal
  Of noble entaile
Upon eueriche kernal
Was ful of speres and of springal
  And stoutliche enbataile
Without the gate stod a tre
With foules of mani kines gle
  Singande without faile
The water was so sterne and grim
Wighte no man come therin
  Boute he hadde schip to saile

Rembroun dorste nought paly
With is spere a gan it prouy
  How dep hit was beside
He thoughte on is fader fot hot
The stede in the side a smot
  And in he gan to ride
Ouer is helm the water is gon
He nolde haue be ther for eighte non
  Swich aunter him gan betide
Er he vp of the water ferde
A fond it was thretti mete yerde
  So dep he gan doun glide

Thanne he thoughte on Jhesu Crist
His hors was wel swithe trist
  And quikliche swam to londe
His fet fastnede on the grounde
Rembroun was glad in that stounde
  And thankede Gode sonde
Jn to the pales he him dede
He helde the estes of that stede
  For no man a nolde wonde
Ac wimman ne man fand he non there
That with him speke or confort bere
  Naither sitte ne stonde

And tharof war a is
Into a chaumber a goth Ÿ wis
  A knight a se alone
A-grette him with wordes fre
And seide sire God with the be
  That sit an hegh in trone
Sire a sede tel thow me
Gif this pales thin owen be
  Ich bidde the a bone
And gif thow ert her in prisoun dight
Tel hit me so wel thow might
  To me now make the mone

Amis answerde to Rembroun
In Almayne Ich was a baroun
  And now Icham forlore
Ich was driue out with a feloun
And now Ÿ lye her in prisoun
  Allas that Ich was bore
Of this paleis Inam no lord
Ich telle the a sothe word
  Withoute oth i-swore
Hit is a knightes of Fayri
And al this forest her by
  A sterne man y-kore

This paleys is of ſwiche might
Her ſchel no man elde aplight
  Be he her neuer ſo longe
Thei he wer her a thoſand yer
In his heued ſchel hore non her
  Ne non elde fonge
Rembroun ſeide ert thow Amis
Therl of Montayne of gret pris
  Thow ſingeſt a reuly ſonge
Now Ichaue fonde the
Thow ſchelt wende now with me
  Out of the paines ſtronge

Amis ſeide ſpek nought ſo
Of the me wondreth ſo mot Ȝ go
  That thow ert hider y-come
Sithe this world ferſt began
In this paleis ne com no man
  Boute gif a wer i-nome
Boute gif the lord him hider ladde
Other of him ſum leue hadde
  Nis non ſo hardi gome
How mighteſt thow lede me
Whan thow might nought ſaue the
  Ich telle the at the frome

1043

Rembroun ſeide drede nought the
Tharfore ſchel hit nought lete be
  So we anon right
Gif eni man ſo hardi were
That vs wolde at helde here
  His deth wer y-dight
Swich a ſtrok Ich him geue wolde
That is heued leſe a ſcholde
  Be grace of God Almight
Thei he wer te bataile boun
Aſe ſterne alſe eni lyoun
  With him Ich wile fight

Amis ſeide let now be
Swiche ſtringthe mai nought helpe the
  Agenes Sire Gayere
For nothing ne ſchel him dere
With no wepne that man may bere
  Naither ſtel ne yre
Ac gif thow wilt ouercome him
That ilche ſwerd to the nym
  That hangeth a the pylere
Rembroun braide it out anon right
The chaumber was al ful of light
  That ſchon ſwithe clere

To therl Amis anon a wond
And tok him vp be the hond
  No leng hij nolde abide
Out of the paleys bothe hij yede
And lopen on Rembroun is stede
  And forth thai gonne ride
Nought fer thannes beth hij gon
Thai be held agen anon
  Upon here right side
Comande hij seghe ride a knight
Upon a stede gode and light
  Prikande with pride

Swift ase swalwe he com ride
Knightes a seide ye scholle abide
  No forther that ye ne wende
In me paleys thow hast y-be
And me prisoun ledest with the
  Thow dost a dede vnhende
Her ye scholle bleue bo
In me prisoun for euer mo
  Into the worldes ende
Or thow schelt Rembroun thin hed forgo
Kep for me Icham the fo
  Bataile Y wile the sende

Therl Amys ther alighte
Arome he drough him anon righte
  And Rembroun Gayer gan smite
Gret strokes hij smite betwene
That adoun hij fellen bene
  Aither sparede other lite
Sithe thai drowe brondes on grounde
And hewe togedre with grimly wounde
  With swerdes that wolde bite
Ze herde neuer a stringe fight
Rembroun stirede him as gode knight
  Hit was him nought to wite

He thoughte on is fader anon right
Ase fresch a was to fight
  Ase grehonde to hare
Betwene hem twie was gret fight
Aither smot other in helmes bright
  And delde dentes sare
Thai hewe helm and scheldes bo
Gret fight was betwene hem to
  Swich herde ye neuer are
Rembroun made him to blede
And felde him doun of his stede
  Thanne was he out of care

Rembroun be the nose him tok
And drough to him and faste him schok
  That greuede him ful sore
His heued benome him hadde
Ner it that he merci gradde
  And seide sire Rembroun thin ore
For the fader loue Gij
The beste knight sikerly
  That euer was y-bore
With that thow haue merci on me
Al me prisouns deliured be
  And hennes for euermore

Rembroun seide so Ȝ schel
In that forward Ȝ graunte wel
  That thow aliue go
So the prisouns deliured be
Thar to the treuthe plighte me
  Betwene vs selue to
Rembroun glad and blithe is
He hadde deliured sire Amis
  Thre hondred knightes and mo
Into the castel wenten hii
Thar was Heraud and the leuedy
  Ful of sorwe and wo

1139

Thai wer welcomed with fair gle
Whan the leuedi hire lord gan se
  She made meche blis
And Heraud forsothe dede also
And herede God Almighti tho
  And Amis he gan kisse
Heraud tolde him al is treye
How he hadde in prisoun leye
  For sothe withouten misse
Fo[r] me lordes loue Reynbroun
What sorwe he hadde in prisoun
  Honger and thesternesse

This is Rembroun Gij is sone
That hath set the out of prisone
  And the out of the care
Al is lif a tolde him tho
How Gij was out of londe y-go
  And how hit was y-fare
Among hem gret ioie ther is
In the castel was meche blis
  Among alle thare
Euerich of hem other gan kisse
And made meche ioie and blisse
  For blisse thai wepe ful sare

1163

With that ther com a knight riding
To therl Amis a broughte tiding
  Fro that emperour
That the duk Berard ded is
A palmer ſlough him Ÿ wis
  With wel mechel onour
Themperour hadde ſent is ſonde
A ſcholde come and is londe
  Bothe toune and tour
And that therl Terry and he
Were ſkyred and maked fre
  Thourgh the conquerur

Sire Amis with is meyne
Wente hom to is contre
  To that emperour
A gaf him is londes fre
Bothe caſtel and cite
  With wel meche onour
Glad of him was themperour fre
Euer a was to him priue
  Bothe in halle and bour
And alſo was therl Terry
That was therles ſone Aubry
  A man of gret fauour

1187

Heraud and Reimbroun tok leue tho
Into Ingelonde te go
  Thanne was the leuedi in care
Yani iurne thai ride tho
Thourgh Spayne and thourgh londes mo
  Into Bourgoyne thai come ware
The contre was strued doun right
Heraud askede at a knight
  How hit was y-fare
He seide the duk of Yarce y-told
That is a stout knight and bold
  Us hath y-brought in care

Upon our erl werreth he
He nath leued boute this cite
  That he nath y-nome
Ac this castel is gode engyn
Noblech a wereth him therin
  Also a doughti gome
With him he hath a noble knight
His sonder siker aplight
  That to him is y-come
Yong a is so thenketh me
Nought twenti winter old nis he
  Ich telle the at the frome

1211

In this launde her before
An hundred hath her lif y-lore
  Whan he segh hem ride
Her forth ne schel pase no knight
Gif he hath breyne or stede light
  That he ne schel abide
And forlese ther that on
Other is heued right anon
  Be the wode side
Gif ye be that launde gon
Ich telle yow be Sein Jon
  Swich aunture yow schel betide

O God be thanked queth Rembroun
Ichaue founde me compaynoun
  We felle with to fighte
Gif he wile haue oure thing
Y schel him teche withouten leüng
  That he doth vnrighte
Nought fer thanne ne beth thai gon
Thai behelde agen anon
  Hij ighe his armes brighte
Upon a stede whit so flour
His armes wer of rede kolour
  A semede of meche mighte

1235

Sire Heraud seide Rembroun
Now I se that bolde baroun
  That is so stout a fere
With vs to fighte he maketh him yare
With him to iusten Ich wile fare
  Emforth me powere
Ich him asaile gif thow wilt so
Heraud seide so thow schelt do
  Ye leue sone dere
Swithe theder rod Rembroun
And he in the launde com adoun
  Upon is deistrere

Aither was prout and mody
No word thai speke sikerly
  Togedres thai gonne driue
Aither hitte other in the scheld
That bothe hij fellen in the feld
  Of here hors beliue
Sithe thai drowe brondes of stel
And hewe togedre hard and wel
  And delde dentes riue
And laiden on with swerdes clere
Helm and scheld that stronge were
  Thai gonne hem al to schliue

Heraud beheld longe that fight
For Rembroun a bad te God Almight
  That he non harm ne fonge
To him felue a feide thare
Swich fight ne fegh he neuer are
  Of dentes that were ftronge
Sire knight feide Rembroun
Underftand to me refoun
  So God the falue fonge
Ac neuer ne fond Ich a knight
That me ftrokes drighe might
  Haluendel fo longe

What is the name whar wer the bore
Ich the praie tel me fore
  For loue of oure drighte
And gif thow woft yelde the
Ich fchel the lede to me contre
  Ye treuthe Y fchel the plighte
Y fchel the geue caftel and cite
Bourwes and tounes and riche fe
  And mani a doughti knighte
For thou ert of gret power
In al this world ther nis the per
  That man finde mighte

1283

Sire knight than anſwerde he
Y nel nought be him that made me
  Telle the me name
Thourgh the ſarmoun ſcheltow nought wite
Whar Y was boren ne gete
  An erneſte ne a game
Erſt Y ſchel the ſle verament
Sire let be the prechement
  Hit is the meche ſchame
Ac neuer knight Y ne fond
So wel worchande with dent of brond
  That Ich faught with y-ſame

Ac Y ne ſei nought for tham
Thin heued Y ſchel ſmite the fram
  For ſothe withoute more
That olde man that Ich y-ſe
Y ne wot gif he the fader be
  Or thow ert with him at lore
Lite alonde ſiker thow be
Whan a ſente the to me
  He with the berde hore
Whan Ichaue thin hed of take
Be the berd Y ſchel him ſchake
  That him ſchel ſmerte ſore

So Y schel him therbi ploke
That al is teth schel roke
  That sitteth in is heued
And tho Rembroun herde this
That Heraud dispised is
  His swerd to him a-weued
A strok a smot is helm vpon
That a quarter gan doun gon
  Hit was half to cleued
With that strok a stent adoun al
And to the erthe a is y-fal
  His lif negh he hadde leued

O frend a seide Ich bidde the lete
For it is meche foly to threte
  Eni man aliue
And he ascorn bad him lete
And a sterte vpon is fete
  Hasteliche and bliue
Hallak smot Rembroun anon
That to the bokel the schel thon
  Negh a gan doun driue
Strong and gode hij wer bothe
Either kedde that hij wer wrothe
  To bringe other of liue

1331

Betwene hem strong fight ther is
Swich ne herde neuer Ȝ wis
  Sithe that ye wer bore
So mighte nought longe be
That moste that other le
  Of the knightes kende i-core
Heraud beheld that bataile
How aither gan other asaile
  Wo was him therfore
A gret harm him thoughte it were
Gif aither slough other there
  For hem a wep wel sore

With that amonges hem com he
And seide knight for Godes pite
  Herkne to me a stounde
Let now ben al your fight
And ayild the to this knight
  That thou hast her y-founde
For he is man of gret power
In al this world ther nis is per
  Ne of so meche mounde
In is merci Ȝ rede thow do
Er than be mad betwene yow to
  Eni mo harde wounde

355

He anſwerde withoute more
Say me ferſt thow fannel hore
  Alſo God the ſpede
Why me ſtringthe is forlore
Sithe the time that Ich was bore
  Y nas in ſwiche a drede
Gif thow ert of fendes come
For whi this drede me haue nome
  Ich wolde that thow me ſede
In Gode name Ich coniure the
That thow the ſothe telle me
  And be al is ferede

Heraud ſeide therof be ſtille
That telle the me wille
  For no man aliue
Erſt thow ſchelt telle me
Whether thow ert and what thow be
  Alſo mote Y thriue
Thanne Y ſchel telle the right
Bothe of me and this knight
  That gif the dentes riue
Thin hauberk is al to ſighe
And the face with blod bewrighe
  Of woundes mo than fiue

1379

Ye anſwerde thow ſeiſt wel
Boute for drede be Sein Wighel
  Y nolde ben aknowe
Ac for Ich wolde wite an haſte
Whi Ich was ſo ſore agaſte
  Now in a lite throwe
In Ingelonde Ich was bore
So were min eldren me before
  Bothe hegh and lowe
Heraud me fader het Y wis
Of Walingforde lord a is
  And al the contre is owe

Out of londe than wente he
To ſeche Gij is ſone the fre
  That marchauns ſtele away
To therl of Winchester Y was ſent
Thar Ich was loked veraiment
  Bothe nightes and day
Whan Ich was wore of meche pris
Doughti and ſwithe ſtrong Y wis
  Ye felawes gonne ſay
That Y nas of dedes nought
For that Y me fader ſought
  In vnkouthe contray

1403

To Walingforde he gan gon
Ye fader is armes ther Y fond anon
  His hauberk and is stede
His scheld and is helm bright
And is swerd gode and light
  That he was woned to lede
Ye selue Y dobbed me knight thare
Yan ne tolde Ich it neuer are
  Also God me spede
Out of that londe Ich wente tho
To seche me fader wer and wo
  In mani an vnkouth thede

Of werre ne herde Y neuer speke
That Y ne com ther me fader to seke
  Thus to this lord Y cam
The duk of Yarce hath strued him
Boute this castel is gode engyn
  The lord that Y with am
Negh he hadde is lond forlore
Swithe wo was him tharfore
  And mani a doughti man
Boute thretti hors he nadde tho
Now he hath thre hondred and mo
  That Ich in bataile wan

1127

Heraud herde this wordes alle
Byter teres he let doun falle
  And seide what is the name
Hallak a seide thow schelt me calle
Heraud het me fader in halle
  And Cristiane het me dame
Now thow wost whar Ich was bore
And what Ich hatte withoute more
  An erneste and a game
To forward thow schelt telle me
Whi Ich was afered of the
  That we made er y-same

Heraud beheld the yonge knight
Ac o word speke he ne might
  For meche ioie and blisse
Heraud is me name aplight
And thow Hallak Y se with sight
  We sone withoute misse
This is the lord Sire Reinbroun
Ichaue had for him in prisoun
  Honger and thesternesse
The might him se astant the by
Yild him the swerd in is merci
  And pray him that he the kisse

1451

Tho Hallak wiste sikerly
Hit was is fader that stod him by
  And is lord Rembroun
Swithe loude he gan to crie
Fader for loue of Oure Leuedye
  Yem me the benesoun
Ofte he knewelede to the grounde
And cride him merci in that stounde
  With gode deuocioun
In the merci Y do me right
And euermore to ben the knight
  Bothe in feld and toun

Tho Rembroun wiste this
That he Heraud is sone is
  Up he gan him take
Leueliche a kiste him tho
Sire Heraud for soth dede also
  Meche blisse thai gonne make
Hallak ladde hem faire and wel
Hom til is lordes castel
  And tolde withoute sake
That he hadde is fader brought
That he hadde wide y-sought
  With meche wer and wrake

1475

And me lord Sire Rembroun
Ase sterne ase eni lyoun
At euery skenes nede
That euer to bataile was boun
Glad was thanne therl Myloun
And gaf hem riche mede
The knightes of seluer and of golde
Ase meche as he take wolde
Bright armur and stede
So thai wente sone anon
For to wreke hem of here fon
Gif God hem wolde spede

Fiue dawes before the Mighelmas
Thai armede hem more and las
Agen here fon to fighte
Out of the castel thai gonne pas
The duk hij fonden in the plas
With mani helmes brighte
Thar mighte men se scheftes schake
Thar men mighte se crounes crake
Of mani an hardy knighte
Heraud Hallak and Reinbroun
Al that hij smite yede adoun
Of thai hij mete mighte

The duk of Warce segh that tide
His folk was slawe be ech aside
  And in the feld alto dreued
He prikede is stede with meche pride
Agenes therl he gan ride
  And smot him on the heued
Almest a felde therl adoun
Heraud com with is fauchoun
  His body ato he cleued
Thanne Hallak and Rembroun
Therl is folk thai felde adoun
  Nothing thai ne leued

This segh al the barnage
For to do therl omage
  Werci thai gonne crie
Knightes squier and page
Thai toke ther into ostage
  Of the duk is partye
Thus thai stablede the lond with ſight
And therafter anon right
  Thai toke leue an highe
Inte Ingelonde thai gonne saile
. . . . . .
. . . . . .

1521

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